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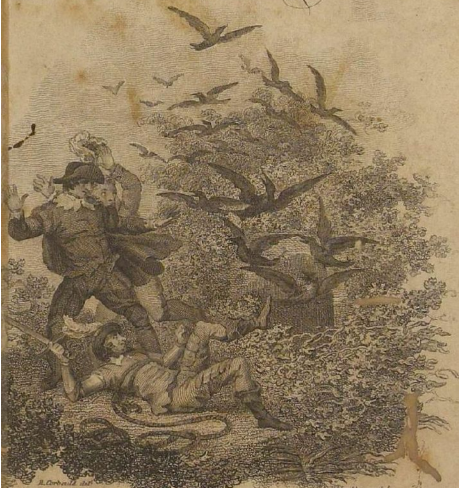

R. Corbould del.   Hawkins sculp.

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THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

BY

DR. SMOLLETT.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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THE
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE.

PART II. BOOK II.

CHAP. XVI.

What happened to Don Quixote with a grave Gentleman of La Mancha.

DON Quixote, as we have obſerved, went on his way, glorying in his ſucceſs. From that day, he dated himſelf the moſt renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a courſe of labours on this our earth. He thought no more of the ſhower of ſtones which had ſo ſorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the galley-ſlaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-ſtaves of the Yangueſian carriers, who had the hardineſs to make his ſides reſound like the duſting of a carpet: in ſhort, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was ſo great, that, 'Could I,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'but accompliſh the great point of delivering my celeſtial princeſs from the power of enchantment, I ſhould not envy the glory that ever was purchaſed by any knight in the univerſe.'

He was loſt in theſe reveries, when Sancho interrupted him: 'Signior, you will hardly believe what a fool I am; but it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myſelf from thinking on that horrid and immeaſurable noſe of my neighbour Tom Cecial.'—'And doſt thou really believe,' replied the other, 'that the Knight of the Mirrors was Sampſon Carraſco; and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his ſquire?'—'As to that affair, I can ſay nothing to it,' anſwered Sancho; 'only one thing I am poſitive in, that no one but himſelf could have given me ſuch an account of my houſe, my wife, and my children; and as to his face, when that

noſe

nose was slipt off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath it is the same to a tittle.'—' Come, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, ' let us reason coolly upon this head: what probability is there, that Sampson Carrasco should come, as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as envying the glory I have acquired by arms?'—' But then, Sir,' answered Sancho, ' what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his squire to Sampson Carrasco, and my old friend Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world but them whose likeness they could assume?'—' It is all design,' answered the other; ' and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters that persecute me, who easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of the vanquished knight into that of the batchelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation; and by that means save the life of him who by treachery and artifice had attempted to take away mine. But what farther proof need there be of the power of those enchanters, to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days since beheld the peerless Dulcinea in all the charms and lustre of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly rustic wench, with bleared eyes, and stinking breath; and doubtless, if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolical enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at, if he did the like by Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory: however, this is my consolation, that the

prowess

prowefs of my arm hath prevailed againft my enemy, whatever fhape he has affumed.'—' It is God alone who knows the truth of all things,' anfwered Sancho; who well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his mafter's arguments; but durft not mutter the leaft word, left fomething fhould have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himfelf.

While they were difcourfing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-fafhion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dreffed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the fame; his furniture of a piece, murry-coloured and green; he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Moorifh fcymetar, and his bufkins were wrought in the fame manner; his fpurs were not gilt, but fo finely varnifhed with green, that as they were more of a piece with the reft of his drefs, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he faluted them with great politenefs, and was fpurring on, in order to pafs them, when Don Quixote calling to him, faid, ' Signior, if you are not in hafte, and are a going this way, I fhould be exceeding glad to join company with you.' ' Sir,' anfwered the other, ' I fhould not have been in fuch hafte to pafs you, but was afraid your horfe might be unruly in the company of my mare.'—' If that be all,' anfwered Sancho, ' you may ftop your mare when you pleafe, with great fafety; ours is the moft fober and moft difcreet horfe in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtinefs get the better of him upon fuch occafions, and never tranfgreffed in this particular but once, and then my mafter and I both fuffered feverely in the flefh for it: I fay once more, your worfhip may ftop; for if your mare was ferved up in a difh, our fteed would not fo much as fmell to her.' Upon this affurance, the gentleman ftopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote,

Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pummel of his aſs's pannel: and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no leſs attention, conceiving him to be ſome perſon of figure and diſtinction. The traveller ſeemed to be a man about fifty; he had ſome, though few, grey hairs; his features were ſharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroſeneſs: in ſhort, his appearance beſpoke him a man of conſequence. He looked with a kind of aſtoniſhment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld ſuch a phænomenon before; the lankneſs of the horſe, and the tall ſtature of the perſon that rode him, the ſepulchral meagreneſs of his aſpect, his ſolemn gravity, the ſtrangeneſs of his armour, altogether forming ſuch a compoſition as perhaps had never before been ſeen in that country.

Don Quixote obſerved with what attention the traveller conſidered him; and, by the ſurprize he ſaw him in, gueſſing what he wanted to know, as he was himſelf the very flower of civility, and of exceſſive complaiſance, he was reſolved to be before-hand with him, and ſave him the trouble of aſking any queſtion: 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'I am not at all ſurprized to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance, ſo new to you, and ſo different from that of other mortals; but your wonder will ceaſe, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of thoſe knights whom people diſtinguiſh by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to eaſe and pleaſure, and caſt myſelf upon fortune, to diſpoſe of me as ſhe ſhall think proper; my deſign being to awaken the loſt and decayed ſpirit of knight-errantry: it is now ſome time ſince I entered upon the reſolution of accompliſhing this aim, during which period I have ſuffered a variety of fortune, toſſed about from one adventure to another, ſometimes triumphant, at other times not ſo ſucceſsful, until I have in a great meaſure fulfilled my deſign, having relieved many diſconſolate widows, afforded protection to many diſtreſſed

damſels,

damſels, and been of aid and aſſiſtance to divers married women and fatherleſs children, the true duty and intent of our order; ſo that, by numberleſs exploits becoming a Chriſtian hero, I am now celebrated in print through almoſt all the nations of the habitable globe. Thirty thouſand copies of my renowned hiſtory are already in the hands of the public; and if Heaven does not think proper to put a ſtop to it, in all likelihood there will be a thouſand times as many more. In one word, Sir, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwiſe ſtiled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and though I own it is illiberal to ſound one's own praiſes, yet am I ſometimes obliged to do it; but then, never unleſs when no one is by to do it for me: ſo that, Signior, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my ſhield, my horſe nor my ſquire, the wanneſs of my countenance, nor the lankneſs of my perſon, and all my whole compoſition together, ought any more to affect you with ſurprize, ſince you know the profeſſion I am of, and the order I belong to.'

There Don Quixote ſtopped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but he was ſo long before he opened his mouth, that it ſeemed as if he could make no anſwer: however, after a long pauſe, 'Sir Knight,' ſaid he, 'you was not miſtaken, when, by the ſurprize you ſaw me in, you gueſſed the deſire I had to be informed who you were; but I am ſtill as much ſurpriſed as ever, and though what you ſay may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder ceaſe, it is yet far from having that effect upon me. Can it be poſſible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really exiſting, and that there are publiſhed accounts of real adventures? I ſhould never have once dreamed that there was ſuch a thing upon earth as any one who aſſiſted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damſels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now ſeeing you; and Heaven be praiſed, that this noble hiſtory of your real and glorious atchievements is in print, as it muſt efface

and

and discredit those numberless romances about knights-errant, who never had being, and with which the world was so pestered and abused, to the apparent corruption of the mind of the readers, and the discredit of real and true history.' 'As to that circumstance, Sir, there is much to be said, and you must not be too rash in believing that the histories of knight-errantry are all fable.' 'Is there any one,' answered the traveller, 'who makes a doubt of it?' 'I do, for one,' answered Don Quixote; but we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but, if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion that such accounts are fictitious.'

These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a suspicious idea of his understanding: he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into farther discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I am a gentleman, born in a village where, if it pleases God, we shall all dine to-day: my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting; but I neither keep hounds nor hawks; all I have are some decoy-partridges and a good ferret. My library consists of about some six dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of piety; for as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof: I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the stile is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprising: but, indeed, Spain produces

duces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I slander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day, and the poor man partakes of my substance; I make no ostentation in the good I do, that I may defend myself against the attacks of hypocrisy and vain-glory, well knowing, that the best fortified heart is hardly proof against these sly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours: I particularly pay my devotions to the blessed Mother, and have an entire dependence on the mercies of God our Saviour.'

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles: fully persuaded of the truth of this supposition, he threw himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and, with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a kissing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, 'What is the matter, friend,' said he? 'what is the meaning of these embraces?' 'Pray let me alone,' said Sancho; 'for in my life before, excepting your worship, did I never know a saint mounted on horseback.' 'I have no title to be thought so,' answered the gentleman; 'on the contrary, I am a miserable sinner; but the simplicity of your behaviour, my friend, shews that you yourself must be a very good man.' Upon this declaration Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made enquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the same time, that the ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends and encrease of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. 'Sir,' answered Don Diego, 'I have one son; and if I had none, should, peradventure, think myself happier than I am; not that he is very bad, but because he does not come up to what I could wish him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent at Salamanca, studying Greek and Latin; and when I would have had him apply to something else, I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which was what I wanted he should do; nor would he apply to divinity, the first and noblest of all sciences. I was desirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age, and under a monarch, where useful and virtuous learning is so amply recompensed; for what is learning without virtue? no better than pearls on a dunghill. He will spend whole days in examining whether such a verse in Homer's Iliad be expressed with propriety, whether such an epigram of Martial is to be construed into a lewd sense or not, and whether such a verse in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, these authors, with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engross the whole of his time and conversation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he seems to have no great relish for them; though, notwithstanding his seeming disregard, he is now busied in making a kind of commentary upon four verses, which, I believe, are designed as a subject for a prize in the schools.'

To this information, the other answered, 'Signior, children are to be considered as part of the bowels of the parents; and be they good or bad, we must treat them as such, and cherish them accordingly. It is incumbent

cumbent upon parents to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to inſtil into them ſound principles, and train them up in Chriſtian diſcipline, that by theſe means they may be the ſtay of their declining years, and an honour to their own deſcendants. I am not againſt uſing perſuaſion to incline them either to the ſtudy of this or that ſcience, but look upon uſing force as altogether unwarrantable; more eſpecially as the young gentleman does not ſtudy in view of getting his livelihood, he being ſo fortunate as to have that ſecured by inheritance: then I think he ſhould be indulged in purſuing whatever his genius or inclination moſtly prompts him to; and though in poetry there is more pleaſure than utility, it generally does honour to the perſon who has a vein for it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other ſciences, are aſſiduous to ornament, enrich, and embelliſh; now as ſhe makes uſe of them all, ſo likewiſe does ſhe reflect a luſtre upon them all. But then this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly; ſhe is not to be dragged through the ſtreets, expoſed in public places, or ſtand as a proſtitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of ſuch rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her compoſition may change her into pure gold of ineſtimable value: whoever would keep her muſt narrowly look after her; ſhe muſt not be indulged in the indecency of obſcene ſatire, nor allowed to run into inſipid ſonnets; and though ſhe may enjoy the profits ariſing from heroic poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muſe muſt not be venal; no buffoons muſt have any thing to do with her, and ſhe muſt be kept ſacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor eſteem thoſe hidden treaſures ſhe carries about her. And think not that by the multitude I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that claſs I number all who are ſtrangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But, whoever is poſſeſſed of thoſe qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them attempts

the ſtudy and execution of poetry, I ſay, his name will be famous, and held in veneration, wherever politeneſs extends its influence. As to what you ſay of your ſon's not eſteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reaſon: the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, becauſe he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the ſame reaſon that he was a Roman; and, in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not ſeek for another to clothe the majeſty of his ideas. As this is the caſe, I think it ſhould be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor ſhould we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Caſtilian, nor even the Biſcayen, for writing in his: but, perhaps, your ſon does not diſlike Spaniſh poetry, but Spaniſh poets, as being deſtitute of the knowledge of other languages or ſciences, that might contribute to cultivate, aſſiſt, and enliven their own natural genius; and even this prejudice might be carried too far; for the maxim that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly juſt; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment, implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of ſtudy or cultivation, ſuch things as verify that of the poets when they ſay, "*Eſt Deus in nobis.*" One ſo born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the aſſiſtance of art, muſt be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains to the knowledge of the rules only; for it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but ſerves to poliſh and bring it to perfection, ſo art aſſiſting nature, and nature aſſiſted by art, form the accompliſhed poet. To conclude, Signior, my advice is, that your ſon ſhould be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination; and as he muſt be already an exceeding good ſcholar, having maſtered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the firſt ſteps in his progreſs to the ſeat of the ſciences, by the aſſiſtance of that knowledge he will be able, without

more

more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and ſets off a gentleman as a mitre does a biſhop, or the long-robe the counſel learned in the law. If you find him writing ſatires injurious to private characters, burn his works, and rebuke him; but if he compoſes diſcourſes, that comprehend for their ſubject of ſatire vice in general, as Horace did with ſo much elegance, then commend him: for, though it be unlawful to mark and ſingle out particular perſons, it is allowable to write againſt particular vices; for example, to write againſt envy, or to laſh the envious, and ſo of others. Here are ſome poets, indeed, who, rather, than baulk their fancy of ſaying a ſmart thing, will riſk being ſent to the iſles of Pontus. As the manners, ſo will the verſes be; if the former are chaſte, the latter will be ſo likewiſe. Writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is conſonant to its own native conceptions; and when kings, and the great men of the earth, once ſee this wonderful gift of poetry employed on ſubjects of wiſdom, virtue, and dignity, they beſtow marks of honour, eſteem, and munificence upon the poet; they crown him from the leaves of that tree which is proof againſt the glancing thunderbolt, emblematically denoting, that ſuch as wear that crown ought to be ſecure againſt all hurt or offence.'

The traveller wondered ſo much at Don Quixote's diſcourſe, that he began to be ſtaggered in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But as this converſation did not altogether hit Sancho's taſte, he had, in the midſt of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of ſome ſhepherds who were milking ewes hard by; and the gentleman in green, who ſeemed very fond of the good ſenſe and ingenious converſation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, ſuddenly lifting up his eyes, ſaw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for ſome new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his maſter,

 left

left the shepherds in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

CHAP. XVII.

Which sets before the Reader that highest and most exalted Pinnacle, which the incredible Magnanimity of Don Quixote ever did, or ever could arrive at; with the happy Issue of the Adventure of the Lions.

THE history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them; for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase: in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; 'For,' said he, 'if I know aught of adventures, that which I descry yonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms.'

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: 'Sir, forewarned and fore-armed is half the day: I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me.' With these words, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho; who not having time to disengage the

the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and, without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his head; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, 'What can this mean? Is my skull softening, or my brains melting, or do I sweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can say, that if I do sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing, let me have it to wipe me; for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes.' Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that sat so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and snuffed at it. 'By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso,' cried he, 'thou hast put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred squire.' To which apostrophe Sancho answered with great unconcern and tranquillity, 'If they are curds, let me have them to eat; but the devil ought rather to eat them, for I am sure it must be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worship's helmet! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that understanding God has given me, that I am not without my enchanters too, who are at me, as a sort of member and limb of your worship; and I'll be sworn, have put that nastiness there, to instigate your worship to wrath against me, and stir up your worship to anoint my ribs in the manner your worship was wont to do. But this time they have missed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the just sentence of my master, who will easily weigh with himself, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any such stuff; and that, if I had, it was more likely I should have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worship's helmet.'—'All this is possible,' cried Don Quixote;

Quixote: and all this the other gentleman faw, and faw with aftonifhment, more efpecially when our hero, after having cleaned his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clapped the latter upon his fkull, and fixing himfelf in his feat, tried whether or not his fword could be eafily drawn; then grafping his fpear, 'Now,' cried he, 'happen what will happen, here am I, determined for the combat, fhould the prince of the evil fpirits fet himfelf in battle array againft me.'

By this time the carriage with the ftreamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules) and a man who fat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himfelf directly in their way, and called out, 'Whither, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this? what does it contain? what enfigns are thofe difplayed?' To which interrogations the waggoner replied, 'The carriage itfelf belongs to me; and within are two favage lions, which the general of Oran fends to court to his majefty: the ftreamers are the enfigns of our lord the king, to fhew that what is here contained belongs to the crown.' 'Are thefe lions large?' anfwered Don Quixote. 'So large,' replied the man who fat on the fore-part of the waggon, 'that lions of a more monftrous fize never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had feveral under my charge before now, but never any fo big as they: there is a male and female; the he is in the firft cage, and the female in the other: they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I muft entreat you to get out of the way, as we muft make hafte to the place where they are to be fed.' To which entreaty, Don Quixote anfwered with a half fmile, 'What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought againft me! I'll make thofe who fent them hither—yes, by the holy God! I'll make them fee whether I am a man to be fcared by lions. Come, honeft friend, get off; and as you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn them out; for, in the midft of this

this plain, will I make the ſavage beaſts of the wilderneſs know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in defiance of the inchanters who have ſent them againſt me.'

'Aha!' ſaid Don Diego to himſelf, 'I think our Knight of the Rueful Countenance has now given us a pretty inconteſtible ſample of what he is; theſe curds have certainly ſoaked his ſkull, and ſuppurated his brains.' Then Sancho came up to Diego, and ſaid, 'For God's ſake, Signior, take care that my maſter's worſhip does not encounter theſe lions, or belike we ſhall all of us be tore to pieces.' 'What!' anſwered he, 'is your maſter then really ſo much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage theſe ſavage monſters?' 'He is not out of his wits,' replied Sancho, 'but prodigious bold.'

'I'll make him give over,' anſwered the other; then going up to Don Quixote, who was preſſing the keeper to open the cages, he ſaid, 'Signior, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of ſucceſs, not ſuch as are quite deſperate; for that courage which is almoſt temerity, favours rather of madneſs than true fortitude. Beſides, theſe lions do not come with any hoſtile deſign againſt you; no, they think of nothing leſs; they are going to be preſented to the king; and as they are on their way to court, I think they ſhould not be ſtopped in their journey.' 'Pray, good Signior,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'if you will pleaſe to get away from hence, and look after your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own buſineſs: this is my buſineſs, and it behoves me to know whether or not theſe lions come againſt me.' Then turning to the keeper, 'Sirrah,' ſaid he, 'if you do not immediately open the cages, I ſwear by the living God, I will this inſtant pin you to the place where you ſit.'

The carter ſeeing the obſtinate reſolution of this armed phantom who addreſſed him, begged, for the ſake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were

uncaged.

uncaged. 'For ſhould my cattle be ſlain,' ſaid he, 'I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and theſe mules.'—'Man of little faith,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'alight; take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt; but thou ſhalt quickly ſee thou haſt laboured in vain, and that thou mighteſt have ſpared thyſelf this unneceſſary trouble.'

The carter then got off, and unharneſſed in great hurry; and the keeper ſpoke aloud, 'I call all preſent to witneſs that I am forced againſt my will to open the cages, and let looſe the lions; and I here declare, that this gentleman is chargeable with, and anſwerable for, all the harm they ſhall do, as alſo for my ſalary and perquiſites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourſelves, and get out of the way; for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm.' Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting ſo extravagant an action, alledging it was tempting of God, to think of going about ſuch a deſperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more deſired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himſelf. 'Signior,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'if you do not care to be a ſpectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, ſet ſpurs to your mare, and provide for your own ſafety.' Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbering, and earneſtly beſought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; 'For, in compariſon of this,' ſaid he, 'the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worſhip has performed during the courſe of your life, are but cuſtards and puff-paſte. Conſider, Sir,' continued he, 'that there can be no enchantment in this cage; I myſelf have peeped through the cage; and there I ſaw the claw of a real living lion; and ſure I am, that the beaſt that owns ſuch a claw muſt be bigger than a mountain.'—'Be he large or ſmall,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'thy fear would magnify him to the bigneſs of one half of the globe. Be gone, leave

me;

me: If I die, you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I ſay no more!' He ſpoke ſeveral other things, which ſhewed he was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to diſſuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have ſtopped him; but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's; and, beſides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantick; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was ſo in all reſpects; who ſtill preſſing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clapped ſpurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as faſt out of the way as they could, before the beaſts were let looſe. Sancho deplored the fate of his maſter, who he believed was juſt going to be ſacrificed by the lions: he bewailed his own hard fortune, and curſed the hour when he thought of ſerving him again; however, amidſt the intenſeneſs of his grief, he ceaſed not to punch and jog on his aſs, that he might get from the cart as faſt as poſſible. The keeper ſeeing that theſe run-aways were now ſafe at a ſufficient diſtance, renewed his expoſtulations with Don Quixote, who ſaid, 'I hear you, friend; but give yourſelf no more trouble with arguments or entreaties; it will all ſignify nothing; and therefore I deſire you will make haſte.'

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the firſt grate, Don Quixote conſidered with himſelf, whether he had beſt alight for the combat, or continue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at laſt, to fight on foot, leſt his ſteed might take fright at the ſight of the lions. Accordingly, he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his ſhield, and drew his ſword; in which attitude, approaching with great ſteadineſs, he placed himſelf juſt before the cart, recommending himſelf, with great devotion, firſt to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo.

We muſt obſerve, that at this place the author of this hiſtory breaks out into pathetic exclamations, expreſſing himſelf to this purpoſe: O Don Quixote de La Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expreſſion; thou mirrour, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou ſecond and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spaniſh knights! how ſhall I find words worthy to relate this matchleſs atchievement: by what power of argument ſhall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encomiums ever ſo exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be but what thou deſerveſt? On foot thou ſtood'ſt, collected within thy magnanimous ſelf, with a ſword far from being ſharp, with a ſhield far from bright and ſhining; there, I ſay, didſt thou ſtand waiting and expecting two of the fierceſt lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want words wherewithal to embelliſh thy great atchievements; let thy own exploits, then, be the harbinger of thy praiſes, O heroick Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the hiſtory, ſaying,

The keeper ſeeing Don Quixote fixed in this poſture, and finding himſelf under a neceſſity of letting looſe the he lion, to avoid the reſentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the firſt cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monſtrous bigneſs and terrifying aſpect: he immediately turned himſelf round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and ſtretching himſelf at full length, yawned and gaped with great compoſure, and then, with a tongue of about half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes; after which he thruſt his head out of the cage, and ſtared around him with eyes like firebrands; a ſight ſufficient to have ſtruck a damp into the moſt intrepid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wiſhing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to ſuch an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his

diſturbed

disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his backside, with great composure and tranquillity, laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouze him by blows, and oblige him to come forth. 'Nay, that I wont,' said he; 'for, should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces. Come, Sir Knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth, or not, as he pleases; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your worship's valour is sufficiently vouched. I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field; and if the enemy won't meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other.' 'You say true,' said Don Quixote: 'shut the door, my friend; and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen; for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; and, that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so inchantments avaunt, and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry! Shut the door, therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth.'

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen

cloth, 'I'll be bound to be crucified,' ſaid he, 'if my maſter has not got the better of the lions; for he now calls to us.' They all ſtopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the ſign; upon which the violence of their terrors ſomewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could diſtinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them: at laſt they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote ſaid to the carter, 'Harneſs your mules again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold as a recompence for the time I have detained them.' 'That I will moſt willingly do: but where are the lions, dead or alive?' Then the keeper very circumſtantially, and dividing his diſcourſe with great propriety, gave an account of the iſſue of this adventure, exaggerating with all his might, and all the power of rhetoric he could muſter up, the courage of Don Quixote: 'At ſight of whom,' ſaid he, 'the lion, overawed, would not, or rather durſt not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a conſiderable time; and that, upon remonſtrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God to provoke the lion ſo far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do whether he would or not, his honour had ſuffered the cage door to be ſhut.' Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'what doſt thou think now; can inchantments avail aught againſt true courage? They may, indeed, and with eaſe, ſtand in the way of my good fortune; but of valour and reſolution they never can deprive me.' Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter harneſſed his mules, and the keeper kiſſed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promiſed, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroick achievement to his majeſty himſelf. 'Should the king,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'perchance enquire who performed it, 'tell him it was the Knight of the Lions; for I am determined that, from this time forward, the title I have been hitherto diſtinguiſhed by, of Knight of the

Rueful

Rueful Countenance, ſhall be changed, bartered, and ſunk, into that of Knight of the Lions; and in this alteration I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleaſed, altered their deſignations as it beſt ſuited their purpoſes.'

The carriage went forward; Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, purſued their journey; and during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was ſo attentive to remark and obſerve the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whoſe good ſenſe was blended with a ſtrange ſort of madneſs: the reaſon was, he knew as yet nothing of the firſt part of his hiſtory; had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vaniſhed, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, ſometimes believing him in his ſenſes, and at other times thinking him frantic; becauſe what he ſpoke was ſenſible, conſiſtent, and genteelly expreſſed; but his actions diſcovered all the ſymptoms of wildneſs, folly, and temerity. 'For what greater ſign of diſorder,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'can there be than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head that ſome magician had liquified his ſkull? and what more certain proof of fool-hardineſs and wild frenzy, than for a perſon, in ſpite of all that can be ſaid to him, to reſolve to engage lions?'

Don Quixote interrupted theſe reflections and ſoliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by ſaying, 'Signior Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that in your judgment I muſt paſs for an extravagant madman; and, indeed, no wonder; for, to be ſure, my actions would ſeem to declare me ſuch; but, at the ſame time, I muſt beg leave to ſay to you, that I am not ſo diſordered, or ſo bereft of underſtanding, as to you I may have ſeemed. The gay cavalier, who in burniſhed armour, before the ladies, prances over the liſts, makes a gallant appearance! the adventurous knight too ſhews off

to great advantage, when, in the midſt of the ſpacious ſquare, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make thoſe knights, who, in military exerciſes, or ſuch like, are the life, ſpirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But a much more noble figure than all theſe makes the knight-errant, who, in the ſolitudes of the deſart, through the almoſt impervious paſſage of the foreſt, and over the craggy mountains, goes in queſt of perilous adventures, to bring them to a ſucceſsful iſſue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I ſay, makes a more glorious appearance, when he aſſiſts the widow in ſome ſolitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he laviſhes his gallantry on a town-lady.

'All cavaliers have their different ſpheres, in which they act; let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies, adorn the court of his prince with the ſplendor of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hoſpitality of his ſumptuous table; let him propoſe matches of different exerciſe, and direct the juſts and tournaments; let him ſhew himſelf ſplendid, liberal, and munificent; and, above all, approve himſelf a good Chriſtian: in acting thus, he will diſcharge the duties that belong to him. But for the knight-errant, let him explore the moſt hidden receſſes of the univerſe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him, at all times, not be afraid of even impoſſibilities; in the barren, waſteful wilderneſs, let him defy the ſcorching rays of the ſolſtitial ſun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping froſt. Lions muſt not frighten him, phantoms muſt not terrify him, nor dragons diſmay him; for, in ſearching after ſuch, engaging with and getting the better of all difficulties, conſiſts his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune, then, to be of this laſt order, I cannot, conſiſtent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of 'the duty of my calling; and for theſe reaſons, though I knew that encountering the lions was in itſelf an act of

of the greateft temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profeffion: I am very fenfible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardinefs; but then, it is better valour fhould mount even to an over-daring hardinefs, than be debafed to pufillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the mifer, fo will the over courageous fooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and, in undertaking adventures, I affure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than undergo; and much better does it found in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and prefumptuous, than that he is pufillanimous and faint-hearted.'

'Signior Don Quixote,' anfwered Diego, 'I think all you have faid is confonant to the rule of right reafon; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and ftatutes of true chivalry were loft, they would be found depofited and faithfully recorded in your breaft: but if you pleafe, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my houfe and village, that you may have fome reft, and tafte of fome refrefhment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, muft be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewife.'—'I accept of your invitation, Don Diego,' faid the other, 'as a favour and mark of politenefs.' And haftening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote beftowed the appellation of the Knight of the Green Surtout.

END OF BOOK I. PART II.

PART II. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of what befel Don Quixote at the Caſtle or Houſe of the Knight of the Green Surtout, with other out-of-the-way Matters.

DON Quixote found that Diego's houſe, like the houſes of moſt country gentlemen, was large and roomy, with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough ſtone; the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboſo, recalled the memory of the metamorphoſed and enchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he ſaid, or before whom he poured out his ſighs and tears, 'O deareſt pledges,' ſaid he, 'which now I find in bitterneſs of ſorrow, but ſweet and raviſhing when Heaven's high will ordained it ſo. O jars of Toboſo, which have recalled into my mind the dear idea of my greateſt ſorrow!' This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's ſon; who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and ſon were ſtruck with his uncouth figure; and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good-breeding, begged leave to kiſs the lady's hand. To which entreaty Don Diego added, 'Madam, receive with your uſual politeneſs, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brighteſt parts and moſt intrepid courage of any in the world.' Donna Chriſtina (for that was the lady's name) received him with all the marks of reſpect and eſteem, and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgments; the ſame kind of intercourſe paſſed between him and the young ſcholar, whom he took, by his converſation, to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteneſs.

The author here minutely defcribes Don Diego's houfe, gives an inventory of the furniture ufually contained in the houfe of a rich country gentleman; but the tranflators of this hiftory have thought it advifeable not to mention thefe and fuch other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main fcope of this hiftory, in which truth has more energy than needlefs and languid digreffions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho difarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide walloon breeches; and a fhamoy-leather doublet, ftained with the ruft of his armour; his band was collegian, neither ftarched nor laced; his bufkins of the colour of dates, and his fhoes of waxed leather: he girded upon his thigh his trufty fword, which hung at a belt of feal's fkin, for it is believed he had been for fome years troubled with an imbecility in his loins; and over all thefe was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he ftirred any farther, he applied to his face five or fix pitchers (the precife number not being exactly afcertained) of fair water, which, neverthelefs, ftill ran off exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for thefe nafty curds, that his mafter was now fcoured fo white and fo clean. In this equipment, as here defcribed, and with a gallant air and addrefs, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the houfe was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner fhould be got ready; for as to the Lady Donna Chriftina, fhe was bufy in ordering matters fo, upon the arrival of this noble gueft, as to let it be feen fhe knew what reception to give thofe who came to vifit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's fon) took the opportunity of that leifure time to afk his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them; 'For,' faid he, 'his name and his uncouth figure, and your

telling us, at the fame time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigioufly.'—' I know not,' faid Don Diego, ' what anfwer to make you: all I can fay is, I never faw a madman act more frantickly, and have heard him talk fo very fenfibly, as gave the lye to all his actions: but I would have you enter into converfation with him, and found the depth of his underftanding; you have fenfe enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment of him according to your own obfervation: to fay the truth, I myfelf am more inclined to believe him diftracted than otherwife.'

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned; who, among other difcourfe, faid to Lorenzo, ' Signior Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has been pleafed to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet.'—' A poet, in fome fenfe, I may be,' faid Lorenzo; ' but a great one did I never fo much as dare even in my own imagination to think myfelf. True it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but don't at all for that reafon merit the title my father is pleafed to beftow upon me.'—' I love your referve,' faid Don Quixote, ' for poets are ufually far removed from modefty, each thinking himfelf the greateft in the world.'—' No rule holds univerfally,' anfwered Lorenzo, ' and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himfelf fo.'—There muft be very few fuch,' anfwered the other. ' But, pray, Sir,' continued he, ' what verfes are thofe you are about, which your father fays make you fo anxious and ftudious? for if it be commenting upon fome theme, I know fomewhat of the art of paraphrafing, and fhould be glad to fee what your performance is; and if they are defigned as a poetical prize, let me advife you to obtain the fecond, for the firft is decreed in view of intereft, or in favour of the great quality of fome perfon; but merit carries the fecond: fo that, according to the general practice of our univerfities, the third becomes the fecond, and the

the firſt the third; but, notwithſtanding this accepta-tion, the name of the firſt makes a great ſhew.'—' So far, ſurely,' ſaid Lorenzo to himſelf, ' this gentleman ſhews no ſigns of a diſturbed underſtanding; but we'll go on.—Your worſhip, I preſume, has been long at the ſchools: pray, Sir, what ſciences have you addict-ed yourſelf to?'—' That of knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; ' a ſcience equally ſublime as your poet-ry; and, in my humble opinion, even mounted a few ſteps above it.'—' That ſcience,' anſwered Lorenzo, ' I am hitherto a ſtranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge.'—' It is a ſcience,' anſwered the other, ' that includes in itſelf virtually, moſt, if not all the other ſciences in the world; for he who profeſſes it muſt be a civilian, and know the laws both of diſtributive and communicative juſtice, to de-termine, with equity and propriety, what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he muſt be a good divine and caſuiſt, that he may, with clearneſs and preciſion, defend the principles of the Chriſtian faith, which he profeſſes, as often as he ſhall be required ſo to do: he ought to be a phyſician, and particularly a bo-taniſt, that, in the midſt of deſarts and wilderneſſes, he may know thoſe herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourſe to a ſurgeon. He ought to be an aſtronomer, to diſtinguiſh by the ſtars the time of the night, toge-ther with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he muſt be learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occaſion; and beſides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal vir-tues, he ought to deſcend to other minute branches of ſcience. I ſay, for example, he muſt know how to ſwim like an herring, to ſhoe an horſe, to mend a ſad-dle and bridle; and, returning to what we have ob-ſerved above, he muſt preſerve his fealty to God and his miſtreſs; he muſt be chaſte in thought, decent in ſpeech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and finally, an aſſerter of

truth,

truth, even though the defence of it ſhould coſt him his life. Of all theſe great and ſmall qualities is a good knight-errant compoſed; ſo that Signior Don Lorenzo may judge whether it be a ſnivelling ſcience which is learned and profeſſed by a knight-errant; and whether it may not be compared with the ſublimeſt which are taught in colleges and ſchools.'—'If that be the caſe,' replied Don Lorenzo, 'I affirm, that it has the advantage over all others.'—'How!' cried Don Quixote, 'if that be the caſe!'—'What I would ſay,' reſumed Lorenzo, 'is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errants adorned with ſo many virtues.'—'I have often ſaid what I am now going to repeat,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that the greateſt part of the world believes there never were knights-errant; and, in my opinion, if Heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exiſt, whatever trouble may be taken will fail of ſucceſs, as I know by repeated experience. I will not, therefore, ſpend time at preſent, in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is to pray that Heaven will extricate you from your miſtake, and give you to underſtand how advantageous and neceſſary knights-errant have been to the world in paſt ages, and how uſeful they might be to the preſent, were it the cuſtom to ſolicit their aſſiſtance: but, now, for the ſins of mankind, idleneſs, ſloth, gluttony, and extravagance, prevail and triumph.' Here Don Lorenzo ſaid within himſelf, 'Now hath our gueſt given us the ſlip; but, neverthele ſs, he is a whimſical madman, and I ſhould be an idle fool, if I thought otherwiſe.'

In this place their diſcourſe was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego aſked his ſon, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his gueſt. To this queſtion he replied, 'All the beſt phyſicians and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the blotted ſheet of his madneſs; but he is a party-coloured maniack, full of lucid intervals.'

They

They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury; but what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which in this particular resembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman answered, 'Rather than appear one of those authors, who, when they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour, and, on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them; I will repeat my gloss, from which I expect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius.'—'It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine,' said Don Quixote, 'that no man ought to fatigue himself in glossing upon verses; because, as he observed, the gloss could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed almost always, the gloss was foreign to the original proposition; besides, the laws of the gloss were extremely narrow, restricting the paraphraser from the use of interrogations; and, "Said he," or, "I will say;" as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the sentiment; with other ties and shackles incurred by those who try their fortune in this way, as you yourself undoubtedly know.'—'Verily, Signior Don Quixote,' cried Don Lorenzo, 'I am very desirous of entrapping your worship in false Latin; but it is not in my power, for you slip through my fingers like an eel.'—'I do not know,' answered the knight, 'what you mean by saying I slip through your fingers.'—'I will explain myself some other time,' replied Don Lorenzo; mean while, your worship will be pleased to hear the paraphrase and the text, which run thus—

'THE

'THE TEXT.

'COULD I the moments past renew,
' Though fate should other joys deny;
' Or bring the future scenes to view
' In Time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

'THE GLOSS.

'AS all things perish and decay,
' So did that happiness I mourn,
' On silent pinion fleet away;
' Ah! never—never to return.
' At Fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
' Would she again propitious strew
' Her favours, who more blest than I,
' *Could I the moments past renew!*

' No pleasure, palm, or wreathe, I claim,
' No wealth or triumph seek to find;
' For all my wish, and all my aim,
' Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
' Ah, Fortune! thy returning smile
' Would change to bliss my destiny,
' And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,
' *Though fate should other joys deny.*

' Fond wish! impossible and vain:
' Ho pow'r on this terrestrial ball
' Can Time's unwearied foot detain,
' Or his accomplish'd flight recall.
' He forward flies, nor looks behind;
' And those miscarriage will pursue,
' Who hope this fugitive to bind,
' *Or bring the future scenes to view.*

' Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
' Tho' death at once would ease my pain;
' What folly, then, for me to grieve,
' Who can that easy cure obtain?
' No! yet a wiser course I'll steer,
' Resolv'd my fortune still to try,
' Until those happier days appear,
' *In Time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.*'

Don

Don Lorenzo no ſooner concluded his paraphraſe, than Don Quixote ſtarting up, took the young gentleman by the right-hand, and raiſing his voice even almoſt to a halloo, pronounced, 'Now, by the Heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the beſt poet in the world, and deſerve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, (as an author ſaid, whom God pardon.) but by the academy of Athens, did it now ſubſiſt, and by thoſe of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca, which are ſtill in being. Heaven grant that thoſe judges who deny you the firſt prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muſes may never deign to croſs the threſholds of their doors. Signior, let me hear, if you pleaſe, ſome of your more majeſtick verſes, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulſe of your admirable genius.' Is it not diverting to obſerve, that Don Lorenzo was pleaſed with the applauſe of Don Quixote, although he conſidered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far doſt thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable juriſdiction! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo; who, in compliance with the deſire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this ſonnet on the fable or ſtory of Pyramus and Thiſbe.

SONNET.

FAIR Thiſbe's charms what bulwarks could withſtand!
They pierc'd e'en to her gallant lover's ſoul,
And Cupid haſten'd from the Cyprian ſtrand,
To view the narrow paths by which they ſtole.
Here ſilence ſpoke; and through that narrow breach,
Which e'en the timid voice durſt not eſſay,
Th' intrepid ſouls to perfect union ſtretch,
Inſpir'd, impower'd, by love's almighty ſway.
Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came
With flow'ry pleaſure's tempting bait intic'd:
By the ſame poignard, monument, and fame,
At once deſtroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

 'Bleſſed

'Bleſſed be God!' cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the ſonnet of Don Lorenzo, 'that, amidſt the infinite number of conſumptive poets that now exiſt, I have found one conſummate, as your worſhip has plainly evinced yourſelf, by the art and execution of thoſe ſtanzas.'

The knight was ſumptuouſly regaled in the houſe of Don Diego for the ſpace of four days; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hoſpitality, and begged leave to depart; for, as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to eaſe and banquetting, he was deſirous of fulfilling the duty of his profeſſion in ſeeking adventures, with which he underſtood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragoſſa, whither he was bound; but, firſt of all, he was reſolved to enter the cave of Monteſinos, about which ſo many ſtrange ſtories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might inveſtigate and diſcover the origin and real ſprings of the ſeven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his ſon applauded the glorious deſign, and deſired he would ſupply himſelf with whatever their houſe or fortune could afford; for they would, with the utmoſt good will, perform that ſervice, which they equally owned to his perſonal valour, and honourable profeſſion. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as diſmal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived ſo much at his eaſe amidſt the plenty of Don Diego's houſe, that he could not, without reluctance, return to the hunger that prevails in dreary foreſts, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and ſtuff with what he thought moſt neceſſary for his occaſions.

At parting, Don Quixote addreſſing himſelf to Don Lorenzo, 'I know not,' ſaid he, 'whether I have already told your worſhip, but if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take

the ſhorteſt and eaſieſt road to the inacceſſible ſummit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one ſide the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narroweſt of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire, in the turning of a ſtraw.' With this advice did the knight, as it were, ſum up the proceſs of his madneſs; which, however, was ſtill more manifeſt in this addition: 'Heaven knows what pleaſure I ſhould feel in the company and aſſociation of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to ſpare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profeſs: but as his tender years do not require ſuch tutorage, nor would his laudable exerciſes permit him to purſue my ſteps, I ſhall content myſelf with aſſuring his worſhip, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himſelf rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for no parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is ſtill more ſtrong towards the children of the underſtanding.'

Both father and ſon admired anew the ſtrange medley of Don Quixote's diſcourſe, in which ſo much diſcretion and madneſs were jumbled together; and were aſtoniſhed at the wilfulneſs and obſtinacy with which he was ſo wholly bent upon the ſearch of his miſadventrous adventures, that conſtituted the very aim of all his deſires. Neverthelefs, they repeated their offers of ſervice and civility; and, with the good leave of the lady of the caſtle, Don Quixote and Sancho ſet out on Rozinante and Dapple.

CHAP. II.

In which is recounted the Adventure of the Enamoured Shepherd; with other truly diverting Incidents.

A Little way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two perſons dreſſed like eccleſiaſtics, or ſtudents, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon aſſes: behind

one of the ſtudents was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, ſeemingly conſiſting of ſome linen and two pair of coarſe thread ſtockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which diſcovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from ſome great town, where they had made a purchaſe, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the ſtudents, were ſeized with that admiration which was incident to all thoſe who for the firſt time beheld Don Quixote; indeed, they burned with curioſity to know what ſort of a creature he was, ſo different in appearance from other men.

The knight ſaluted them courteouſly; and underſtanding their road was the ſame route that he deſigned to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the ſame time begging they would ſlacken their pace, as the beaſts travelled faſter than his horſe. In order to facilitate their compliance with his requeſt, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profeſſion, which was chivalry, and obſerved that he was going in queſt of adventures through all parts of the world; giving them to underſtand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his appellative the Knight of the Lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberiſh to the countrymen, but not to the ſtudents, who immediately diſcovered the weakneſs of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheleſs, they beheld him with admiration; and one of them, in a reſpectful manner, accoſted him thus: 'If your worſhip, Sir Knight, follows no determined road, as thoſe who go in queſt of adventures ſeldom do, be ſo good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witneſs of one of the moſt ſplendid and opulent weddings that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around.'

When Don Quixote aſked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he ſo highly extolled, the other replied

plied, 'It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country maid; he the richeſt of all this neighbourhood, and ſhe the comelieſt that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the Beautiful; and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the Rich: ſhe is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, ſo that they are extremely well matched; though ſome curious perſons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleaſed to ſay, that her family has in that reſpect the advantage of Camacho's: but now a-days theſe circumſtances are altogether overlooked; for wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overſhadow and cover the whole meadow in ſuch a manner, that the ſun will find ſome difficulty in penetrating, ſo as to viſit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewiſe beſpoke choice chancers, both with ſwords and morrice-bells; for there are people in the village who can jingle and ſnap to perfection; not to mention your ſhoe-ſlappers, a power of whom are ſummoned to the nuptials: but none of thoſe things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumſtances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage ſo memorable as the behaviour which is on this occaſion expected from the rejected Baſilius.

'This Baſilius is a neighbouring ſwain, and townſman of Quiteria; and there is nothing but a partition wall between his houſe and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occaſion to renew the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thiſbe; for Baſilius became enamoured of Quiteria even from his tender years, and ſhe ſmiled upon his paſſion with all manner of honourable indulgence; inſomuch that the love of the two children, Baſilius and Quiteria, furniſhed entertainment and diſcourſe for the whole village. As their age increaſed, Quiteria's father reſolved to forbid Baſilius the uſual

acceſs he had to his houſe; and, to free himſelf from all ſorts of jealouſy and ſuſpicion, propoſed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be ſo well to give her away to Baſilius, to whom fortune had not been ſo kind as nature; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the moſt active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wreſtler, and great judge of hand-ball: he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he uſed inchantment, ſings like a ſky-lark, touches the guitar ſo as to make it perfectly ſpeak, and handles a foil like the beſt fencer in the world.' 'For that ſole accompliſhment,' cried Don Quixote, 'the young man deſerves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to Queen Ginebra herſelf, were ſhe now alive, in ſpite of Sir Lancelot, and all thoſe who ſhould endeavour to oppoſe the match.' 'Let my wife alone for that,' ſaid Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in ſilent attention; 'ſhe, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, ſticking to the old proverb, that ſays, Let every gooſe a gander chuſe. What I would willingly ſee is the marriage of this worthy Baſilius; for he has already got my good-will, with that ſame lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and reſt their ſouls in heaven—[his meaning was quite the reverſe]—who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations.' 'If that was always the caſe,' replied Don Quixote, 'parents would be deprived of that election and juriſdiction they poſſeſs, to marry their children when and how they ſhall think proper; and if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of an huſband, one would perhaps chuſe her father's ſervant, and another place her affection upon ſome gaudy coxcomb, whom ſhe might chance to ſee paſſing along the ſtreet, even though he ſhould be a diſorderly ruffian: for love and affection eaſily blind the eyes of the underſtanding, which are ſo neceſſary towards the ſettlement of one's condition in life;

life; and as we are apt to commit very important miſtakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution, as well as the particular favour of Heaven, to ſucceed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is reſolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he ſets out, endeavour to find a ſafe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why ſhould not the ſame pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? eſpecially in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpoſe for which the wife is ſubſervient to the huſband: a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which being once bought, may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inſeparable appendage that laſts for life.

'Marriage is a nooſe, into which if the neck ſhould happen to ſlip, it becomes inexplicable as the Gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut aſunder by the ſcythe of death. Much more could I add upon this ſubject, if I were not prevented by the deſire I have to know, whether Mr. Licentiate has any thing farther to entertain us with relative to the hiſtory of Baſilius.' To this hint the other (call him ſcholar, batchelor, or licentiate) replied, 'I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he underſtood Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the Rich, he was never ſeen to ſmile, or heard to ſpeak conſiſtently: he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himſelf; all which are undoubtedly ſymptoms of a diſordered mind. He ſcarce either eats or ſleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he ſleeps at all it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beaſts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one ſtupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and ſeems as if he was a cloathed ſtatue, with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives ſuch indications of a fatal paſſion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word 'Yes,' ſhe will in that ſeal the ſentence of his death.'

'God

'God will order things better,' ſaid Sancho: 'for he inflicts the wound, and will alſo perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the houſe: I have myſelf ſeen ſun-ſhine and rain at the ſame time; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot beſtir himſelf next morning. Let me know, the beſt of ye, if any man can brag of having put a ſpoke in fortune's wheel? No one, to be ſure; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thruſt the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reaſon, becauſe there would not be room for it: if you will only allow me one thing, that Quiteria loves Baſilius, I'll yet engage to give him a wallet full of good luck: for I have been told, that love wears a pair of ſpectacles, which ſpectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and ſpecks in the eyes to ſeem like pearls.' 'A curſe on thee!' cried Don Quixote: 'what is it thou wouldſt be at! Once thou art ſet in to ſtringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wiſh thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out! Say, animal, what knoweſt thou about ſpokes or wheels, or any other thing whatſoever?' 'O! ſince you do not underſtand me,' anſwered the ſquire, 'no wonder you think it nonſenſe what I ſay; but that ſignifies nothing: I underſtand myſelf, nor have I ſaid many nonſenſical things yet, only your worſhip always plays the cricket upon my words and actions.' 'God confound thee, thou confounder of all language!' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Cricket! I ſuppoſe thou meaneſt critick.' 'As to that matter, Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'be not too ſevere upon me; you know I was neither bred at court, nor ſtudied at Salamanca, to know when I am right in the letter of a word; and as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreaſonable to expect that the Sayagues * ſhould ſpeak in the ſame manner as the Toledans; though, for that matter, there are Toledans who are not more nice than other

* Poor people that live about Zamora.

other folks at the work of ſpeaking properly.' 'Very true,' ſaid the licentiate; 'for how ſhould a man, whoſe buſineſs is in the tan yards, and in the Zocodover †, ſpeak ſo good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloyſters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans: on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance, and perſpicuity, are to be found among polite people of ſenſe, though they be natives of Majalahonda; I ſay people of ſenſe, becauſe ſo great a number of people are not ſo, and ſenſe is the foundation of good language, aſſiſted by cuſtom and uſe. I muſt tell you, gentlemen, it has pleaſed God, for my ſins, that I have ſtudied the canon law at Salamanca, and I pique myſelf a little on being able to converſe in clear, eaſy, and expreſſive language.' 'If you had not piqued yourſelf more upon your dexterity at theſe good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, inſtead of lagging the hindmoſt, you might have been at the head of your claſs,' ſaid the other ſtudent. 'I tell you, Mr. Batchelor, that you are the moſt prejudiced man in the world, in that reſpect, for treating dexterity at the ſword as a matter of no ſignification.' 'It is no prejudice with me, it is a confirmed opinion and truth,' replied Corchuelo; 'and if you pleaſe to make the experiment, I will convince you. You carry foils now along with you, and an opportunity offers; I'll ſhew you that I have nerves and ſtrength, backed with ſuch courage as will prove ſufficient to demonſtrate to you that my opinion is not the effect of prejudice; get off your aſs, and try your meaſured diſtances, your wheelings, your longes, and art of defence; and I'll engage, with only the plain ruſtick ſkill I have, to make you ſee the ſtars at noon-day; for I truſt under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; nor have I met with any man whom I will not oblige to give ground.' 'As to

turning

† Zocodover, a ſquare in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are ſold.

turning your back, or not turning your back, that is none of my businefs,' replied the mafter of the fcience; 'though it is not impoffible but that the firft fpot you fix your foot on may prove your burying ground: I mean, it is poffible you may be left dead there, for flighting the noble fcience of defence.' 'That we fhall fee prefently,' replied Corchuelo, jumping haftily upon the ground, and fnatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his afs.

Here Don Quixote cried out, 'Not fo, by heavens! I will be umpire of this fencing-match, and judge of this long-controverted difpute.' So faying, he alighted from Rozinante, and grafping his lance, planted himfelf in the very middle of the road, juft as mafter licentiate, in a mafterly pofture, and regular advances, was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with fire, as the faying is, flafhing from his eyes; while the two country fellows, without difmounting, fat ftill as fpectators of this moft deadly tragedy. Corchuelo affailed him every way with high ftrokes, low ftrokes, back ftrokes, cuts, thrufts, flafhes out of number, and as thick as hail; in fhort, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a fmart pufh in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kifs the button, though with lefs devotion than if it had been a relick. In a word, the licentiate, by fkilful and well-planted thrufts, counted the buttons of his caffock, and went through it fo often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus: twice was Corchuelo's hat ftruck off; and fo fpent was he, that in rage and fpite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with fo much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of fcrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preferved, has been, and is, a teftimony to demonftrate that art prevails over ftrength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, fat down; and Sancho going up to him, 'Mr. Batchelor,' faid he, 'if you

will

will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wreſtle and pitch the bar, ſince now you are of a proper age and ſtrength for that exerciſe; for I have heard ſay of theſe fencers, that they can thruſt you the point of a ſword through the eye of a needle.' 'I am now convinced,' anſwered Corchuelo, 'and am taught by experience a truth I could not otherwiſe have believed.'

So getting up, he went and embraced his adverſary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the ſcrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long abſent, reſolved to put forward as faſt as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonſtrated to them the excellencies of the noble ſcience of defence, by ſuch convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the uſefulneſs of the ſcience; and Corchuelo particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obſtinacy.

The night was juſt fallen, and before they came to the village, it ſeemed as if ſomething like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright ſtars was between them and it; they likewiſe heard an harmonious but mixed ſound of flutes, tambourines, pſalters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one ſide of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the leaſt diſturbed by the wind; for the evening was ſo calm, that there was not a breath of air, ſo much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and ſpirit of the wedding conſiſted in the muſicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, ſome ſinging, ſome dancing, and others playing upon the different inſtruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were ſporting and playing through this meadow: a

great

great many were employed in raiſing ſcaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiouſly the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to ſolemnize the nuptials of Camacho the Rich, and the obſequies of Baſilius. Don Quixote refuſed to enter the village, though both the batchelor and the countryman invited him: but he pleaded what he thought a ſufficient excuſe, the cuſtom of knights-errant to ſleep in fields and foreſts, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs; and therefore he turned a little aſide, grievouſly againſt the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed in the houſe of Don Diego.

CHAP. III.

An Account of the Wedding of Camacho the Rich, and what happened to Baſilius the Poor.

THE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote, ſhaking from his limbs the drowſy fetters of ſloth, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay ſtretched along, and ſnoring; which ſituation his maſter ſeeing, before he awaked him, broke out into this ſoliloquy: ‘ Happy thou, and bleſſed beyond the fate of other mortals, who, neither envying nor envied, ſleepeſt ſound, with unconcern of ſoul! Enchanters neither perſecute, nor enchantments terrify thee: ſleep on, I ſay again, and a hundred times more I ſay, ſleep on; no jealouſies on account of a miſtreſs torture thee with perpetual watchings; no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee; no ſolicitude how thou muſt to-morrow provide for thyſelf and little ones, breaks in upon thy ſlumbers. Ambitious views create thee no diſquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occaſions thee any diſturbance; thy concern is centered within the bounds of taking care of thy aſs; for, as to taking care of thy perſon, that is laid upon my ſhoulders; a charge and burden that both nature and cuſtom have laid upon maſters; the ſervant ſleeps, while

while the maſter is awake, and thinking how he ſhall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him ſome ſervice. The uneaſineſs that ariſes from ſeeing the heavens, as it were, hard as braſs, locked up, and refuſing rain to cheriſh the earth, brings no anxiety upon the ſervant, but upon the maſter; who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound to provide for him who ſerved him in the time of abundant and plentiful harveſt.'

To all this effuſion Sancho anſwered not one word, for he was faſt aſleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his maſter jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He awaked yawning and drowſy; and turning his face every way, 'Umph!' ſaid he, 'from yonder ſhady bower, if my noſtrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the ſteam and ſavour of broiled raſhers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jeſſamine. O' my conſcience! weddings that begin in this ſavoury manner, muſt needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant.'—'Thou epicure,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'have done, and let us go ſee this wedding, and what will be the fate of the ſlighted Baſilius.'—'Let his fate be as it pleaſes,' quoth Sancho; 'what, he poor and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching ſo high: 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bleſs God for what he finds, and not be diving to find truffles at the bottom of the ſea. I'll lay a limb that Camacho can cover this ſame Baſilius from head to foot with ſixpenny pieces; and if this be ſo, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride, indeed, to refuſe all the fine cloaths and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her ſtill more; and to prefer, inſtead of them, a pitch at the bar truly, and a paſs at the foils, which, it ſeems, make up Baſilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and ſee if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever puſh of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning: as for your abilities, and your refinements, and graces, that will bring in none of the

ready; Count Dirlos may have them for me: but when they happen to take their reſting-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wiſh no better than that my life may ſhew off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good houſe may be raiſed; and the very beſt bottom and beſt foundation of any is wealth.'—'Oh!' cried Don Quixote, 'have done; have done with this harangue: I do from my ſoul believe, if one would but ſuffer thee to go on, thou wouldſt loſe both thy eating and ſleeping in talking.'—'Was your worſhip poſſeſſed of a good memory,' replied Sancho, 'you would remember certain articles ſtipulated between us, before we ſallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleaſed, provided it was not ſcandal againſt my neighbour, or derogating from your worſhip's authority; and I imagine that nothing I have hitherto ſaid is a breach of this agreement.'—'I remember no ſuch agreement,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but, allowing it to be ſo, it is my pleaſure you ſhould give over, and come attend me; for now the inſtruments we heard laſt evening ſend their chearing ſounds through the vallies; and beyond all doubt the nuptials will not be put off to the ſultry heat of the noon-day, but be ſolemnized in the freſh cool of the morning.'

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's ſaddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beaſts into the artificial ſhade. The firſt object that preſented itſelf to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock ſpitted whole, upon an elm, roaſting by a fire of wood of the ſize of a middling mountain, and round it ſix pots, but not ſuch pots as are caſt in common moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole ſhamble of meat; whole ſheep found room in them, and were ſtowed as commodiouſly as if they had been ſo many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of caſed hares, and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be ſwallowed up in theſe

these receivers; and an infinite number of wild-fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing-floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale, and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustick taste, but in such plenty and profusion as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the flesh pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying-pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, 'Hunger does not preside over this day, thanks be to Camacho the Rich; e'en alight, and see if thou canst find any where a ladle, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart.'—'I see no ladle,'

ladle,' ſaid Sancho. 'God forgive me all my ſins!' cried the cook, 'what a poor helpleſs thing thou art! ſtay.' So ſaying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once into one of the half jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geeſe. 'Here,' ſaid he, 'eat; make a breakfaſt of this ſcum, and ſee if you can ſtay your ſtomach with it till dinner time.'—'I have nothing to put it in,' ſaid Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook; 'for Camacho's riches and good fortune are ſufficient to ſupply every thing.'

While Sancho Panza paſſed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in obſerving about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one ſide of this ſpacious arbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay capariſons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and courſed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, ſeveral times, with a joyous Mooriſh ſhout, flouriſhing, and crying out, 'Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as ſhe is fair, and ſhe the faireſt of the univerſe.' Which exclamation, Don Quixote hearing, ſaid within himſelf, 'It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboſo; had they ever been bleſſed with a ſight of her tranſcendant charms, they would be more ſparing in their praiſes of this their Quiteria.'

Some time after there entered, at diffrent parts of the arbour, different ſets of dancers; one of whom conſiſted of twenty-four ſword dancers, all of them clean, well made, jolly ſwains, clad in fine white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with ſilk of various colours. One of thoſe who were mounted upon the mares aſked a youth, who led the band of the ſword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? 'As yet,' replied the other, 'we are all ſafe and ſound; thanks be to God, no one is wounded!' and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with ſo many twiſtings and windings, and with ſuch dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been uſed to behold

behold ſuch dances, he never ſaw any he approved ſo much. Another dance likewiſe pleaſed him prodigiouſly; that was another chorus of twelve moſt beautiful damſels, of ſuch an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any ſeem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green ſtuff of Cuenca; their locks were, ſome plaited, ſome flowing looſe, and all ſo fine and flaxen, as to rival thoſe of Phœbus himſelf, and crowned with garlands of roſes, of jeſſamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their muſic; and with modeſty in their looks and countenances, and lightneſs of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettieſt in the world. After theſe, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the God of Love led one, and Intereſt the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver, and arrows; Intereſt clad in gold, and ſilk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names diſplayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the firſt was named Poetry, the ſecond Diſcretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Intereſt were likewiſe characteriſed: the firſt was Liberality, the ſecond Bounty, the third Treaſure, the fourth Quiet Poſſeſſion. The whole maſque was preceded by a wooden caſtle, drawn by ſavages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and ſo ſavage they looked, that they had almoſt frightened Sancho. On the front, and on each of the four ſides of this machine, were inſcribed theſe words, 'The Caſtle of Diſcretion.' Four able muſicians played on the tabor and the pipe. Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow againſt a damſel that ſtood upon the battlements of the caſtle, to whom he pronounced this addreſs—

‘ I am the God whoſe pow’r extends
 ‘ Thro’ the wide ocean, earth, and ſky;
‘ To my ſoft ſway all nature bends,
 ‘ Compell’d by beauty to comply.
‘ Fearleſs, I rule, in calm and ſtorm,
 ‘ Indulge my pleaſure to the full;
‘ Things deem’d impoſſible perform,
 ‘ Beſtow, reſume, ordain, annul.’

Having repeated theſe ſtanzas, he ſhot an arrow to the top of the caſtle, and retired to his ſtation. Then Intereſt advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were ſilent, and the power rehearſed theſe lines—

‘ My pow’r exceeds the might of Love,
 ‘ For Cupid bows to me alone;
‘ Of all things fram’d by Heav’n above,
 ‘ The moſt reſpected, ſought, and known.
‘ My name is Intereſt, mine aid
 ‘ But few obtain, though all deſire;
‘ Yet ſhall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
 ‘ My conſtant ſervices acquire.’

Intereſt retiring, was ſucceeded by Poetry; who, after having performed his motions like the reſt, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the caſtle, and ſaid—

‘ Let Poetry, whoſe ſtrain divine
 ‘ The wond’rous pow’r of ſong diſplays,
‘ His heart to thee, fair nymph, conſign,
 ‘ Tranſported, in melodious lays:
‘ If haply, thou wilt not refuſe
 ‘ To grant my ſupplicated boon,
‘ Thy fame ſhall, wafted by the muſe,
 ‘ Surmount the circle of the moon.’

Poetry diſappearing, Liberality advanced from the ſide of Intereſt, and, after ſeveral movements, repeated theſe lines—

‘ My name is Liberality,
 ‘ Alike beneficent and wiſe,
‘ [illegible] ſhun wild prodigality,
 ‘ And ſordid avarice deſpiſe:

‘ Yet

'Yet, for thy favour lavish grown,
'A prodigal I mean to prove;
'An honourable vice, I own;
'But giving is the test of love.'

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we have inserted were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mixing all together in the dance, they winded and turned with great ease, grace, and agility. Cupid, in passing, shot arrows at the castle, while Interest battered it with round gilded earthen pots: at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of Roman cat-skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjointed by the blow, and immediately fell asunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless; then Interest, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by Cupid and his partisans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and effecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the castle with admirable dispatch; the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parson, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, 'I'll lay a wager,' said he, 'that this same batchelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with satire than prayer; for he has very artfully interwoven in this masque the talents of Basilius, and

and the wealth of his rival.' Sancho Panza overhearing this obfervation, 'My cock is the king,' faid he; and I hold faft by Camacho.'—'Then am I convinced,' replied the knight, 'that Sancho is one of thofe low-born peafants, who cry, "Long life to the conqueror."' 'I know not,' refumed the fquire, 'what fect I am of; but this I know perfectly well, that I fhall never fkim from the flefh-pots of Bafilius fuch a delicate fcum as this that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho.' With thefe words, he produced the kettle full of geefe and pullets, and, feizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and fatisfaction; faying, in defiance of the talents poffeffed by Bafilius, 'Thou art worth juft as much as thou haft, and haft juft as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grannum was wont to obferve, the Have-fomethings and Have-nothings: though fhe always ftuck to the former; and now-a-days, my good mafter, we are more apt to feel the pulfe of property than of wifdom. An afs with golden trappings makes a better appearance than a horfe with a pack-faddle. Therefore, I fay again, I hold faft by Camacho, the plentiful fcum of whofe pots contains geefe, hares, and conies; while that of Bafilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it fhould only come to the feet, is no better than difh-wafhings.'

'Sancho', cried Don Quixote, 'haft thou finifhed thy harangue?'—'It fhall be finifhed,' replied the fquire, 'as I fee your worfhip is difpleafed with it; though, if your difguft had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days.'—Grant Heaven,' faid the knight, 'that I may fee thee dumb before I die!'—'At the rate we follow,' anfwered Panza, 'before your worfhip dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be fo dumb, that I fhall not fpeak another word to the end of the world, or at leaft till the day of judgment.'—'Even fhould that be the cafe,' replied Don Quixote, 'I fay unto thee, O Sancho, thy filence will never counterbalance what thou

thou didſt, doſt, and wilt ſay, during the courſe of thy life; moreover, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; ſo that I have no hope of ever ſeeing thee ſilent, even while thou art drinking or ſleeping, and that is the greateſt favour I could expect.'

'In good ſooth, Signior,' ſaid the ſquire, 'there is no truſting to Mrs. Ghoſtly, (I mean, death,) who gobbles up the goſlin as well as the gooſe *; and as I have heard our curate obſerve, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly cottage of the ſwain. That ſame lady, who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty and ſqueamiſh; but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees, and conditions; ſhe is none of your labourers that take this afternoon's nap, but mows at all hours, cutting down the dry ſtubble as well as the green graſs; nor does ſhe ſeem to chew, but rather ſwallows and devours every thing that falls in her way; for ſhe is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never ſatisfied; and though ſhe has no belly, plainly ſhews herſelf dropſical, and ſo thirſty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, juſt as one would ſwallow a draught of cool water.'—'Enough, friend Sancho,' cried the knight, interrupting him in this place; 'keep thyſelf well, now thou art in order, and beware of ſtumbling again; for, really a good preacher could not ſpeak more to the purpoſe than thou haſt ſpoken upon death, in thy ruſtic manner of expreſſion: I ſay unto thee, Sancho, if thy diſcretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mighteſt aſcend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration.'—'He is a good preacher who is a good liver,' anſwered Panza; 'and that is all the divinity I know.'—'And that is ſufficient,' ſaid the knight; 'yet I ſhall never underſtand

or

* In the original there is a play upon the words Deſcarnado, Cordero, and Carnero, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by ſubſtituting gooſe in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wiſdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy Maker, ſhould be ſo wiſe?'—'Signior,' replied Sancho, 'I deſire your worſhip would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other peoples' valour or fears; for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would deſire to ſee in any neighbour's child; wherefore I beſeech your worſhip, let me diſcuſs this ſame ſcum; for every thing elſe is idle chat, of which we ſhall be able to give a bad account in the other world.' So ſaying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with ſuch keen appetite as awakened that of his maſter, who would certainly have joined in the aſſault, had not he been prevented by that which we muſt now relate.

CHAP. IV.

Which continues to treat of Camacho's Wedding, and other Incidents.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the converſation related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noiſe and ſhouting, raiſed by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple; who came ſurrounded by a thouſand kinds of inſtruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday cloaths. Sancho, ſeeing the bride, exclaimed with marks of admiration, 'I'faith! ſhe looks more like one of your gay court-dames, than a plain country-maid. Now, by the biggeſt beads of my roſary! inſtead of a tin brooch *, her breaſt is bedizened with rich coral, and her hoyden grey is turned into thirty-piled velvet; and, body o'me! the trimming is not of white linen, but of ſilk and ſattin: then handle me her hands, ſet off with what? jewels of jet? No! let me never thrive,' if they an't

* The patina was a ſmall conſecrated plate which the Spaniſh women, eſpecially thoſe of an inferior rank, wore upon their breaſts.

an't decked with rings of gold! aye, and of maſſy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a Jew's eye. O the whoreſon baggage! and ſuch hair! if it is not falſe, I never ſaw any ſo long, and ſo fair in my born-days. Do but mind how buxom, ſtrait, and tall ſhe is, and ſee whether ſhe may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with cluſters of dates; for nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and neck. By my ſalvation! the damſel is well covered, and might paſs through all the banks of Flanders.' Don Quixote, though he ſmiled at the ruſtic praiſes of his ſquire, owned that, excluſive of his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſhe was the moſt beautiful female he had ever ſeen.

Neverthelefs, the fair Quiteria was paler than uſual; and this change of complexion muſt have been owing to the bad night which brides always paſs in adorning themſelves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one ſide of the meadow, and ornamented with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to ſee the maſques and other diverſions; and they had juſt arrived at the place when their ears were ſaluted with a noiſe behind them, and a voice that pronounced, 'Stay a little, haſty and inconſiderate people.'—In conſequence of this addreſs, they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man cloathed in a looſe black coat, interſperſed with crimſon flames, crowned, as they ſoon perceived, with a chaplet of funeral cypreſs, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon ſize. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Baſilius; at ſight of whom they were ſurprized, and waited in ſuſpence to ſee the iſſue of his exclamation, dreading ſome miſchance from ſuch an unſeaſonable viſit. At length, wearied and breathleſs, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thruſting in the ground his ſtaff that was pointed wsth ſteel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aſpect, and hoarſe quavering voice, pronounced theſe

these words: 'Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy faith we profess, thou canst not espouse another husband while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence should meliorate my fortune, I never sought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I should preserve; yet thou, disburdening thyself of all the obligations which thou owest to my honest passion, hast made another person master of what is justly mine; a man whose wealth is not only subservient to his good fortune, but even renders him superlatively happy; which happiness, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but because it is the will of Heaven to bestow it) I will, with my own hands, remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may obstruct it, by taking myself out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the Rich, with Quiteria the Ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Basilius, whose poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave.'

So saying, he laid hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a scabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himself, with great activity and resolution, upon the point, which in an instant came out bloody at his shoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltering in gore, and stretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his assistance, pierced with affliction at his misery and lamentable fate; and Don Quixote, dismounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck; but the curate, who was present, gave his opinion that it should not be withdrawn before he had confessed himself, because his death would be the immediate consequence of pulling out the weapon. Meanwhile, Basilius recovering a little, said, in a faint and piteous

 tone,

tone, ‘ Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldst thou, in this last and fatal agony, bestow upon me thy hand in marriage, I should deem my rashness exculpated, seeing by that I should acquire the happiness of calling thee my own.’ The curate, hearing this address, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his soul, rather than upon such carnal pleasures, and earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins, and in particular this last desperate determination. To this remonstrance Basilius replied, that he would by no means confess, until Quiteria should first grant him her hand; a favour which would set his heart at rest, and give him spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Basilius requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and besides very practicable; and that Signior Camacho's honour would suffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Basilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for here nothing was required but the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspence, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and, as it were, compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom with tears, entreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or desired to answer one word: nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination, for the soul of Basilius

ſilius being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for heſitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without ſpeaking one ſyllable, but ſeemingly diſordered, ſad, and ſorrowful, advanced to the place where Baſilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing ſhort and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a Chriſtian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, deſired by ſigns he would hold out his hand: then Baſilius unfixing his eyes, and ſtedfaſtly gazing upon her, 'O Quiteria!' ſaid he, 'thou art become kind at a time when thy kindneſs muſt ſerve as a ſword to finiſh my unfortunate life; ſeeing I have not ſtrength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldſt confer in calling me thine, or to ſuſpend the grief that comes ſo faſt to cover mine eyes with the diſmal ſhades of death. What I requeſt, O fatal ſtar of my deſtiny! is, that thy conſent to this exchange of vows may not be a mere compliment to deceive me anew; but that thou wilt confeſs and declare there is no reſtraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful huſband; for it would be cruel to uſe deceit and diſſimulation with one in ſuch extremity, who has always behaved to thee with ſuch ſincerity and truth.' Having pronounced theſe words, he fainted away, ſo that all the by-ſtanders thought his ſoul would forſake his body in that ſwoon: but when he retrieved the uſe of his faculties, Quiteria, all-bluſhing with modeſty, took hold of his right hand, ſaying, 'No force upon earth would be ſufficient to biaſs my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the ſame terms, if thou beſtoweſt it with the ſame good will, undiſturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou haſt been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct.'—'I do,' anſwered Baſilius, 'without either diſorder or confuſion; but on the contrary, with all the clearneſs of underſtanding with which Heaven hath thought proper

 to

to endow me, I give and deliver myſelf for thy true and faithful huſband.'—' And I take thee for ſuch,' replied Quiteria, ' whether thou mayeſt live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave.'—' Conſidering how deſperately this ſpark is wounded,' ſaid Sancho Panza, ' methinks he talks woundily: make him lay aſide his courtſhip, and mind his ſoul, which ſeems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth.'

The hands of Baſilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed, that God would grant forgiveneſs and repoſe to the ſoul of the bridegroom; who no ſooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly ſprung upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was ſheathed in his body, to the admiration of the byſtanders; ſome of whom, being more ſimple than curious, began to cry aloud, ' A miracle! a miracle!' But Baſilius replied, ' No miracle! no miracle! but ſheer induſtry! nothing but induſtry!' The curate, confounded and aſtoniſhed, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, inſtead of paſſing through the body of Baſilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwards underſtood, was prepared ſo as to retain its fluidity: in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almoſt all the company, found themſelves fairly outwitted. The bride, however, expreſſed no mortification at the deceit: on the contrary, hearing ſomebody obſerve that ſuch a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, ſhe ſaid ſhe confirmed it anew. From which circumſtance every one concluded, that the ſtratagem had been contrived and executed with her privity and conſent. This ſuppoſition enraged Camacho and his adherents to ſuch a degree, that they referred their revenge to the prowefs of their hands, and, unſheathing a great many ſwords, aſſaulted Baſilius, in whoſe favour almoſt an equal number were

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instantly produced. Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, well armed with his lance and shield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in such exploits, retired to the jars from which he had extracted his agreeable scum, looking upon that place as a sacred sanctuary and respected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, 'Forbear, gentlemen, forbear: it is unjust to revenge the grievances of love; for, in this particular, love and war are the same; and, as in the last, it is lawful and customary to use feints and stratagems against the enemy; so likewise in amorous contests and competitions, all sorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accomplishment of the lover's desire, provided they do not tend to the disparagement or dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and and favourable determination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how his inclination shall require: whereas Basilius has but this one poor sheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any person, how powerful soever he may be; for those whom God hath joined, no man shall put asunder; and he who attempts it must first pass through the point of this lance.' So saying, he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of those who did not know him with fear and consternation; and the disdain of Quiteria made such a deep impression upon the imagination of Camacho, that he shook her from his heart in an instant; so that the persuasions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning priest, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, sheathed their weapons, blaming the inconstancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Basilius; and Camacho himself observed, that if she loved Basilius before marriage, the same love would have continued after it; and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for having lost, than he could have had for obtaining such an help-mate.'

Camacho, and those of his train, being thus consoled and appeased, the friends of Basilius took no step to disturb their peace; and Camacho the Rich, in order to shew how little he resented or thought of the trick which had been played him, desired that the entertainments might proceed as if he was really to be married: but Basilius with his bride and followers refusing to partake of them, set out in a body for the place of his habitation; for the poor, who are virtuous and discreet, will always find people to honour, attend, and support them, as well as the rich with all their parasites and companions. In consequence of their earnest entreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they esteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the soul of Sancho, when he found it impossible to enjoy the splendid banquets and diversions of Camacho, that lasted till night: he therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his master, who joined the troop of Basilius; leaving behind the flesh-pots of Egypt, although he still retained them in his fancy; and the half-finished scum of his kettle enhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had lost; so that, pensive, sullen, and sad, yet without hunger, or dismounting from Dapple, he silently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

CHAP. V.

In which is recounted the vast Adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the Heart of La Mancha, which was happily atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote.

GREAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of respect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themselves greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and looked upon his discretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they esteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honest Sancho regaled himself three days at their expence, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not

 been

been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained: true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of his friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the the execution of his deceit.

'Whatsoever hath virtue for its ultimate aim,' said Don Quixote, 'neither can or ought to be called deceit; and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage.' He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversaries are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuade Signior Basilius to quit the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it, just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the savoury lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. 'Take notice, dearest Basilius,' added the knight, 'it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I my-

self

ſelf am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the leaſt thought of changing my condition; nevertheleſs, I will venture to adviſe him who aſks my advice, in ſuch a manner, that he may find a woman to his wiſh: in the firſt place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name merely by being virtuous, ſhe muſt likewiſe maintain the exteriors of deportment; for the honour of the ſex ſuffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in public, than from any private miſdeeds. If thou bringeſt a good woman to thy houſe, it will be an eaſy taſk to preſerve and even improve her virtue; but, ſhouldſt thou chuſe a wife of a different character, it will coſt thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to paſs from one extreme to another: I do not ſay it is altogether impoſſible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty.'

Sancho hearing theſe remarks, ſaid to himſelf, 'This maſter of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pithy or ſubſtantial, will ſay I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel through the world, teaching and preaching to admiration: now, I will ſay for him, that when he begins to ſtring ſentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but even a couple on each finger, and ſtroll about the market-towns. Wit, whither wouldſt thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing. I thought for certain, he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries; but he pecks at every thing, and throws his ſpoonful in every man's diſh.'

His maſter overheard him murmuring in this manner, and aſking what he grumbled at. 'I don't grumble,' anſwered Sancho. 'I was only ſaying to myſelf, I wiſhed I had heard thoſe remarks of your worſhip before I married; in which caſe I might now, perhaps, remark in my turn, "The looſened ox is well licked." 'What, is Tereſa ſuch a bad wife?' ſaid the knight.

'Not

'Not very bad,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but then ſhe is not very good; at leaſt, not ſo good as I could wiſh.'—'You are in the wrong, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'to diſparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children.'—'As to that matter,' replied Sancho, 'we are not at all in one another's debt; for ſhe can diſparage me faſt enough, eſpecially when ſhe takes it in her head to be jealous, and then Satan himſelf could not endure her.'

In a word, they ſtayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and ſerved like the king's own perſon: and here Don Quixote deſired the nimble-wriſted licentiate to provide him with a guide to direct his ſteps to the cave of Monteſinos, which he had a longing deſire to explore, that he might inveſtigate with his own eyes the truth of thoſe wonderful ſtories that were reported of it through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promiſed to accommodate him with a firſt couſin of his own, a famous ſtudent; deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, ſo famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but alſo through the whole kingdom of Spain: and he likewiſe obſerved, that he would find his converſation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compoſe books for the preſs, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this couſin arrived upon an aſs big with foal, whoſe pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapeſtry or carpet. Sancho ſaddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, ſtowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the couſin's, likewiſe very well ſtored; then recommending themſelves to God, and taking leave of the company, they ſet out, chuſing the ſhorteſt road to the famous cave of Monteſinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote, addreſſing himſelf to the ſtudent, aſked what was the nature and quality of his exerciſes, ſtudies, and profeſſion? To this queſtion the other anſwered, that his profeſſion was

humanity;

humanity; and that his exercife and ftudy confifted in compofing books for the prefs, of great emolument, and no lefs entertainment to the public; that one of them was entitled, The Book of Liveries, in which he had defcribed feven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers. 'From thefe,' faid he, 'your courtiers may extract and affume fuch devices as will fuit their fancies, in times of feftivity and rejoicing, without going about begging from any perfon whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the faying is, in order to invent what will fuit their feveral defires and difpofitions; for I infert thofe that will fit the jealous, the difdained, the forgotten, and abfent, fo exactly, that the juft will far exceed the number of the Gentiles. I have likewife finifhed another book, which I propofe to call, The Metamorphofes; or, The Spanifh Ovid; of an invention equally new and agreeable: for there, in imitation of Nafo, I give a burlefque defcription and hiftory of the Giralda of Seville, the Angel of La Madalina, the Conduit of Vecinguerra at Cordova, the bulls of Guifanda, the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of Leganitos, and the Levapies of Madrid, not forgetting thofe of Piojo, the Golden Pipe, and the Priori, with their allegories, metaphors, and transformations, which at once furprize, inftruct, and entertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, The Supplement to Polydore's Virgil, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great ftudy and erudition; for many things of great importance, which Polydore has omitted, I examine and explain in a moft elegant ftyle: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the firft perfon troubled with a defluxion or rheum, and who was firft anointed for the cure of the French diftemper: now thefe two queftions I refolve in the moft accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; fo your worfhip will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpofe, and compofed a book that will be ufeful to the world in general.'

Sancho having liſtened very attentively to this narration, 'Tell me, Signior,' ſaid he, 'ſo may God lend an helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me, if you know, and ſurely you know every thing, who was the firſt man that ſcratched his own head; for my own part, I firmly believe it muſt have been our father Adam.'—'Certainly,' anſwered the ſtudent; 'for Adam, without doubt, had a head, and hair upon it; now that being the caſe, and he being the firſt man in the world, he muſt have ſcratched it ſometimes.' 'I am of the ſame opinion,' reſumed Sancho; 'but now, pray tell me, who was the firſt tumbler?' 'Verily, brother,' reſumed the ſcholar, 'I cannot determine that point until I ſhall have ſtudied it, and ſtudy it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; ſo that I ſhall ſatisfy you the next time we meet, for I hope this will not be the laſt time of our meeting.' Then I deſire you will give yourſelf no trouble about the matter,' ſaid Sancho; 'for I have already found out the ſolution of my queſtion: know, Signior, that the firſt tumbler* muſt have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown, and rejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomleſs pit.'—'Friend,' cried the ſtudent, 'you are certainly in the right.'—'That queſtion and anſwer,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is none of thy own; thou muſt have learned them from ſome other perſon, Sancho.'—'Hold your tongue, Signior,' replied the ſquire: 'for, in good faith! if I begin to queſtion and anſwer, I ſhall not have done till morning: yes, as to the matter of aſking like a fool, and anſwering like a ſimpleton, I have no occaſion to crave the aſſiſtance of my neighbours.'—Thou haſt ſaid more than thou art aware of,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for ſome people there are who fatigue themſelves in learning and inveſtigating that which, when learned and inveſtigated, is not worth a farthing either to the memory or underſtanding.'

IN this, and other ſuch reliſhing diſcourſe, they paſſed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a

ſmall

ſmall village, from whence, as the ſcholar told the knight, the diſtance to the cave of Monteſinos did not exceed a couple of leagues; and he obſerved, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be neceſſary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight ſaid, that although he ſhould deſcend to the abyſs, he would ſee the bottom, for which purpoſe he purchaſed about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad and ſpacious, though overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles, and brakes, ſo thick and intricate, that it was almoſt quite covered and concealed. At ſight of the place all three alighted: the ſtudent and Sancho immediately began to faſten the rope ſtrongly about the knight; and while they were thus employed in cording and girding him, Sancho addreſſing himſelf to the adventurer, 'Dear maſter,' ſaid he, 'conſider what your worſhip is about; ſeek not to bury yourſelf alive, and to be uſed like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in ſome well; for it neither concerns nor belongs to your worſhip to be the ſurveyor of that pit, which muſt be worſe than a dungeon.'—'Tie the knot, and hold thy tongue, friend Sancho,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'for ſuch an enterpriſe as this was reſerved for me alone.' Then the guide interpoſing, 'I intreat your worſhip, Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid he, 'to conſider attentively, and examine, as it were, with an hundred eyes, every circumſtance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I ſhall inſert among my transformations.'—'The cymbal,' anſwered Sancho, 'is in the hands that can play it to the utmoſt nicety.'

This diſcourſe having paſſed, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour, but his doublet, 'We have been guilty of an inadvertency,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'in coming hither unprovided with a ſmall bell, which, had it been tied to me with the ſame cord, would, with its ſound, have given you notice, as I deſcended,

ſcended, of my being alive; but, as it is now impoſſible to be accommodated, I commit myſelf to the hands of God, who will conduct me.' Then falling upon his knees, he in a low voice preferred a prayer to Heaven, beſeeching God to aſſiſt and crown him with ſucceſs, in this ſeemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finiſhed, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'O! thou miſtreſs of my deeds and motions, the moſt reſplendent and peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo! if the prayer and petition of this thy adventurous lover can poſſibly reach thine ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my requeſt, which is no other than that thou wouldſt not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I ſtand ſo much in need of both; for I am juſt upon the brink of darting, plunging, and ingulphing myſelf into the profound abyſs that opens wide before me, on purpoſe that the world may know there is nothing ſo impoſſible that I will not attempt and execute, under the wings of thy favour.'

So ſaying, he approached the pit, where he found it would be impracticable to ſlip down, or make way for entering, without the ſtrength of arms and back-ſtrokes: he therefore, unſheathing his ſword, began to lay about him, and mow down the buſhes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noiſe and diſturbance, ſallied forth with ſuch force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back; and had he been as ſuperſtitious as he was a good catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excuſed himſelf from viſiting the bowels of ſuch a dreary place: at length he roſe, and ſeeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of night, was now over, (for a number of bats had likewiſe come forth,) he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the ſcholar, deſiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which, when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thouſand croſſes over him, exclaimed,

claimed, "God and the Rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and cream, and ſcum of knights-errant: there thou goeſt, bully of the globe, heart of ſteel, and arm of braſs! I ſay again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back ſafe, ſound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forſaking to bury thyſelf in that obſcurity.' Almoſt the ſame prayer and deprecation was uttered by the ſcholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little. By that time the voice, which aſcended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceaſed to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoiſt him up again, as they had no more cord to ſpare: they ſtayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which ſeemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with ſuch eaſe, that they imagined the knight was left below; a ſuppoſition, in conſequence of which the ſquire wept moſt bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerneſs in order to diſcover the truth; but when they had coiled up about fourſcore fathoms they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the diſtance of ten fathoms, they diſtinctly perceived Don Quixote; to whom Sancho addreſſed himſelf, ſaying, 'Dear maſter, I wiſh your worſhip an happy return; we began to think you had tarried below to breed.'

To this welcome the knight anſwered not a word. When they had pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were ſhut, and that, to all appearance, he was faſt aſleep; then he was laid upon the ground, and untied, but ſtill he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, ſhaking, and moving, they, after ſome time, brought him to himſelf, when yawning hideouſly, as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy ſleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, 'God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the moſt delightful proſpect and agreeable life that

ever mortal ſaw or enjoyed: in effect, I am now fully convinced, that all the pleaſures of this life fleet away like a ſhadow or dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Monteſinos! O deeply wounded Durandarte! O hapleſs Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters ſhew the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes!'

The ſcholar and Sancho hearing theſe words, which Don Quixote ſeemed to heave with immenſe pain from his very entrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had ſaid, and inform them of what he had ſeen in that infernal gulph. 'Infernal, call you it?' ſaid the knight; 'pray give it a better epithet, for that it ſurely does deſerve, as you will preſently perceive.' Then he deſired they would give him ſomething to eat, for he was exceſſively hungry; and they, ſpreading the carpet upon the graſs, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three ſitting around them, in love and good fellowſhip, made one meal ſerve for ſupper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finiſhed, and the cloth taken away, 'My ſons,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'let no man ſtir, but liſten with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearſe.'

CHAP. VI.

Of the wonderful Incidents recounted by the extravagant Don Quixote, who pretended to have ſeen them in the profound Cave of Monteſinos; from the greatneſs and impoſſibility of which this Adventure has been deemed apocryphal.

IT might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the ſun retiring behind a cloud, ſo as to emit a ſcanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illuſtrious hearers the particulars he had ſeen in the cave of Monteſinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows. 'About

'About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with its cattle, and illuminated by a ſmall ſtream of light that deſcends through correſponding cracks and crannies, which open at a diſtance on the ſurface of the earth: this ſpacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myſelf hanging and deſcending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain and determined way; I therefore reſolved to enter it,' and repoſe myſelf a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I ſhould give you farther notice; but I ſuppoſe you did not hear me; ſo that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, ſat down upon it in a very penſive mood, to conſider how I ſhould deſcend to the bottom, having no perſon to ſupport my weight. While I ſat muſing on this misfortune, I was all of a ſudden overpowered by a moſt profound ſleep, and, without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how or wherefore, I awoke, and found myſelf in the midſt of the moſt beautiful, charming, and delightful meadow, that nature could create, or the moſt fertile imagination conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, ſo as to ſee that, far from ſleeping, I was broad awake: nevertheleſs, I felt my head, and fumbled in my boſom, in order to be aſſured, whether it was really my identical ſelf, or ſome unſubſtantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection, and connected diſcourſe I held with myſelf, concurred to convince me, that I was the ſame at that time as I find myſelf at preſent. Then was my view regaled with a ſumptuous palace or caſtle, with walls and battlements of clear tranſparent chryſtal, and two large folding gates, which, opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of purple baize, that trailed upon the ground: his ſhoulders and breaſt were girded with a collegiate ſcarf of green ſattin; his head was covered with a black Milan cap; and his beard, white as the

drifted snow, descended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as ostrich-eggs; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprise and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug me closely in his arms; then he said, "Long, very long, most valiant knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, have we, who are inchanted in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Montesinos; an adventure hitherto reserved on purpose to be atchieved by thy invincible heart and most stupendous courage. Follow me, illustrious Signior, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Montesinos, from whom the cavern takes its name." No sooner had he told me who he was, than I asked if it was true what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a small dagger, cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the Lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poignard as sharp as an awl.'

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poignard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. 'I do not know who was the maker,' said the knight, 'but it could not be that sword-cutler; for Raymond de Hozes was living t'other day; whereas as many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncesvalles, where that misfortune happened; but this enquiry is of no importance; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story.' 'No, surely,' cried the scholar, 'pray good your worship Don Quixote proceed; for I listen to your narration with infinite pleasure.' 'And I feel no less in recounting it,' answered the knight. 'Well,

'Well, then, the venerable Montesinos led me into the chrystalline palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length. I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble, or jasper, such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones: he held his right-hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner, over the region of the heart; and before I had time to ask any questions, Montesinos, seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, 'This is my friend Durandarte,' said he, 'the flower and mirrour of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time: here he is kept inchanted as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin, that French inchanter, who is said to have been begotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil's son, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How, or for what reason, he inchanted us, nobody knows; but time will discover the mystery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off: what surprizes me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms; and after he was dead, I, with my own individual hands, took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions: this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to sigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?'

'He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, "O cousin Montesinos! the last favour I requested of you, was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart either with poignard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma." The venerable Montesinos, hearing this

this apoſtrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, " Already, Signior Durandarte, my deareſt couſin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform on that unlucky day of our defeat: I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the ſmalleſt particle of it in your breaſt: I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and ſet out with it full gallop for France, after having firſt committed you to the boſom of the earth with ſuch a flood of tears as was ſufficient to bathe and waſh my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels; and as a ſurer token, dear couſin of my ſoul! at the firſt place I reached, in my way from Ronceſvalles, I ſprinkled your heart with a little ſalt, that it might not acquire a bad ſmell, and continue, if not quite freſh, at leaſt tolerably ſweet, until it could be preſented to the lady Belerma, who, together with you and me, and your ſquire Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her ſeven daughters, and two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long inchanted in this place by the ſage Merlin; and although five hundred years are elapſed, not one of us is dead; though we have loſt Ruydera with her daughters and nieces, who, by weeping, are, through the compaſſion of Merlin, converted into ſo many lakes, which, in the world above, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera; the Seven Siſters belong to the king of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called St. John. Your ſquire Guadiana bewailing likewiſe your misfortune, was changed into a river of the ſame name, which, when it reached the ſurface of the earth, and ſaw the ſun of the other ſky, was ſo grieved at the thoughts of leaving you, that he ſunk down into the bowels of the globe; but, as it was not poſſible for him to reſiſt his natural current, he from time to time riſes up, ſhewing himſelf to the ſun, and to the nations: he receives a reinforcement from the waters of the forementioned lakes, with which, and many others that join his ſtream, he enters

enters Portugal in majesty and pomp. Neverthelefs, wherefoever he runs, he difcovers a fullen melancholy, and does not pique himfelf upon breeding within his channel fifh of dainty relifh and efteem; but only fuch as are coarfe and unfavoury, and widely different from thofe of the golden Tagus. What I now fay, my dear coufin, I have often expreffed; and as you make no reply, I conclude you either do not hear or do not give credit to my words: a circumftance which, as Heaven doth know, overwhelms me with affliction. I will at prefent make you acquainted with one piece of news, which, if it does not alleviate your forrow, can furely, in no fhape, tend to it's augmentation. Know then, here ftands in your prefence (open your eyes and behold him) that great knight of whom fo many things have been prophefied by the fage Merlin; that Don Quixote de La Mancha, I fay, who has renewed, and, with greater advantages than in times paft, raifed again from oblivion the long forgotten chivalry, by the means and favour of whom, perhaps, we ourfelves may be difinchanted; for great men fuch great atchievements are referved." "And if that fhould not be the cafe," replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a faint and languid tone; "and if that fhould not be the cafe, coufin, I fay, patience, and fhuffle the cards." 'Then turning himfelf upon one fide, he relapfed into his ufual filence, without fpeaking another word.

'At that inftant, hearing a great noife of fhrieks and lamentations, accompanied with doleful fighing and difmal fobbing, I turned about, and faw through the chryftal walls into another apartment, through which a proceffion paffed, confifting of two files of moft beautiful damfels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, in the Turkifh manner; in the rear of thefe came a lady, for fuch, by her ftately demeanour, fhe feemed to be, cloathed like the reft in black, with a veil fo full and long that it kiffed the ground: her turban was twice as large as the largeft of the others, her eye-brows met above her nofe, which was flattifh; her mouth

mouth was large, but her lips retained the colour of vermillion; her teeth, which ſhe ſometimes diſcloſed, were thin and ill-ſet, though white as blanched almonds; and in her hand ſhe held a fine linen cloth, in which, as near as I could gueſs, was an heart ſo dried and ſhrivelled, that it ſeemed to be of perfect mummy. Monteſinos gave me to underſtand, that all thoſe of the proceſſion were domeſtics of Durandarte and Belerma, inchanted in that place, together with their lord and lady; and that the laſt, who carried the heart in the napkin, was Belerma herſelf, who, with her damſels, never failed to appear in that proceſſion four days in the week, and ſing, or rather howl, dirges over the body, and the woeful heart of his couſin; and that, if ſhe now ſeemed a little homely, or not quite ſo beautiful as fame reported her, the change proceeded from the bad nights and worſe days ſhe paſſed in that ſtate of inchantment, as I might perceive in her large wrinkles and wan complexion; nor did that yellowneſs and thoſe furrows proceed from any irregularity in the monthly diſorder incident to women; for many months, and even years, had paſſed ſince ſhe had the leaſt ſhew of any ſuch evacuation; but, ſolely from the anguiſh of her heart, occaſioned by that which ſhe holds inceſſantly in her hand, and which renews and recals to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover: had it not been for that miſchance, ſcarce would ſhe have been equalled in beauty, ſprightlineſs, and grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del Toboſo, celebrated as ſhe is not only in this country, but alſo through the whole univerſe.

"Softly, Signior Don Monteſinos," ſaid I, interrupting him at this period, 'be ſo good as to tell your ſtory as it ought to be told; for you know all compariſons are odious, and therefore there is no occaſion to compare any perſon with another: the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo is what ſhe is, and the Lady Donna Belerma is likewiſe what ſhe is and has been, and there let the matter reſt." To this remonſtrance he replied, "Pardon me, Signior Don Quixote; I confeſs I have been to

to blame, and egregiously erred, in saying, the Lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the Lady Belerma; seeing, my having known by certain guesses that your worship is the knight of Dulcinea, was sufficient to have induced me to bite off my tongue, rather than compare her with any thing but Heaven itself." Such satisfaction from the great Montesinos allayed the disgust that my heart received in hearing Belerma compared with my mistress.'

'I marvel much,' said Sancho, 'that your worship did not fall upon the old hunks, and break every bone in his skin; aye, and pull his beard in such a manner as not to leave one single hair.' 'By no means, friend Sancho,' answered the knight; 'it would not have become me to behave in that manner; for we are all obliged to respect our seniors, although they are not knights; but more especially those who are really of that quality, and besides in a state of inchantment. This I know full well, that there was nothing left unpaid on either side, in the course of the questions and answers that passed between us.'

Here the scholar interposing, 'I cannot conceive,' said he, 'Signior Don Quixote, how your worship, in such a short time as that you have spent below, could see so many things, and ask and answer such a number of questions.' 'How long is it since I descended?' said the knight. 'Little more than an hour,' replied the squire. 'That's impossible,' resumed Don Quixote; 'for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkness and light succeeded each other three times; so that, by my reckoning, I must have remained three days in those sequestered shades, which are hidden from our view.' 'My master must be in the right,' said Sancho; 'for as all those things have happened by inchantment, perhaps what appeared but one hour to us, might seem three days and nights to your worship.' 'It may be so,' answered the knight. Then the student asking if his worship had eaten any thing in all that time, 'I have not tasted one mouthful,' said he;

'nor

'nor had I the leaft fenfation of hunger.' 'And do thofe who are inchanted eat?' refumed the fcholar. 'They do not eat,' anfwered Don Quixote, 'nor do they void the larger excrements; though, it is fuppofed, that their nails, beards, and hair, are always growing.'

Here Sancho defired to know, if ever thofe inchanted gentry enjoyed the benefit of fleep. To which interrogation his mafter replied, 'No, furely; at leaft, in thofe three days that I paffed among them, neither they nor myfelf once clofed an eye.' 'Here then,' faid the fquire, 'we may conveniently truft in the proverb, Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners. While your worfhip keeps company with inchanted people, who are always fafting and watching, it is no great wonder if you neither eat nor fleep while you are among them; but really, Signior, your worfhip muft forgive me, if I fay, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to fay the devil, if I believe one circumftance.' 'How!' cried the fcholar, 'then Signior Don Quixote muft have lyed; who, even if we could entertain fuch a fuppofition, has not had time to compofe and contrive fuch a number of fables.' 'I do not believe that my mafter tells lyes,' anfwered Sancho. 'What, then, is thy conception?' faid the knight. 'I conceive,' replied Sancho, 'that Merlin, or thofe magicians who have inchanted the whole rabble which your worfhip hath feen and difcourfed with below, have likewife ftuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonfenfe which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold.' 'That might be the cafe,' faid Don Quixote; 'but I affure you it is not fo at prefent; for what I have recounted I faw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But, what wilt thou fay, when I now tell thee, that, among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I fhall relate hereafter in the courfe of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montefinos fhewed me three country-wenches, leaping and fkipping like fo many goats through thofe delightful

ful plains; and ſcarce had I ſet eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerleſs Dulcinea, and thoſe two individual young women, with whom we ſpoke in the neighbourhood of Toboſo. When I aſked Monteſinos if he knew them, he anſwered in the negative, but ſaid he took them to be ſome inchanted ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumſtance, foraſmuch as in the ſame place there were many ladies, of the paſt and preſent age, inchanted in different and ſtrange forms; among whom he recollected Queen Ginebra and her duenna Quintanona, who was ſkinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain.' Sancho, hearing his maſter talk in this manner, was ready to run diſtracted, or burſt with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned inchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himſelf had been the author and evidence, he was convinced, beyond all doubt, that his maſter was ſtark ſtaring mad; and in that perſuaſion exclaimed, 'In evil hour, accurſed ſeaſon, and unlucky day, my dear maſter, did your worſhip go down to the other world; and in a miſchievous moment did you meet with Signior Monteſinos, who has ſent you back in ſuch a woeful condition. Well was your worſhip here above, in your ſound judgment, ſuch as God had beſtowed upon you, ſaying ſentences, and giving counſel at every turn, and not as at preſent, venting a heap of the greateſt nonſenſe that was ever conceived.' 'I know thee too well, Sancho,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'to mind what thou ſayeſt.' 'And I, in like manner,' replied the ſquire, 'know you too well to regard what you ſay: wound me, or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have ſaid, and what I mean to ſay, if your worſhip does not mend and correct your own ſpeeches; but, now we are at peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady miſtreſs, and if you ſpoke to her, what anſwer ſhe made?'

'I knew her again,' replied the knight, 'by the same cloaths she wore when thou thyself didst shew her to my astonished eyes; I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about, and fled so swiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montesinos advised me not to fatigue myself; for it would be to no purpose; and besides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me, that, in process of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest, in those sequestered shades, were to be disinchanted. But what of all I saw and observed gave me the greatest pain was this; while I was engaged in this conversation with Montesinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea's companions came up to me, unperceived, and, with tears in her eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and whimpering voice: "My Lady Dulcinea Del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does; moreover, being in great necessity, she supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend her, upon this her new cotton under-petticoat, half a dozen rials, or any small matter your worship can spare, which, upon her honest word, shall be restored in a very short time." 'This message filled me with surprise and concern; and turning to the sage, "Is it possible, Signior Montesinos," said I, "that people of condition are exposed to necessity in a state of inchantment?" 'To this question he replied, "Take my word for it, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are inchanted; and since Signora Dulcinea Del Toboso sends to beg these six rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them; for she must certainly be in great trouble." "The pledge I will not touch,"

said

ſaid I, " nor indeed can I comply with her requeſt; for I have not above four rials!" ' which I gave her; and theſe were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t'other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road.' " Sweetheart," ſaid I, " tell your lady that her diſtreſs affects me to the very ſoul, and I wiſh I were as rich as Fouckar * to remove it; let her know, that I neither can nor will enjoy health while deprived of her agreeable preſence and improving converſation; and that I fervently and earneſtly beg her goodneſs will be pleaſed to indulge with her company, this her captive ſervant and afflicted knight. Tell her alſo, that, when leaſt ſhe dreams of any ſuch matter, ſhe ſhall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was ſworn by the Marquis of Mantua, to revenge his couſin Valdovinos, when he found him at the laſt gaſp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a table-cloth, together with ſome whimſical additions, until he ſhould have revenged his death; and in like manner I will ſwear never to be quiet, but traverſe the ſeven diviſions of the globe, more punctually than did the infant Don Pedro of Portugal †, until ſhe be reſtored to the upper world." " All that and much more you owe to my lady," ' ſaid the damſel; who, taking the rials, inſtead of curtſeying, cut a caper in the air two yards high.'

 ' O holy

* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augſburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very conſiderable ſum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his houſe, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majeſty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immenſe debt. The wealth of theſe traders, for there were two brothers, became proverbial; and it was uſual to ſay of any very opulent perſon, ' He is as rich as a Fouckar.'

† This was the great patron of the Portugueſe diſcoveries along the coaſt of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

'O holy God!' cried Sancho, with a loud voice, 'is it poſſible that thoſe inchanters and enchantments ſhould have ſuch power to change the good ſenſe of my maſter into ſuch nonſenſical madneſs! O Signior, Signior! for the love of God, look to yourſelf, have ſome reſpect to your own honour, and give no credit to thoſe vanities, which have diminiſhed and diſturbed your ſenſes.' 'Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner,' anſwered the knight: 'and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee ſeems impoſſible; but the time will come, as I have already obſerved, when I ſhall recount ſome circumſtances which I ſaw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of diſpute or reply.'

CHAP. VII.

In which are recounted a thouſand Fooleries, equally impertinent and neceſſary to the true underſtanding of this Sublime Hiſtory.

HE who tranſlated this ſublime hiſtory from the original, compoſed by its firſt author Cid Hamet Benengeli, ſays, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this obſervation written on the margin in the hand-writing of the ſaid Hamet.

'I cannot conceive or perſuade myſelf that the valiant Don Quixote literally ſaw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reaſon; all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feaſible and likely to have happened; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumſtance, becauſe it is ſo wide of all reaſon and probability; then to ſuppoſe that Don Quixote would tell lyes, he who was the trueſt gentleman and moſt noble knight of his time! it is not poſſible! He certainly would have ſuffered himſelf to be ſhot to death, rather than deviate one tittle from the truth; beſides, I conſider that he explained

plained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagancies: but, after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power, to do more: though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying, he had invented the story, because it seemed to agree and quadrate with those adventures he had read in his books.'

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect.

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancha Panza and the forbearance of his master, and concluded, that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper which was now so remarkable: had not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: 'For my own part, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions. In the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the Lakes of Ruydera; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce,

 when,

when, at the end of that long harangue of Montesinos, he awoke and said, "Patience, and shuffle the cards." For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his enchantment; but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne: and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing; I mean, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted, he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentic evidence as Signior Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations.'

'You have indeed good reason to be satisfied,' replied the knight; 'but I should be glad to know, if, by God's assistance, you should obtain a licence for printing those books, (which is a matter of doubt with me,) to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?'—'There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain,' answered the scholar, 'to whom they may be dedicated.'—'But a very few,' said Don Quixote; 'not but that a great many deserve dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompence as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I know, who supplies the defect of the rest with such advantages, that if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts. But let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season; and, in the mean time, let us endeavour to find some place where we may procure a night's lodging.'—'Not far from hence,' replied the student, 'is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good Christian, and, moreover, a very discreet and charitable man: adjoining to the

hermitage

hermitage is a little houſe, built by the labour of his own hands, which, though narrow, is large enough to receive travellers.'—'Can that ſame hermitage produce any poultry?' ſaid Sancho. 'There are few hermitages deſtitute of that proviſion,' anſwered the knight; 'for the anchorites of theſe days are not like thoſe who dwelt in the deſarts of Egypt, cloathing themſelves with palm-leaves, and ſubſiſting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be underſtood to extol one ſort, in order to depreciate another; for the penance now in uſe does not come up to the rigour and auſterity of thoſe times. Nevertheleſs, they are all good; at leaſt, ſo I ſuppoſe them to be; and even ſhould the ſtream run foul, the hypocrite, who cloaks his knavery, is leſs dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgreſſes in the face of day.'

This converſation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking faſt, and ſwitching a mule loaded with lances and halberts: when he came up he ſaluted them, and paſſed on at a good pace; and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, 'Honeſt friend,' ſaid he, 'pray ſtop a little, for you ſeem to go faſter than your mule could wiſh.'—'Signior,' anſwered the man, 'I cannot tarry at preſent, becauſe theſe arms, of which I have the charge, are to be uſed to-morrow morning, ſo that I cannot poſſibly ſtay, therefore adieu: but if you deſire to know for what purpoſe they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have ſome thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the ſame road, there you will find me, and there you ſhall hear ſtrange tidings: ſo, once more, I bid you farewell.' So ſaying, he whipped up the mule in ſuch a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to aſk another queſtion concerning thoſe ſtrange tidings which he promiſed to relate; but, being extremely curious, and fatigued with the deſire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to ſet off that inſtant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the ſcholar

wiſhed to paſs the evening. In compliance with the knight's deſire, all three mounted their beaſts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The ſtudent, however, propoſed, that they ſhould call and take a draught at the hermitage. Sancho Panza, hearing this propoſal, immediately turned Dapple's head towards it, being followed by Don Quixote and the ſcholar: but his ill luck ſeemed to have ordained, that the hermit ſhould not be at home, as they were told by an under-hermit whom they found in the place. When the ſquire demanded a flaſk of his beſt and deareſt, he anſwered, that his maſter had no wine; but if he choſe a pitcher of his cheapeſt water, he ſhould have it with all his heart. 'If I had choſen water,' ſaid Sancho, 'there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirſt. O the wedding of Camacho! and the abundance of Don Diego's houſe! how often ſhall I lament the loſs of you?'

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and puſhed on towards the inn; and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the ſame road at his own leiſure: he carried a ſword over his ſhoulder, that ſupported a bundle of cloaths, which ſeemed to conſiſt of trouſers, a cloak, and ſhirt; for he wore a velvet jacket with ſome ſlips of ſattin, and the ſhirt hanging out; he had ſilk ſtockings, and ſquare-toed ſhoes in the court-faſhion; his age ſeemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a ſprightly countenance, and an agility in his perſon; he amuſed himſelf in ſinging couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had juſt finiſhed one, which the ſtudent remembered to have run in this ſtrain.

'To the wars my neceſſity drags me away;
'But if I had money at home I would ſtay.'

The firſt who accoſted him was Don Quixote, ſaying, 'You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?' To this interrogation

tion the youth replied, 'I travel ſo light on account of poverty, and the heat of the weather; and I am going to the wars.—' The heat may be a very good reaſon,' reſumed the knight; 'but how ſhould poverty be the cauſe of your travelling in that manner?'—' Signior,' anſwered the youth, 'I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk-breeches, fellows to this jacket, which if I wear out in the country, they will do me no credit in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchaſe a reinforcement; for this reaſon, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you ſee me, until I get up with ſome companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I ſhall enliſt among them, and there will not be wanting ſome baggage-waggon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they ſay is to be Carthagena; and I would much rather have the king for my lord and maſter, and ſerve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of ſome ſcoundrel at court.'—' And have you obtained any poſt?' ſaid the ſcholar. 'Had I ſerved a grandee of Spain, or ſome perſon of quality,' replied the youth, 'I ſhould certainly have got ſomething of that kind; for this is the advantage of being in good ſervice, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his maſter's chair to a pair of colours, a company, or ſome handſome proviſion: but it was my unhappy fate to be always in the ſervice of poor idle raſcals, or foreigners, who give ſuch a miſerable and conſumptive allowance of board-wages, that one half was expended in the ſtarching of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any ſuch page adventurer ſhould obtain a tolerable proviſion.—' And pray, friend,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is it poſſible, that, during all the years you have been in ſervice, you never had a livery?'—' Yes,' anſwered the page, 'I have had two; but as he who quits a convent before he profeſſes, is ſtripped of his habit, and obliged to reſume his own cloaths, ſo was I ſerved by my maſters, who, after having tranſacted the buſineſs that brought them to court, returned to their

own homes, and took back the liveries, which they had given me out of mere oftentation.'

'A very fcandalous efpilocheria *, indeed, as the Italians call it,' faid Don Quixote; 'but, notwithftanding, you may think yourfelf very happy in having left the court with fuch a laudable intention; for there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the fervice of God, than the fervice of the king, our natural lord and mafter; efpecially in the exercife of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itfelf; for, as I have divers and fundry times obferved, although a greater number of families has been raifed by learning than by arms, yet thofe founded upon arms rife, I don't know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural fplendor, by which all others are outfhone; and what I am now going to fay, I defire you will lay up in your remembrance, for it will be of much comfort and utility to you, in the midft of all your fufferings: never entertain a thought of what adverfity may happen, for the worft is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greateft happinefs to die. Julius Cæfar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being afked which was the moft agreeable death, anfwered, "That which is fudden, unexpected, and unforefeen:" and though this reply favoured of the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, neverthelefs, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he faid well; for fuppofing you fhould be flain in the firft action or fkirmifh, either by a cannon-ball, or the explofion of a mine, what does it fignify? we muft all die; and there is an end to the whole; and, according to Terence, a dead foldier, who falls in battle, makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away: the good foldier acquires reputation in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or thofe who have a right to command him; and

* A knavifh trick.

and pray, take notice, child, a ſoldier had much better ſmell of gunpowder than of civet; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, though you ſhould be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without ſuch honour as poverty cannot diminiſh; eſpecially now, that proviſion is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old diſabled ſoldiers; for it is not reaſonable that they ſhould be treated like negro ſlaves, to whom, when they are old, and incapable of ſervice, their maſters often give their freedom, driving them from their houſes, and, under the title of liberty, leaving them ſtill ſlaves to hunger, which nothing but death can diſpel. This is all I have to ſay at preſent; therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I ſhall treat you with a ſupper, and in the morning you may purſue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good.'

The page excuſed himſelf from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to ſupper at the inn; and Sancho ſaid within himſelf, 'Lord comfort thee for a maſter! Is it poſſible that a man who can utter ſo many good things, ſhould affirm that he has ſeen all that impoſſible nonſenſe which he has told of the cave of Monteſinos! But time is the trier of all things.'

In ſuch diſcourſe they arrived at the inn, juſt as it grew dark; and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his maſter took it to be a real inn, and not a caſtle, according to his uſual whims. They had ſcarcely entered, when Don Quixote enquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and underſtood he was in the ſtable, providing for the accommodation of his beaſt; an example which was followed by the ſtudent and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the beſt manger and ſtall of the whole ſtable.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

In which is set forth the braying Adventure, and the diverting Atchievement of the Puppets, with the memorable Responses of the divining Ape.

DON Quixote would not ſtay till his bread was baked, as the ſaying is, ſo impatient was he to hear and know the ſtrange tidings that were promiſed by the arms-carrier, in queſt of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord ſaid he was; and having found him, deſired he would by all means gratify him with a circumſtantial account of thoſe things he had mentioned on the road. 'The account of my ſtrange tidings,' anſwered the man, 'I ſhall give when I am more at leiſure, and not at work, as I am at preſent: if your worſhip will give me time to take care of my beaſt, I will tell you ſuch things as you will be ſurprized to hear.'—'They ſhall not be delayed on that account, ſaid the knight, 'for I myſelf will lend you an helping hand.' He accordingly winnowed the corn, and cleaned the manger; ſo that the man, induced by his humility, could do no leſs than grant his requeſt, with good will: ſitting down, therefore, in a hollow of the wall, cloſe by Don Quixote, who, with the ſcholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, compoſed his council, and audience, he began to relate as follows.

'You muſt know, gentlemen, that in a village at the diſtance of four leagues and a half from this inn, it came to paſs, that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a ſervant wench, which I have not time to explain, loſt an aſs; and though the ſaid alderman uſed all poſſible means to find him, he found it impoſſible to ſucceed: fifteen days had the aſs been miſſing, according to public fame and report, when the owner was, in the market place, accoſted by another alderman of the ſame town, who ſaid, "Hanſel me for my good news, neighbour; your beaſt has appeared."—"That I will, neighbour, and heartily," anſwered the other; "but let us know where he has appeared."

—"Upon

" Upon the mountain," replied the finder: " I ſaw him this morning, without pack-ſaddle or any ſort of furniture; and ſo lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home; but he is ſo wild and ſhy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the moſt concealed part of the mountain: if you chuſe it, we two will go in queſt of him: ſtay till I houſe my own beaſt, and I'll return preſently."—" I ſhall be much obliged to you," ſaid he of the ſtrayed aſs; " and I ſhall endeavour to repay you in the ſame coin." With theſe very circumſtances, and in the ſelf-ſame manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all thoſe who have entered into the true ſpirit of the caſe.

' In concluſion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and ſpot where they expected to find the aſs, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpſe of him, although they ſearched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, " Heark ye, neighbour," ſaid the alderman who had ſeen him, " there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we ſhall certainly diſcover this animal, even though he ſhould be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this; I have a marvellous knack at braying; and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the buſineſs is done."—" Any turn, neighbour!" cried the other: " by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the beſt man alive, not even to an identical aſs."—" We ſhall ſee preſently," anſwered the ſecond alderman; " for my intention is that you ſhould go to one ſide of the mountain, and I to the other, ſo as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you ſhall bray, and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the aſs will hear, and anſwer, if he is on this mountain." To this propoſal the owner replied, " Neighbour, it is an excellent ſcheme, and worthy your great genius." So parting, according

ing to agreement, it came to paſs that both brayed almoſt at the ſame time, and each being deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the aſs; when perceiving their miſtake, "Neighbour," ſaid the loſer, "is it poſſible that was not my aſs which brayed juſt now?"—"No: it was I," anſwered the other. "Egad, then," cried the owner, "there is not the leaſt difference, in point of braying, between you and an aſs! for in my life did I never hear or ſee ſuch a reſemblance."—"That compliment and approbation," anſwered the contriver, "would be much better beſtowed upon yourſelf than upon me, neighbour; for by the God that made me, you would give two heats of advantage to the biggeſt and beſt brayer in Chriſtendom; for the ſound you produce is deep, ſonorous, within proper time and compaſs, and the falls frequent and ſharp; in a word, I own myſelf overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent."—"By the maſs!" ſaid the owner, "I will from "henceforward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know ſomething, ſince I really poſſeſs ſuch a gift; for although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled ſo much as you ſay I do."—"I therefore tell you," replied the other, "that many rare talents are loſt in this world; and that they are ill-beſtowed upon thoſe who cannot turn them to advantage."—"Ours," ſaid the owner, "except in ſuch caſes as this, that we have now in hand, can be but of little ſervice; and even in this God grant it may turn to account."

'After theſe mutual compliments they parted a ſecond time, and began to bray again; but ſtill they were deceived, and met as before, until, by way of counter-ſignal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice in a breath: accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompaſſed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the leaſt anſwer or ſign from the ſtrayed aſs; and, indeed, no wonder the poor unfortunate animal did not anſwer;

for they found him in the remoteſt part of the wood, almoſt devoured by the wolves. The owner ſeeing him in this plight, "I marvelled much," ſaid he, "that he did not anſwer; for had he been alive, and heard you, he muſt have brayed again, elſe he had been no aſs; but as I have had the pleaſure of hearing you bray ſo melodiouſly, neighbour, I think my trouble well beſtowed, even although I have found him dead."—"'Tis in good hands, neighbour," replied the other, "for in chanting the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate."

'Having made theſe mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarſe and diſconſolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, what had happened to them in their ſearching for the aſs, extolling one another to the ſkies for the talent of braying; ſo that every circumſtance of the ſtory was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at reſt, but always glad of an opportunity to ſow diſcord and ſcatter quarrels, raiſing lies in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, ſo ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they ſaw any perſon belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The ſtory was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell, and the braying was circulated from one town to another in ſuch a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and diſtinguiſhed as a Blackmoor from a Spaniard; and this joke has become ſo ſerious, that our townſmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or ſhame: I believe that to-morrow, or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more againſt the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief perſecutors; and that we may be well provided for the occaſion, I have purchaſed the lances and halberts you

have ſeen. Now theſe are the ſtrange tidings which I ſaid I would relate; and if you do not think them ſo, I have no other worth your hearing.'

Thus the honeſt man concluded his ſtory; and at that inſtant came into the houſe, a man cloathed in a doublet, breeches, and hoſe of ſhamoy-leather, who ſaid with a loud voice, 'So ho, Mr. Landlord! have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-ſhew of the deliverance of Meliſendra?' —'Odd's bodikins!' cried the innkeeper, 'Maſter Peter here! we ſhall have rare doings i'faith.' We forgot to obſerve that the left eye and half of the cheek of this Maſter Peter was covered with a patch of green ſilk, from whence it was ſuppoſed all that ſide of the face laboured under ſome infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, ſaying, 'Welcome, good Maſter Peter; but where is the ape and the puppet-ſhew? for I ſee neither.'—'They are at hand,' anſwered the owner of the ſhamoy-ſuit; 'but I came before to know whether or not we could have lodging.—'The Duke D'Alva himſelf ſhould be turned out to make room for Maſter Peter,' ſaid the landlord: 'bring hither your ape and your ſhew, for there is company in the houſe that will pay for a ſight of them.'—'In good time, then,' replied the wearer of the patch. 'I will lower the price, and think myſelf well paid, if they defray the expence of my lodging; meanwhile, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape.'

So ſaying, he went out; and Don Quixote enquiring who this Maſter Peter was, with the puppet-ſhew and ape, the landlord replied, 'This is a famous puppet-ſhew man, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, repreſenting the ſtory of Meliſendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the moſt entertaining and beſt repreſented hiſtories which have been for many years ſeen in this kingdom: he likewiſe carries along with him an ape of the rareſt talent that ever was known among apes, or conceived

among men: for if you aſk any queſtion, it liſtens attentively to what you ſay; then leaping upon its maſter's ſhoulders, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an anſwer, which Maſter Peter immediately explains. Of things that are paſt it ſays much more than of thoſe that are to come; and, though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but ſeldom; ſo that we are inclined to believe it is inſpired by the devil. Every queſtion coſts a couple of rials, provided the ape anſwers; I mean, ſuppoſing the maſter anſwers for the ape, after it has whiſpered in his ear; wherefore, Maſter Peter is thought to be woundy rich: indeed, he is a gallant man, as they ſay in Italy, an excellent companion, and lives the pleaſanteſt life in the world; he talks as much as any ſix, and drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expence of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet-ſhew.'

Juſt as he ſpoke thoſe words, Maſter Peter returned with the cart that contained the puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail; his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal; and Don Quixote no ſooner beheld him than he aſked, 'Pray, Mr. Fortune-teller, what have we got in the net? what fortune awaits us? Behold, here are my two rials.' So ſaying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter; who anſwered in the name of the ape, 'Signior, this animal gives no reſponſe or intelligence concerning what is to come; he is only acquainted with the paſt, and knows ſomething of the preſent.' 'Rabbit it!' cried Sancho, 'I would not give a doit to be told of the paſt; for who knows that better than myſelf? and to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly; but ſince he knows the preſent, here are my two rials; and tell me, good your apeſhip, how my wife Tereſa Panza is at preſent employed?' Maſter Peter refuſed to take the money, ſaying, 'I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by ſervice.' Then clapping his hand twice upon his left ſhoulder, the ape with one ſkip leaped

upon it, and laying it's mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerneſs: having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another ſkip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately Maſter Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himſelf on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his ſhins, exclaimed, 'Theſe legs I embrace as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotton order of knight-errantry! thou never-enough to-be-applauded cavalier Don Quixote de La Mancha; the ſoul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the ſhield of thoſe that are fallen, the ſtaff and comfort of all the unhappy!' Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderſtruck; the ſcholar ſurprized, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord aſtoniſhed, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all thoſe who heard the words of the ſhewman; while he proceeded, ſaying, 'And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the beſt ſquire of the braveſt knight in the univerſe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate Tereſa is in good health, and this very moment employed in dreſſing a pound of flax: by the ſame token, there ſtands at her right-hand a broken mouthed pitcher, containing a good ſup of wine, with which ſhe comforts herſelf while ſhe is at work.' 'That I can eaſily believe,' anſwered Sancho; 'for ſhe is a rare one, and if ſhe was not a little given to jealouſy, I would not exchange her for the gianteſs Andandona, who, as my maſter ſays, was a very proper and compleat houſewife; and truly my Tereſa is one of thoſe who will live to their heart's content, even though their heirs ſhould pay for it.'

'I am now convinced,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that he who reads and travels much, will ſee and learn a great deal. This obſervation I make, becauſe no arguments would have been ſufficient to perſuade me, that there are apes in the world endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day ſeen with my own eyes; for I

am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expatiated rather too much in my praiſe; but be that as it may, I give thanks to God, who beſtowed upon me a mild and compaſſionate diſpoſition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no perſon whatever.' 'If I had money,' ſaid the page, 'I would aſk Signior Ape what will be the ſucceſs of my preſent peregrination?' To this hint, Maſter Peter, who had roſe from his proſtration, replied, 'I have already told you, that this creature does not anſwer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for, in order to ſerve Don Quixote here preſent, I would willingly forfeit all the intereſted views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will, for his amuſement, ſet up my ſhew, and divert all the people in the houſe, without fee or reward. The landlord, hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond meaſure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well ſatisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for ſuch an animal to divine, in things either paſt, preſent, or to come; and therefore, while Maſter Peter was buſy in ſetting up his ſhew, he retired, with his ſquire, to a corner of the ſtable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and ſpoke to this effect: 'Hark ye, Sancho, I have conſidered this wonderful talent of the ape; and, according to my notion, this ſame Maſter Peter, it's owner, muſt certainly have made a ſecret or expreſs pact with the devil.' 'Nay, if it be the devil's pack,' anſwered Sancho, 'it muſt be a very dirty pack; but what ſignifies ſuch a pack to Maſter Peter?' Sancho,' replied the knight, 'you do not underſtand my meaning; what I would ſay is, that he muſt certainly have made ſome concert with the devil, who hath infuſed this talent into the ape, by which he gains his livelihood; and when he becomes rich, he muſt yield him his ſoul, which is the aim of that uni-

verſal enemy of mankind; and what confirms me in this opinion, is, that the ape anſwers no queſtions but ſuch as regard the paſt and preſent time: now, the devil's underſtanding reaches no farther; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that not always; for it is the attribute of God alone to know times and ſeaſons; to him there is neither paſt nor future, but all things are ever preſent to his eyes. This being the caſe, as doubtleſs it is, the ape certainly ſpeaks from the inſpiration of the devil; and I am ſurprized it hath not been accuſed and examined by the holy office, which would ſoon diſcover by virtue of whom it preſumes to divine; for ſurely this ape is no aſtrologer; nor did he or his maſter ever raiſe, or were capable of raiſing, thoſe figures called judicial, which are now ſo common in Spain, that every pitiful little huſſy, page, and even cobler, has the impudence to raiſe an horoſcope, as readily as a knave of trumps, from the ground, ruining and diſgracing, by their ignorance and falſities, the wonderful truth of that noble ſcience. One lady I myſelf know, who having enquired of one of thoſe pretenders, whether a little bitch ſhe had would have puppies, how many, and of what colour they would be; Mr. Aſtrologer, after having raiſed his figure, replied, that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Saturday or Monday. Notwithſtanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a ſurfeit; and yet Mr. Figure-caſter was ſtill eſteemed in the place a moſt infallible aſtrologer, as almoſt all thoſe fellows are.' 'Neverthleſs,' anſwered Sancho, 'I wiſh your worſhip would deſire Maſter Peter to aſk his ape, if what happened to your worſhip in the cave of Monteſinos is really true; as for my own part, begging your worſhip's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a flam and a lye, or at leaſt no better than a dream.' 'It may be ſo,' replied Don

Quixote:

Quixote: 'but I will take thy advice; for, truly, I myſelf have ſome ſort of ſcruples about the matter.'

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the ſhew was ready, and invite him to come and ſee it; for it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his ſentiments, deſiring he would aſk the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Monteſinos were dreams or realities, for to him the whole ſeemed to be a mixture of both. Maſter Peter, without anſwering one word, went and brought the ape into the preſence of Don Quixote and Sancho, and thus accoſted it: 'Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight wants to know, whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the Cave of Monteſinos be true or falſe.' Then making the uſual ſignal, the creature leaped upon his left ſhoulder, and ſeemingly whiſpered ſomething in his ear. In conſequence of this communication. 'The ape,' ſaid Maſter Peter, 'declares, that part of what your worſhip ſaw and underwent in that ſame cave is falſe, and part is likely to be true; and this, and nothing elſe, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but if your worſhip deſires to be farther informed, he will next Friday anſwer all the queſtions you can aſk; at preſent his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already obſerved.' 'Signior,' ſaid Sancho to his maſter, 'did not I always affirm your worſhip ſhould never make me believe that all, or even the half, of thoſe accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?' 'The event will ſhew,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for there is nothing that time, the diſcoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it ſhould be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that ſuffice for the preſent; and now we will go and ſee the puppet-ſhew of honeſt Maſter Peter, which I really believe will be productive of ſome novelty.' 'Of ſome!' cried Maſter Peter: 'my ſhew is productive of ſixty thouſand. Why, I tell your worſhip, Signior Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it

in

in the whole world; but, *Operibus credite & non verbis*: let us begin preſently; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to ſay, and to ſhew.'

In conſequence of this requeſt, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-ſhew was ſet up, and ſet forth with a great number of little wax lights, which made a moſt reſplendent appearance. Maſter Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outſide ſat a boy, who was his ſervant, to interpret and explain the myſteries of the ſhew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being ſeated, ſome fronting the ſtage, and Don Quixote with Sancho, the page and the ſcholar, accommodated with the beſt places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and ſeen by thoſe who will take the trouble to read or peruſe the following chapter.

CHAP. IX.

In which is continued the diverting Adventure of the Puppet-ſhew; with other Matters really entertaining enough.

UNIVERSAL ſilence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans; that is, all the ſpectators of the ſhew ſat in ſilent expectation, ſuſpended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece; when their ears were ſaluted with the ſound of attabals, trumpets, and artillery, that iſſued from behind the ſcene; and this noiſe being ſoon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice: 'This true hiſtory, which will now be repreſented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French chronicles and Spaniſh ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the ſtreets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which Signior Don Gayferos accompliſhed the deliverance of his ſpouſe, Meliſendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Sanſuenna, which was

formerly the name given to what we now call Saragoſſa; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old ſong:

> " Now Gayferos, at tables playing,
> " Of Meliſendra thinks no more."

' And that perſonage who next appears, with a crown on his head and a ſceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the ſuppoſed father of Meliſendra, who, vexed at the indolence and careleſſneſs of his ſon-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and obſerve, with what vehemence and keenneſs he ſeems to ſcold; one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his ſceptre; nay, ſome authors ſay, that he actually did beſtow them, aye, and that with very good-will. After having ſaid abundance of things concerning the riſk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his ſpouſe, he is reported to have added theſe words: " I have ſaid enough, look to it." ' Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about, and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and calls haſtily for his armour, deſiring his couſin Orlando to lend him his ſword Durindana. Don Orlando will not comply with his requeſt; but offers to attend him in his difficult enterprize: however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer; on the contrary, he ſays his own ſingle arm is ſufficient to deliver his wife, even though ſhe were concealed in the profoundeſt centre of the earth. So ſaying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to ſet out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and ſuppoſe it one of the towers belonging to the caſtle of Saragoſſa, now called Aljaferia. That lady who ſtands in the balcony in the Mooriſh dreſs is the peerleſs Meliſendra, who from thence hath often caſt her longing eyes towards the road to France, and conſoled herſelf in her captivity, by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord.

Obſerve

Obferve likewife a new incident, the like of which perhaps you have never feen before: don't you fee that Moor ftealing along filently and foftly, ftep by ftep, with his finger on his mouth, behind Melifendra? Now mind how he prints a kifs in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagernefs fhe fpits, and wipes them with the fleeves of her fhift, lamenting aloud, and tearing, for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the tranfgreffion. Behold, now, that venerable Moor in yon gallery; he is Marfilius, the king of Sanfuenna, who, having perceived the infolence of the Moor, although he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended, and carried through the principal ftreets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred ftripes; and here you fhall fee the fentence executed, almoft as foon as the crime is committed; for among the Moors there is no copy of a writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts of juftice.'

Here Don Quixote interpofing, faid, with a loud voice, 'Boy, boy, follow your ftory in a right line, without falling into curves and croffes; for there is not fo much proof and counter-proof required to bring truth to light.' 'Sirrah, (cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain) 'none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counfel; which is good and wholefome: fing your plain fong without counterpoints; for you may fpin your thread fo fine as to break it.' 'I fhall obey your orders,' anfwered the boy, who proceeded, faying,

'That there figure a horfeback, wrapped up in a cloak of Gafcony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his only lady, by this time revenged of the prefumptuous and enamoured Moor, talks with more feeming compofure from the battlements of the tower, fuppofing him to be fome traveller, and between the two paffeth the whole difcourfe and converfation recorded in the ballad, which fays,

"Sir Knight, if you to France do go,
"For Gayferos enquire:"

together

together with what follows, which I ſhall not at preſent repeat, becauſe prolixity engenders diſguſt. Let it ſuffice that you ſee how Gayferos diſcovers himſelf, and that we learn from the joyful geſtures of Meliſendra, that ſhe recognizes her huſband; eſpecially as we now ſee her let herſelf down from the balcony, in order to get a-horſeback behind her loving ſpouſe; but as ill luck would have it, the border of her under petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron ſpikes of the balcony, and there ſhe hangs dangling, without being able to reach the ground: but you ſee how compaſſionate Heaven brings relief in the moſt preſſing emergencies; for Don Gayferos comes to her aſſiſtance, and, without minding whether or not the rich petticoat may be torn, ſeizes his lady, and by main force brings her to the ground; then with one jerk ſets her upon the crupper of his horſe, aſtride like a man, bidding her hold faſt, and throw her arms around his neck, ſo as to croſs them on his breaſt, that ſhe may be in no danger of falling; for my lady Meliſendra was not uſed to ride in that manner: you likewiſe perceive how the horſe, by his neighing, expreſſes the ſatisfaction he feels in carrying the valiant and beautiful burden of his lord and miſtreſs. You ſee how they turn about, and quitting the city, take the road to Paris, with equal eagerneſs and joy. Go in peace, ye peerleſs pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in ſafety at your deſired country, without fortune's raiſing any obſtruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy in peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Neſtor!' Here Mr. Peter interpoſing again, called aloud, 'None of your flouriſhes, ſirrah; ſeek not to intangle yourſelf, for all affectation is naught.' The interpreter, without anſwering a ſyllable, went on in this manner. 'There were not wanting ſome idle eyes, which nothing can eſcape; and they, perceiving the deſcent and flight of Meliſendra, gave notice of it to king Marſilio, who ſtraight gave orders for ſounding to arms: and behold the

the hurry and commotion of the city, occafioned by the found of bells that ring in every minoret.'

'It cannot be,' cried Don Quixote. 'In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter, is guilty of an impropriety; for the Moors ufe no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like thofe belonging to our waits; fo that the circumftance of ringing bells in Sanfuenna is a downright abfurdity.' Mr. Peter, hearing this obfervation, left off ringing, and anfwered, 'Signior Don Quixote, your worfhip muft not mind fuch trifles, nor feek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you fee every day reprefented, full of impropriety and abfurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not fimply with applaufe, but even with univerfal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there fhould be more improprieties than there are atoms in the fun.' 'You are in the right,' replied the knight; and thus the boy went on:

'Behold what a number of refplendent cavalry marches out of the city in purfuit of the two catholic lovers: what a found of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake, and bring them back tied to their horfe's tail, and that would be a moft difmal fpectacle.'

Don Quixote, feeing fuch a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to affift the fugitives; and therefore ftarting up, he pronounced, with a loud voice, 'Never, while I breathe, will I confent that fuch an injury fhould be done in my prefence to a knight fo famous, daring, and enamoured, as is Don Gayferos: defift, ye bafe-born plebeians; feek not to follow and punifh him, but face me in battle, if you dare.' With thefe words and actions he unfheathed his fword, and fpringing up to the puppet-fhew, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Moorifh puppets, demolifhing

ſome, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the courſe of this exerciſe, he fetched ſuch a back-ſtroke, that had not Mr. Peter ſtooped and ſquatted down with great expedition, he would have ſliced off his head as eaſily as if it had been made of gingerbread. This unfortunate ſhew-man, exalting his voice, 'Hold, for the love of God! Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid he, 'and take notice, that thoſe whom you overthrow, kill, and deſtroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmleſs, little figures of paſte: conſider, ſinner that I am! you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood.' Notwithſtanding this remonſtrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect ſhower of back-ſtrokes, fore-ſtrokes, outſide and inſide, that fell as thick as hail; ſo that in leſs than a couple of credos, he brought the whole ſhew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down and diſmembered: king Marſilio himſelf ſorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confuſion; the ape fled to the roof of the houſe, the ſcholar trembled, the page was ſeized with conſternation, and Sancho Panza himſelf overwhelmed with terror and diſmay; for, as he ſwore after the hurricane ſubſided, he had never before ſeen his maſter in ſuch a frantic rage.

The puppet-ſhew being thus entirely demoliſhed, Don Quixote became a little more compoſed, ſaying, 'I wiſh I had before me, at this very moment, thoſe who either do not, or will not, believe that knights-errant are of any benefit or ſervice to mankind, that they might ſee what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Meliſendra, had not I been preſent on this occaſion; certainly, by this time, they would have been overtaken by theſe dogs, who would have done them ſome grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flouriſh above all things upon the face of the earth.'—'In a happy hour let it live,' cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone, 'and let me die, who am ſo unfortunate, that I may ſay with king

 Rodrigo,

Rodrigo, " Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not one battlement I can call my own." Half an hour, yea, not half a minute, is elapsed, since I saw myself in possession of kings and emperors; my stables, coffers, and bags, were filled with an infinite number of horses and other gay particulars, and now I find myself quite desolate and abased, poor and beggarly, and, which is worst of all, deprived of my ape, who, in good faith, will make my teeth sweat before he returns to me his lawful master; and all this misfortune I have suffered from this here Sir Knight, who is said to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions; but, in me alone, his generous intention has failed; blessed and praised be the highest Heavens above! In a word, the Knight of the Rueful Figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone.'

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation. 'Do not weep, Mr. Peter,' said he, 'do not whine so piteously, or thou'lt break my heart; for I'd have thee know, my master Don Quixote is such a catholic and scrupulous Christian, that, provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will satisfy and repay thee with double interest.'—'If Signior Don Quixote,' replied the shew-man, 'will make some atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I shall rest satisfied, and his worship's conscience will be at peace; for that man cannot expect salvation who withholds the effects of his neighbour against his will, and refuses to make restitution.'—'You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'but as yet I do not know that I withhold any of your effects, Mr. Peter.'—'How! none of mine?' cried the shew-man, 'and these unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?'—'Now,' cried Don Quixote, 'am I fully convinced of what I have on divers occasions

occafions believed; namely, that thofe enchanters, by whom I am perfecuted, take pleafure in prefenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphofing them into fuch figures and forms as they chufe to beftow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has paffed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures reprefented, feemed to be really and truly the very individual perfons of Melifendra, Don Gayferos, Marfilio, and Charlemagne: in confequence of that belief, my wrath was provoked; and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I refolved to favour and affift the fair fugitive; in the execution of which refolve, I have done what you fee. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with thofe mifcreants by whom I am perfecuted: neverthelefs, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from malice aforethought, I ftand by my own award condemned in cofts: let Mr. Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demolifhed, and I promife it fhall be paid on the fpot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom.' The fhew-man, hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, faying, 'I expected no lefs from the unheard-of Chriftianity of the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and fupport of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds. Mr. Landlord and the great Sancho fhall act as moderators and appraifers between your worfhip and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth.'

The innkeeper and fquire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headlefs Marfilio, king of Saragoffa, faying, 'You fee how impoffible it is to reinftate the king in his former fituation; and, therefore, with fubmiffion to better judgments, I think I muft be allowed four rials and an half, on account of his death and final perdition.' The knight defiring him to proceed, 'Then,' faid he, 'for this dreadful gafh from top to bottom,' (taking up the cloven emperor Charlemagne,)

lemagne,) 'I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter.'—'That's no ſmall matter,' ſaid Sancho. 'Nor a great deal too much,' replied the landlord. 'Split the difference, and ſet him down at five rials.'—'Let him have the whole five and the quarter', ſaid Don Quixote; 'for in ſuch a notable misfortune, a quarter more or leſs is a mere trifle. And pray, diſpatch, Mr. Peter; for it is now ſupper-time, and I begin to feel ſome ſymptoms of a keen appetite.'—'For that figure without a noſe, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Meliſendra,' proceeded Peter, 'I demand two rials and twelve maravedis.'—'The devil's in't,' cried the knight, 'if Meliſendra is not by this time, with her huſband, at leaſt upon the frontiers of France; for the horſe on which they were mounted, ſeemed to fly rather than tread the ground; ſo that there is no reaſon for your ſelling me a cat inſtead of a coney; that is, in preſenting me with a noſeleſs Meliſendra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herſelf at leiſure with her huſband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly! and now you may proceed.' Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, reſolved to be even with him, and with that view ſaid, 'This cannot be Meliſendra, but muſt be one of her waiting-women, for whom I ſhall think myſelf very well paid, and reſt ſatisfied with threeſcore maravedis.' In the ſame manner did he ſet prices on many other maimed figures; ſo that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the ſatisfaction of both parties, the whole ſum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being diſburſed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he ſhould have in catching the ape. 'Let him have them, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'not for catching the ape, but the juice of the grape *; and I would now give

* In the original there is a miſerable pun upon the words Mono and Mona, the firſt of which ſignifies an ape, and the other drunkenneſs.

give two hundred as a reward to any perſon who would certify that the Lady Donna Meliſendra, and her lord Don Gayferos, are now ſafe among their friends in France.'—' No perſon on earth can reſolve that queſtion ſooner or better than my ape,' replied Mr. Peter; ' but the devil himſelf cannot catch him at preſent; though I imagine hunger and affection will compel him to return to me ſome time to night; and if God will ſend us a new day, we ſhall ſee what can be done.' In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-ſhew being quite blown over, the whole company ſupped together in peace and good fellowſhip, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to exceſs.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert carrier ſet out for his village; and early in the morning the ſcholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the firſt intending to return to his own home, and the other to purſue his journey, for the comfort of which the knight made him a preſent of a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to re-involve himſelf in any ſort of diſpute with Don Quixote, to whoſe diſpoſition he was no ſtranger, aroſe before the ſun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, ſallied forth alſo in queſt of farther adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally aſtoniſhed at his madneſs and liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him handſomely, by his maſter's order; and the two bidding him farewell about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themſelves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and neceſſary to the illuſtration of this famous hiſtory.

CHAP. X.

In which the Reader will discover who Mr. Peter and his Ape were; together with Don Quixote's bad Succefs in the Braying Adventure, which did not at all turn out according to his Wifh and Expectation.

CID HAMET, author of this fublime hiftory, begins this chapter with thefe words: 'I fwear, as a Catholic Chriftian:' and upon this occafion the tranflator obferves, that Cid Hamet, being a Moor, as he certainly was, in fwearing as a Catholic Chriftian, means no more than that, as a Catholic Chriftian, when he makes oath, fwears he will fpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a Catholic Chriftian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, efpecially in difclofing the myftery of Mr. Peter and the fortune-telling ape, whofe talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to obferve, that he who has read the firft part of this hiftory, cannot but remember that fame Gines de Paffamonte, whom, together with his fellow-flaves, Don Quixote fet at liberty near the Brown Mountain; a benefit for which he was ill thanked, and worfe requited, by that mifchievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Paffamonte, whom Don Quixotte called Ginefillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who ftole Sancho's Dapple; and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is defcribed, in the firft part of the book, many people afcribed this error of the prefs to want of memory in the author: but, in fhort, ftolen he was, by Gines, even while Sancho was fitting fleeping on his back, by means of the fame contrivance and expedient that was ufed by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Albraça, withdrew his horfe from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines, then, afraid of being overtaken by juftice, that

was

was in queſt of him, to chaſtiſe him for his numberleſs tricks and tranſgreſſions, which were ſo manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own compoſing, reſolved to remove himſelf into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profeſs the occupation of playing puppets, and performing tricks of legerdemain, which he underſtood to great perfection; he afterwards happened to fall in company with ſome Chriſtians juſt delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchaſed that ape, which he taught to leap upon his ſhoulder, at a certain ſignal, and whiſper, or ſeem to whiſper, in his ear. Having ſo far ſucceeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-ſhew and ape, he took care to inform himſelf at the next village, or of any perſon whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened at that place, with all their circumſtances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The firſt thing he did was to repreſent his puppet-ſhew, the ſubject of which he extracted ſometimes from one ſtory, and ſometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known; and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape; telling the audience that he could diſcloſe the paſt and preſent; but with regard to the future, he pretended to no knowledge: for every reſponſe he demanded two rials, though ſometimes he afforded them cheaper, juſt as he felt the pulſe of his conſulters; and as he ſometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would ſpend no money upon queſtions, he would make the ſignal to the ape, and then ſay he had communicated this and that circumſtance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By theſe means he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him: at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would anſwer in ſuch a manner, that the reſponſes agreed perfectly well with the queſtions; and there being nobody to hamper him, by enquiring and ſifting into the bottom of

of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the ſame time. As ſoon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, ſquire, and all the by-ſtanders: but his art would have coſt him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated king Marſilio, and deſtroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape; and now, returning to Don Quixote de La Mancha, we muſt obſerve, that, after having departed from the inn, he reſolved, in the firſt place, to viſit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he ſhould enter the city of Saragoſſa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make ſuch an excurſion. With this reſolution he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he aſcended a riſing-ground, his ears were ſaluted with a mighty noiſe of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muſkets, which he at firſt imagined might proceed from ſome company of ſoldiers marching that way: in order therefore to view them, he ſpurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the riſing ground, ſaw below, as near as he could gueſs, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, ſuch as lances, croſs-bows, partiſans, halberts, pikes, a few muſkets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew ſo near this ſquadron, that he could diſtinguiſh their colours, and obſerve their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white ſattin, on which was painted to the life, an aſs of the ſmall Sardinian breed, with his head raiſed, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and ſurrounded by this motto, in capital letters,

' 'It is no children's play,
' When brother bailiffs bray.'

From

From this ſymbol Don Quixote gathered, that thoſe people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this diſcovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewiſe made acquainted with the motto of the ſtandard; obſerving, at the ſame time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a miſtake, in ſaying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they muſt have been bailiffs. To this obſervation, Sancho replied, 'Signior, in that circumſtance there is nothing to be mended; for thoſe who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, conſequently they may be mentioned with both titles; eſpecially as it is of ſmall ſignification to the truth of the ſtory, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really, conjunctly, and ſeverally, did bray; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman.'

Finally, conjecturing and underſtanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight thoſe who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reaſon and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no ſmall chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interpoſing on ſuch occaſions; and they were immediately received by the whole ſquadron, who believed the knight was come to eſpouſe their quarrel. Then Don Quixote, lifting up his viſor, with graceful eaſe and courteous demeanour, advanced to the ſtandard of the aſs, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all thoſe who beheld him for the firſt time. The knight, perceiving them looking at him ſo attentively, without ſpeaking or aſking any queſtion, reſolved to take advantage of their ſilence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice: 'Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the moſt earneſt manner, that you will not interrupt a diſcourſe I intend to make until you perceive it becomes inſipid and diſguſting; in which caſe I

will,

will, upon the leaſt ſign, put a ſeal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue.'

All the ſpectators aſſured him, he might ſay what he pleaſed, and they would willingly give him the hearing; ſo that, thus licenſed, he proceeded to this effect: 'I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whoſe exerciſe is that of arms, and whoſe profeſſion is to aſſiſt the needy, and favour thoſe who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your diſgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies: and having once and again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to ſuppoſe yourſelves affronted: for no individual can affront a whole community, unleſs they are accuſed of treaſon by the lump, becauſe the perſon guilty of the ſaid treaſon is not known, conſequently cannot be challenged by himſelf. Of this practice we have an inſtance in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, becauſe he did not know that Velido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had ſlain his king; he therefore defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the anſwer and revenge belong: though, indeed, Signior Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for he had not ſufficient reaſon to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or thoſe who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein ſet forth: but let that paſs, When choler once is born, the tongue all curb doth ſcorn *; I mean, a bridle to reſtrain it. This being the caſe, then, that one ſingle perſon cannot affront an entire kingdom, province, city, ſociety, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no juſt cauſe to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront: for it would be a good joke, indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell, ſhould

* Literally, 'When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'

should take it in their heads, at every turn, to slay every person that might ask, "What is't o'clock *?" Or if the cheesemongers, fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soap-boilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every boy, and hacknied among the vulgar; I say, it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be ashamed and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making sacbuts of their swords, in every trifling quarrel: no, no; God neither likes nor will suffer such unjustifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unsheathe their swords, and risk their persons, lives, and fortunes, for four causes only: Firstly, to defend the Catholic faith; secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature; thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family, and fortune; and, fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war: and if we should add a fifth cause, (which, indeed, ought to be ranked as the second,) it is the defence of one's country. To these principal causes may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms; but to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred: a command which, though seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who

* I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid when he reads the literal translation: 'For it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa,' (signifying a watch or clock) should, at every turn, slay those that call them so.'

who have leſs of God than of this world, and more of the fleſh than of the Spirit; for Jeſus Chriſt, the true God and true man, who never lied, who neither was nor is capable of falſhood, as being our eternal Lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke is eaſy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impoſe a command which we could not poſſibly fulfil; and conſequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged by laws, divine and human, to be appeaſed.'

At this period, Sancho ſaid within himſelf, 'The devil run away with me, if this maſter of mine is not a downright theologiſter! at leaſt, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike.' Don Quixote, having taken breath a little, and finding the audience ſtill attentive, was inclined to proſecute his harangue, and would certainly have purſued the ſubject, had not he been prevented by the archneſs of Sancho, who, during his maſter's pauſe, took it in hand, ſaying, 'My maſter, Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but is at preſent called the Knight of the Lions, is a very learned gentleman, that underſtands Latin and Caſtilian like a perfect batchelor of arts. In all his ſermons and exhortations he proceeds like a very able ſoldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel at his finger's end; therefore, you have no more to do but let yourſelves be guided by his counſel; and if you go wrong, the blame ſhall lye upon my ſhoulders; eſpecially, as he hath already told you, that it is mere madneſs to be angry without any cauſe but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whenſoever and whereſoever I pleaſed, without lett or moleſtation; aye, and ſo prettily and naturally, that I was always anſwered by all the aſſes of the common; yet, for all that, I did not ceaſe to be the ſon of my parents, who were moſt worthy people; and though, for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the graveſt folks in the pariſh, I valued not their envy two farthings: and that you may ſee I ſpeak

nothing

nothing but the truth, wait a little, and give me the hearing; for the art of braying is like that of ſwimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot.'

So ſaying, he clapped his fingers to his noſtrils, and began to bray ſo ſtoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies re-echoed the ſound. But one of thoſe who ſtood next him, ſuppoſing the ſquire made himſelf merry at their expence, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and beſtowed it upon him with ſuch good will, that Sancho, in ſpite of his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote, ſeeing his ſquire ſo roughly handled, attacked the aggreſſor lance in hand; but ſuch a number of people interpoſed, that he found it impoſſible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of ſtones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vaſt number of preſented croſs-bows and muſkets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as faſt as the ſteed could carry him; recommending himſelf heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehenſion that ſome ball would enter at his ſhoulder, and make its exit through his breaſt, he held in his breath at every ſtep, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But thoſe who compoſed the ſquadron, being ſatisfied with his flight, did not ſhoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him acroſs upon his beaſt, as ſoon as he recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, and allowed him to follow his maſter; not that he was able to manage the aſs; but Dapple followed the footſteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horſe's head, and ſeeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived nobody attempted to purſue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night; and as their adverſaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town with joy and ſatisfaction; and had they known the ancient cuſtom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the ſpot.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Of things related by Benengeli, which he who reads them attentively will know.

WHEN a brave man flies, he muſt have diſcovered ſome odds or foul play; and it is the buſineſs of prudent captains, to reſerve themſelves for better occaſions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incenſed ſquadron, took to his heels, and, without paying the leaſt regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to ſuch a diſtance as he judged ſufficient for his own ſecurity. He was followed by Sancho lying acroſs the aſs, as we have already obſerved, who, by that time he was brought up to his maſter, had juſt recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruiſed, and in an agony of pain.

The knight, diſmounting to ſearch his wounds, no ſooner perceived he was ſound from head to foot, than he thus accoſted him in an angry tone: ‘ In evil hour, you muſt underſtand braying, ſirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the houſe of a man that was hanged? To the tenor of braying what baſs could you expect but the baſting of a cudgel? You have reaſon to thank God that, inſtead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been croſſed with a ſcymetar.’—‘ I am at preſent in no condition to anſwer,’ ſaid Sancho; ‘ for methinks I talk through my ſhoulders: let us mount, and depart from this place, and I ſhall make an end of my braying; though I ſhall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honeſt ſquires, beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies.’—‘ There is a wide difference between flying and retreating,’ anſwered Don Quixote; ‘ for you muſt know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the baſe of diſcretion, is termed temerity or raſhneſs; and the atchievements of a raſh perſon ought to be aſcribed

rather

rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled; and in fo doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who referved themfelves for more dignified occafions: and of thefe inftances hiftories are full; but I omit rehearfing them at prefent, becaufe the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myfelf.'

By this time, Sancho being fet upon his afs again by Don Quixote, who likewife mounted Rozinante, they jogged along foftly, in order to fhelter themfelves in a grove that* appeared at the diftance of a quarter of a league; and the fquire, every now and then, heaving up a moft profound 'Ah!' accompanied with piteous groans, his mafter defired to know the caufe of fuch bitter ejaculations. To which queftion the fquire replied, that, from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt fuch intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his fenfes. 'The caufe of that pain,' faid Don Quixote, 'muft doubtlefs be this; as the pole or ftaff by which you have fuffered was long and large, it extended over the whole back, comprehending all thofe parts that now give you pain; and if it had reached ftill farther, the pain would have been more extenfive.'—'Fore God,' cried Sancho, 'your worfhip has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and refolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o'me! was the caufe of my pain fo myfterious, that there was a neceffity for telling me, I feel pain in thofe parts that were cudgelled? Had my fhins ached, there might have been fome reafon for gueffing at the caufe of their aching; but, furely, there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, becaufe it was croffed with a quarter ftaff! In good faith, Sir Mafter of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I fee more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worfhip's company; for if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we fhall, upon a hundred different occafions, return to our late blankettings, and other fuch toys; and though this misfortune

has fallen upon my ſhoulders, they next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better ſhould I have done, but I am ſuch a barbarian, that in all the days of my life I never did well; I ſay again, abundantly better ſhould I have done, had I returned to my houſe, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence ſhould pleaſe to beſtow, rather than fag after your worſhip in this manner, through roadleſs roads and pathleſs paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worſe food; then, when I come to ſleep—"Brother Squire, meaſure out ſeven feet of ground; and if you chuſe to bemore at your eaſe, take as much more, for the ladle is in your own hand, and lay yourſelf out to your heart's deſire." 'Would to God I could ſee the firſt man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at leaſt the firſt booby who choſe to be ſquire to ſuch wiſeacres as all former knights-errant muſt have been! Of the preſent, I ſay nothing; as your worſhip is one of the number, I hold them in reſpect, becauſe I am ſenſible, that, in ſpeeching and underſtanding, you know a point more than the devil himſelf.'

'I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that now, while you are permitted to ſpeak without the leaſt hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end; for, provided you are free from pain, I ſhall convert into pleaſure that diſguſt which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are ſo much bent upon returning to your houſe, your wife, and your family, God forbid that I ſhould oppoſe your reſolution. You have ſome of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is ſince we ſet out on this my third ſally; then reckon what you might and ſhould have earned monthly, and be your own paymaſter.' 'When I worked for Thomas Carraſco, father of Batchelor Sampſon, who is your worſhip's acquaintance,' anſwered Sancho, 'I earned two ducats a month, beſides my victuals: with your worſhip I know not what

I can

I can earn; though well I know that the ſquire of a knight-errant has a much more troubleſome office than that of a farmer's ſervant; for, in fact, we who ſerve huſbandmen, let us work never ſo hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot ſupper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed ſince I have been in your worſhip's ſervice, except for that ſhort ſpace of time that we ſtayed in the houſe of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the ſcum of Camacho's kettle; and my eating, drinking, and ſleeping, at the habitation of Baſilius; all the reſt of the time I have ſlept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, expoſed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheeſe-parings and cruſts of bread, and drinking cold water, ſometimes from the brooks and ſometimes from the ſprings we met with in the public roads through which we travelled.'

'Allowing,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carraſco?—' With the addition of two rials a month,' replied Sancho, 'I ſhall think myſelf well paid; that is, with regard to my wages; but, as to ſome ſatisfaction, for your worſhip's word and promiſe of making me a governor of an iſland, methinks it would be but fair and honeſt to add ſix rials more; and then altogether will come to thirty.'—' Very well reckoned,' anſwered the knight. 'Now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five-and-twenty days that are elapſed ſince our departure from our now village, and, as I ſaid before, be your own pay-maſter.'—Body o'me!' cried Sancho, 'your worſhip is quite out in your reckoning; for in regard to the promiſe of the iſland, we muſt compute from the day in which your honour made the ſaid promiſe to this bleſſed hour.'—' How long, then, has that ſame promiſe been made?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'If my memory does not fail me,' anſwered the

the ſquire, 'it muſt be above twenty years, a few days, over or under?' Here, the knight ſlapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, ſaying, 'Why, my ſtay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole courſe of our peregrinations, has ſcarcely employed two months: and wilt thou ſay I have promiſed thee that iſland theſe twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and if that be the caſe, and thou really lookeſt upon it with an eye of deſire, I give thee the whole ſum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myſelf rid of ſuch a wretched ſquire, I ſhall think myſelf happy, though poor and pennyleſs. But, tell me, thou prevaricator of all the ſquirely ordinances of chivalry! where haſt thou ſeen or read that any ſquire of a knight-errant ever preſumed to bargain with his maſter touching a certain monthly ſalary for his ſervice? Launch out, launch out! you ruffian, vagabond, and hobgoblin! for ſuch you are; launch out, I ſay, into the *mare magnum* of chivalry; and if you find that any ſquire ever attempted to ſay, or even to think, what thou haſt here uttered, I will give thee leave to nail the paſſage on my forehead, and pinch the ſign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn immediately the reins of the halter of your aſs, and return to your houſe, your wife, and your family; for one ſtep farther thou ſhalt not travel with me. O bread ill beſtowed! O promiſe miſapplied! O wretch that favoureſt more of the beaſt than of the man! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raiſing thee to ſuch a ſtation as would have ennobled thee, even in ſpite of thy wife, thou ſeekeſt to leave me! Now thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably reſolved to make thee lord of the beſt iſland in the univerſe! In a word, as thou thyſelf haſt obſerved upon other occaſions, An aſs's mouth was not made for honey, &c. An aſs thou art, an aſs thou wilt be; aye, and thou wilt die like an aſs, when the courſe of thy life is finiſhed;

finiſhed; for I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmoſt period, before thou ſhalt learn and know what a beaſt thou art!'

Sancho looked woefully at his maſter, while he poured forth theſe reproaches, from which the ſquire felt ſuch compunction, that the tears ſtarted in his eyes; and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, 'My good maſter, I confeſs that, in order to be really and truly an aſs, I want nothing but a tail, which, if your worſhip will furniſh me with, I ſhall think it well beſtowed, and ſerve you as a beaſt of burden all the days of my life. Good your worſhip, forgive and look upon my green years with compaſſion, and conſider that I know very little; and if I ſpeak a great deal of nonſenſe, it does not proceed from malice but infirmity; and Thoſe who ſin and kiſs the rod, find favour in the ſight of God.—' I ſhould have been ſurprized, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'if thou hadſt not ſeaſoned thy diſcourſe with ſome proverbial expreſſion. Well, then, for the preſent, I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforward betray ſuch a ſordid and ſelfiſh diſpoſition, but endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to wait the accompliſhment of my promiſes; which, though it may not ſpeedily happen, is nevertheleſs far from being impoſſible.' Sancho ſaid he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even though he ſhould gather ſtrength from feebleneſs.

Then they betook themſelves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himſelf at the root of an elm, and the ſquire retreated to the foot of a beech; for theſe and other ſuch trees never want feet, though they are always deſtitute of hands. Sancho paſſed the night in great trouble; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruiſes; whereas Don Quixote amuſed himſelf with his inceſſant meditations. Nevertheleſs, both maſter and man gave way to the operations of ſleep, and at the approach of morn, proſecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the ſucceeding chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Of the famous Adventure of the inchanted Bark.

BY dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace for the ſpace of two days after they had quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the ſight of which afforded infinite pleaſure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the tranſparency of it's water, the tranquillity of it's courſe, and the abundance of it's chryſtal ſtream, the joyous proſpect of which renewed in his remembrance a thouſand amorous thoughts, that chiefly turned upon what he had ſeen in the cave of Monteſinos; for, although Maſter Peter's ape had declared, that part of thoſe circumſtances was true, and part of them falſe, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real; while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lye.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was ſaluted by a ſmall boat, without oars, or any other tackle, cloſe to the river-ſide, and made faſt to a tree that grew on the bank. Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living ſoul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple, and tie both beaſts ſecurely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the ſpot. When the ſquire deſired to know the cauſe of this ſudden deſcent and ligation, 'You muſt know, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'that this veſſel is here on purpoſe, without a poſſibility of any other deſign, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the ſuccour of ſome knight, or other neceſſitous perſonage of high degree, who muſt certainly be involved in ſome dire diſaſter; for this is the very ſpirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of thoſe inchanters concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in diſtreſs cannot be delivered by their art, but ſolely by the proweſs of another errant, though perhaps at the diſtance of two or three thouſand leagues or more, they

ſnatch

ſnatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a veſſel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is tranſported either through the air, or by ſea, to the place where his aſſiſtance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpoſe, as ſure as it is now day; and before the day be ſpent, take and ſecure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourſelves to the direction of God; for even the bare-footed Carmelites ſhall not diſſuade me from embarking.' 'Since that is the caſe,' anſwered Sancho, 'and your worſhip is reſolved at every turn to plunge into theſe (I know not whether I ſhould call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey; according to the proverb, If you obey the commands of your lord, you may ſit as a gueſt at his board. Nevertheleſs, in order to diſburden my conſcience, I muſt give your worſhip notice, that in my opinion this ſame bark has nothing to do with inchanted people, but belongs to ſome fiſhermen of this river, in which they catch the beſt ſhads in the world.'

This remonſtrance was made while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of inchanters without being grieved to the very ſoul. But the knight exhorted him to baniſh his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the ſame ſage deſtined to tranſport their riders through roads and regions of ſuch longitude. 'I do not underſtand what you mean by logickhood,' ſaid the ſquire; 'for I never heard ſuch a word before in the whole courſe of my life.' 'By longitude I mean, length,' anſwered the knight; 'but I do not at all wonder that thou ſhouldſt not underſtand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like ſome arrogant people, who pretend to knowledge, of which they are entirely ignorant.' 'The beaſts are now ſecured,' ſaid Sancho; 'what is next to be done?' 'What?' replied Don Quixote, 'but to croſs ourſelves and weigh anchor; I mean to embark, and cut the rope by which the veſſel is made faſt.' So

So ſaying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the faſtening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The ſquire ſeeing himſelf about two fathoms from the ſhore, began to tremble, in the apprehenſion of periſhing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raiſe his voice, and ſeeing Rozinante ſtruggle for his freedom. 'Now, Dapple,' ſaid he to his maſter, 'brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante ſtrives to get looſe, that he may throw himſelf into the water and ſwim after us! Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madneſs that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be reſtored to your agreeable company.'

Then he began to weep ſo bitterly, that the knight exclaimed, in a tone of rage and vexation, 'Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miſcreant! wherefore doſt thou weep, thou heart of butter! who perſecutes, who moleſts thee, thou ſoul of a garret-mouſe! or what wants doſt thou ſuffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance! Art thou, peradventure, travelling, barefoot over the Riphean mountains: No, ſeated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art ſoftly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which in a little time we ſhall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but, indeed, we muſt have already entered the open ſea; aye, and ſailed at leaſt ſeven or eight hundred leagues; and, if I had here an aſtrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little ſkill, or we have already paſſed, or will paſs in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts.' 'And how far ſhall we have gone when we come to that ſame line your worſhip mentions?' ſaid Sancho. 'A great way,' replied the knight: 'for, of three hundred and ſixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greateſt coſmographer ever known,

known, we ſhall have traverſed one half when we reach the equinoctial line.' 'Fore God!' cried Sancho, your worſhip has brought a ſet of rare witneſſes to prove the truth of what you ſay, Copulation and Kiſs-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tooli'me, or ſome ſuch name *. Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the coſmographer Ptolemy; adding, 'You muſt know, Sancho, that one of the ſigns by which thoſe who embark at Cadiz for the Eaſt Indies, know they have paſſed the equinoctial, is the total deſtruction of vermin among the paſſengers and ſeamen: ſo that not one louſe remains alive, or can be had in the whole ſhip, even though you ſhould give it's weight in gold; thou mayeſt therefore ſlip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canſt catch any thing alive, our doubt will be reſolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we muſt certainly have paſſed the line.' 'I can hardly believe it,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but, however, I will do as your worſhip deſires; though there is no neceſſity for trying thoſe experiments; for I can ſee with my own eyes, that we have not moved five yards from the bank; no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for there ſtand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very ſpot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a piſmire.' 'Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'perform the inveſtigation I have mentioned, and give thyſelf no trouble about any other circumſtance; for thou doſt not know the meaning of colours, lines, parallels, zodiacks, eclipticks, poles, ſolſtices, equinoxes,

* As it is altogether impoſſible, in a tranſlation, literally to preſerve the low humour ariſing from blunders upon words or ſounds, I have been obliged to ſubſtitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *puta*, *gaſo*, and *meon*, which are Spaniſh words, ſignifying a *whore*, a *catamite*, and a *piſs-a-bed*: ſo that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of theſe ſounds to *computo*, *coſmographa*, and *Ptolemeo*, thought he had reaſon to ſay his maſter had produced a fair ſet of evidences.

equinoxes, planets, conſtellations, points, and meaſures, that compoſe the ſpheres celeſtial and terreſtrial. Wert thou acquainted with theſe, or even a part of them, thou wouldſt diſtinctly perceive what parallels we have croſſed, what ſigns we have ſeen, and what conſtellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my requeſt, that thou wouldſt examine and go afiſhing upon thyſelf; for I am perſuaded thou art clean and ſmooth as a ſheet of white paper.'

Sancho, in compliance with his deſire, ſlipped down his hand ſoftly, and felt about his left ham; then raiſing his head, and looking at his maſter, 'Either the experiment is falſe,' ſaid he; 'or we have not reached the place your worſhip mentioned, by many leagues.' 'What!' ſaid the knight, 'haſt thou found ſomething?' 'Aye, more than one ſomething,' anſwered the ſquire: who ſnapped his fingers, and afterwards waſhed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided ſoftly, without the aſſiſtance of any ſecret power, or concealed inchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the ſtream, which then ran with a ſmooth and gentle courſe.

In this manner they proceeded, when they diſcovered ſome large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no ſooner perceived, than he addreſſed himſelf to Sancho, in an exalted voice: 'Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, caſtle, or fortreſs, that contains ſome oppreſſed knight errant, queen, infanta, or princeſs in diſtreſs, for whoſe relief I am brought hither.' 'What the devil does your worſhip mean by a city, fortreſs, or caſtle!' cried the ſquire: 'don't you ſee theſe are mills, built in the river, for grinding wheat?' 'Peace, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of inchantment; I do not mean that they are really changed in any circumſtance but appearance,

as we have been taught by woeful experience in the transformation of Dulcinea, the ſole refuge of my hope.'

By this time, the boat being ſucked into the middle of the ſtream, ſo as to move conſiderably faſter than at firſt, was perceived by the millers, who ſeeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came ſuddenly out in a body, with long poles to ſtop it's motion; and as their faces and cloaths were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed, with great vociferation, 'You devils of men! where are you going: are you mad; to come and drown yourſelves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?'

Don Quixote, hearing this addreſs, 'Did not I tell thee, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'that we had arrived at the ſcene in which I muſt exert the proweſs of mine arm? Behold, what felons and aſſaſſins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themſelves againſt me; behold, I ſay, what horrid phyſiognomies appear to ſcare and overawe us; but you ſhall preſently ſee what will happen. Ye ruffians!' Then, ſtarting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, 'Ye ſcum, ye ſcoundrels, ill-intentioned and worſe-adviſed! releaſe, I charge you, and reſtore to the full fruition of freedom, the perſon whom ye keep confined and oppreſſed in that fortreſs or gaol, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality ſoever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwiſe intitled the Knight of the Lions, deſtined, by the appointment of Heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy iſſue.'

So ſaying, he unſheathed his ſword, and brandiſhed it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapſody without underſtanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aſide the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from ſuch imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertneſs and dexterity of the mil-

lers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his squire were soused over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose: nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom; and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main force, it might have been said, 'Here Troy once stood *.

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire, humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God, that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantick projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen who were owners of the boat, which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had happened, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark with the utmost chearfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within the castle.'

'What does the madman mean by persons and castles?' answered one of the millers; 'wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grist to our mills, forsooth?' 'Enough,' said Don Quixote within himself; 'I might as well preach to the desart, as attempt, by intreaties, to prevail upon such miscreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there must certainly be two powerful inchanters engaged on opposite sides, one of whom baffles the designs of the other; by one I was

* In allusion to the speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of Panthus Othryades, who says to Æneas,

——— *fuit Ilium, et ingens*
Gloria Teucrorum!

was provided with a bark, and his antagonist overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of opposite machinations and deceit; for my own part, I can do no more.' Then raising his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, 'Friends,' cried he, 'whosoever you are who lie confined within that prison, forgive me, that, for my misfortune, as well as yours, it is not in my power to extricate you from your distress; for some other knight the adventure must be reserved.' Having pronounced this apostrophe, he compounded with the fishermen, for whose boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho disbursed with great reluctance, saying, 'Two such boatfuls will sink our whole stock to the bottom.'

The fishermen and millers gazed with admiration at those two figures, so different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means understand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's discourse, and the questions he asked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills; the fishermen betook themselves to their cottage; the knight and squire, like beasts, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAP. XIII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and a fair Huntress.

IN a melancholy plight did the knight and squire reach the place where their cattle stood; indeed, they were both sufficiently out of humour, especially Sancho, who was cut to the soul by the incroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the most profound silence, and departed from the banks of that famous river; Don Quixote buried, as it were, amidst the meditations of his love, and Sancho immersed in those of his preferment, which at that time seemed to be at a weary distance; for maugre all his simplicity

and folly, he could eaſily perceive that all, or the greateſt part of his maſter's actions, proceeded from frenzy and diſtraction; he therefore reſolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own houſe, without expoſtulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things ſhould fall out quite contrary to his apprehenſions.

Next day, at ſun-ſet, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote, extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived ſome people at the farther end of it; and, as he proceeded, ſaw they were hawkers: approaching ſtill nearer, he obſerved among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey, or beautiful pad, as white as the driven ſnow, adorned with green furniture and a ſaddle of ſilver; the lady was likewiſe dreſſed in a rich habit of the ſame colour, as fine as finery itſelf. On her left-hand ſhe carried a hawk, a circumſtance from which the knight concluded ſhe was ſome lady of high rank, and miſtreſs of all the reſt; nor was he miſtaken. On this ſuppoſition, therefore, he ſaid to his ſquire, 'Make haſte, ſon Sancho; go and tell that lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, ſend my reſpects to her exceeding beauty; and that, with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in perſon, and make her a tender of my ſervice to the utmoſt of my power, in whatever ſhe ſhall pleaſe to command; but keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware of thruſting in ſome of your proverbs, while you deliver my embaſſy.' 'To be ſure, you have found me a deadly thruſter,' anſwered the ſquire, 'that you give me ſuch warning! as if this were the firſt time in my life, that I have carried embaſſies to ladies of high rank and augmentation.' 'Except that which you carried to the Lady Dulcinea,' ſaid the knight, 'I do not know that ever you carried another; at leaſt while in my ſervice.' 'That's true,' replied Sancho; 'but a good paymaſter never wants bail; and a dinner is eaſily got, where there is plenty of meat for the pot: what I mean is, that there

there is no occasion to tell me or advertise me of any thing; for I am never out, and have a sort of a smack of every thing.' 'I believe it, Sancho,' said Don Quixote: 'go in peace, and God be your guide.'

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, 'Beautiful lady,' said he, 'yonder knight, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same Knight of the Lions, though formerly of the Rueful Countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and consentingly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawkingship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction.'

'Worthy squire,' replied the lady, 'assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances that such embassies require: pray rise, for it is not reasonable that the squire of such a great knight-errant as he of the Rueful Countenance, whose character is well-known in these parts, should remain in that posture; rise, friend, and go tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country house in the neighbourhood.' Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding, and affability, of this worthy lady; but he was still more surprised at what she said concerning the well-known character of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the Lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. 'Pray tell me, brother squire,' said the duchess, whose title is not known, 'is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La

Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?' 'The very same, my lady,' answered Sancho; 'and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, by the name of Sancho Panza, unless they have changed me in the cradle; I mean, in the press.' 'I am extremely glad to hear it,' replied the duchess: go, brother Sancho, and tell your master, that he is well met, and welcome to my estate; and that nothing could give me more pleasure than his arrival.'

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned, and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her exceeding beauty, good-humour, and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelest attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and, with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his respects to the duchess; who, while he approached, ordered her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Meanwhile, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but he was so unfortunate, that, in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup rope, in such a manner, that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle,

which

which muſt have been very ill girted, and he, came to the ground together; not without great diſgrace, and a thouſand curſes which he muttered between his teeth againſt the unfortunate Sancho, whoſe leg was ſtill in the ſtocks.

The duke, ſeeing their diſtreſs, ordered his huntſmen to aſſiſt the knight and ſquire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruiſed by the fall; nevertheleſs, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that poſture; on the contrary, alighting from his horſe, he ran to embrace the knight, ſaying, 'I am heartily ſorry, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that the firſt time you touch my ground, you ſhould be ſo unlucky; but the careleſſneſs of ſquires is often the cauſe of greater misfortunes.' 'This accident, valiant prince,' replied Don Quixote, 'cannot poſſibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyſs; for even from thence ſhould I have been raiſed and extricated by the glory of ſeeing your grace. My ſquire, whom God confound! is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious inſinuations, than at tying and ſecuring the girth of a ſaddle; but whether fallen or exalted, a-foot or on horſeback, I ſhall always be devoted to your ſervice, and that of my Lady Ducheſs, your grace's worthy conſort, the dignified queen of beauty, and univerſal princeſs of politeneſs.' 'Softly, my good Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha,' ſaid the duke: 'where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo reigns, no other beauty deſerves applauſe.'

By this time Sancho Panza had diſentangled himſelf and come up, and interpoſing in the diſcourſe, before his maſter could make any reply, 'It cannot be denied,' ſaid he, 'but muſt always be affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo is extremely beautiful: but the hare ſtarts where ſhe is leaſt expected; for I have heard it ſaid, that the power called Nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful veſſel, can in

in like manner make two, three, aye, and a hundred; this, I obferve, becaufe, in good faith, my Lady Duchefs comes not a whit behind my Lady Miftrefs Donna Dulcinea del Tobofo.' Don Quixote, turning to the duchefs, 'Your grace muft know,' faid he, 'that no knight-errant upon earth has fuch a prattling and free-fpoken fquire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highnefs fhall be pleafed to make ufe of my fervice for a few days.' 'I have the better opinion of honeft Sancho, for his being free-fpoken,' anfwered the duchefs: 'that is a fign of his difcretion; for pleafantry and wit, Signior Don Quixote, as your worfhip very well knows, do not love to dwell in a referved difpofition; and therefore, fince honeft Sancho is frank and free-fpoken, I from henceforth fet him down as a man of difcretion.' 'And loquacity,' added the knight. 'So much the better,' faid the duke; 'for a great deal of wit cannot be expreffed in a few words; and that we may not fpend more time in them, come, renowned Knight of the Rueful Countenance——' 'Of the Lions, your highnefs muft call him,' cried Sancho; 'the Rueful Countenance is no more.' 'Of the Lions let it be then,' continued the duke; 'I fay, come, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a caftle I have in this neighbourhood, where you fhall meet with that reception which is due to a perfon of your fame and character, and that refpect which I and the duchefs always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company.'

By this time Sancho having replaced and fecured Rozinante's faddle, Don Quixote beftrode that famous fteed; and the duke mounting a beautiful courfer, they rode towards the caftle, on each fide of the duchefs, who defired Sancho to keep clofe to her; for fhe took infinite pleafure in hearing his conceits. Indeed, the fquire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the converfation, to the unfpeakable fatisfaction of their graces, who thought themfelves extremely fortunate in having an opportu-

nity

nity of entertaining, at their caſtle, ſuch a knight-errant, and ſuch an erring ſquire.

CHAP. XIV.

Which treats of manifold important Subjects.

SANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at ſeeing himſelf, as he thought, a favourite with the ducheſs; for being a ſtaunch well-wiſher to good cheer, he imagined he ſhould find the ſame abundance in the caſtle which prevailed in the houſes of Don Diego and Baſilius, and alwas took' by the forelock every occaſion of living at his eaſe. The hiſtory then relates, that before they reached the caſtle or pleaſure-houſe, the duke, riding on before, directed his ſervants how to behave to Don Quixote; who no ſooner arrived at the gate with the ducheſs, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning gowns of fine crimſon ſattin, and, lifting him off, ſaid, without being heard or perceived, 'Your highneſs muſt go and help my Lady Ducheſs to diſmount.' The knight took the hint, and a diſpute of compliments paſſed between them on the ſubject; but, at length, the obſtinacy of the ducheſs prevailed; for ſhe would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, ſaying, ſhe was not worthy to load ſuch an excellent knight with ſuch an uſeleſs burden: at laſt, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damſels, who threw a mantle of the fineſt ſcarlet over Don Quixote's ſhoulders, and the corridores were inſtantly crouded with ſervants of both ſexes, who exclaimed aloud, 'Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant!' while all, or the greateſt part of them, emptied bottles of ſweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the firſt time, was ſure and ſatisfied of his being a real and not a fantaſtic knight-errant, becauſe he ſaw himſelf treated as the knights of former ages, whoſe hiſtories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himſelf to the ducheſs, entered the caſtle; where, however, his conſcience upbraiding him for having left his beaſt alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who, with others, had come out to receive the ducheſs, and accoſting her in a ſoft voice, 'Signora Gonçalez,' ſaid he, 'or what's your name, Madam?' 'My name is Duenna Rodrigues de Grijalva,' anſwered the gentlewoman: 'what are your commands, brother?' 'I wiſh you would do me the favour, good Madam,' replied the ſquire, 'to go to the caſtle gate, where you will find a dapple aſs of mine, and be ſo good as either to ſend or lead him to the ſtable; for the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone, by any manner of means.' 'If the maſter be as wiſe as the man,' cried the duenna, 'we have brought our pigs to a fine market: get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and thoſe who brought you hither, and take care of your aſs with your own hands; the duennas of this houſe are not uſed to ſuch employment.' 'But, for all that,' ſaid Sancho, 'I have heard my maſter, who is a perfect mine of hiſtory, tell us how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own perſon, and duennas took care of his horſe; now, with reſpect to my aſs, I declare I would not exchange him for Signior Lancelot's courſer.' 'Hark ye, friend,' replied the duenna, 'if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account; from me you'll get nothing but, a fig for them.' 'Very well,' ſaid the ſquire. 'I'll anſwer for its ripeneſs; your worſhip won't loſe your game by a ſhort reckoning.' 'You whoreſon,' cried the duenna, in a violent rage, 'whether I am old or not, I muſt render an account to God, and not to ſuch a garlick-eating raſcal as you.'

This addreſs ſhe pronounced in ſuch an audible voice, that ſhe was overheard by the ducheſs; who, turning about, and ſeeing her woman in ſuch wrath and trepidation, aſked, with whom ſhe was in ſuch paſſion. 'With this honeſt fellow, here,' anſwered the duenna; 'who

'who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate, telling me, forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horse; and, to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old.' 'I, myself,' said the duchess, 'would construe that into the greatest affront that could be given. Take notice, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth; and that the veil she wears is more for authority and custom, than on account of her years.' 'Accursed be those I have to live,' cried the squire, 'if I spoke to her for that reason; but only for the great affection I bear to my ass, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable person than Signora Donna Rodriguez.' Don Quixote, overhearing all that passed, 'Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho?' said he. 'Signior,' replied the squire, 'every man must speak of his wants where he finds them: here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably mentioned.' Here the duke interposing, 'Sancho is very much in the right,' said he, 'and must not be blamed for what he has said; Dapple shall have no more to do but ask and have as much provender as he can eat; so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for his beast shall be treated like his own person.'

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all, except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the stair-case: and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest tissue and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by six sprightly damsels, well instructed by the duke and duchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his strait breeches and shamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lanthorn

jaws

jaws kiffing each other, that if the damfels had not been very careful in preferving their gravity, according to the precife orders they had received, they muft certainly have burft with laughing at fight of fuch an uncouth figure. They defired he would allow them to undrefs and fhift him; but he would not affent to this propofal, faying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the fhirt to Sancho, with whom fhutting himfelf up in a chamber, furnifhed with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undreffed and fhifted. Then being alone with his fquire, 'Tell me,' faid he, 'thou modern buffoon and ancient blockhead! was it thy province to difhonour and affront a venerable duenna, fo worthy of reverence and refpect! Was that a time to think of Dapple? or couldft thou imagine thofe noble perfons would neglect the cattle belonging to guefts whom they treated with fuch elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, fet a guard upon thy tongue, and behave fo as that people may not difcover, by the thread, the coarfe country web of which thou art woven: confider, finner as thou art, that the mafter is refpected in proportion to the difcretion and good-breeding of his fervants; and this is one of the greateft advantages which noblemen have over people of inferior rank: doft thou not confider, thou plague to thyfelf, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a bafe-bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for fome cheating impoftor or knight of the poft! No, no, Sancho, fhun and avoid thofe inconveniences; for he who fets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the firft ftumble into a difgraced buffoon: bridle thy tongue, therefore, confider and ruminate well, before the words iffue from thy mouth; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we fhall depart, bettered three, nay, five-fold, both in fortune and in fame.' Sancho promifed, with repeated affurances, that he would rather ftitch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that

should not be pat to the purpose, and well considered, according to his command; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score, for by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damsels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands-washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him: he was accordingly surrounded by these domestics, and led with great pomp and majesty into another hall, in which appeared a table, nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiastics who govern the families of noblemen; who being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls; and, in attempting to make their pupils œconomists, convert them into downright misers: such, I say, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and duchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end; and though he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and duchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and entreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote, about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself, as usual, into the discourse, saying, 'With your ho-

nour's leave, I'll tell you a ſtory of what happened in our village, with reſpect to the upper hand in ſitting.

Scarce had he pronounced theſe words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehenſions that he was going to utter ſome abſurdity; but the ſquire ſeeing and underſtanding the cauſe of his maſter's trepidation, 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'your worſhip needs not be afraid that I ſhall miſbehave, or ſay ſomething that is not to the matter in hand; for I have not forgot the advice I juſt now received from your worſhip, about ſpeaking a little or a great deal, to the purpoſe, and not to the purpoſe.'—'I know nothing at all of the matter,' anſwered the knight: 'ſay what thou wilt, ſo thou ſayeſt it quickly.—'Well then,' replied Sancho, 'what I am going to ſay is true; for my maſter Don Quixote, here preſent, would not ſuffer me to tell a lie.'—'As for me,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'you may lie as much as you pleaſe, without lett or moleſtation: but I adviſe you to conſider well what you are about to ſay.'—'I have it ſo well conſidered and reconſidered, that I am as ſafe as he that has the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance.'—'Your graces will do well,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'to order the ſervants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thouſand blunders.'—'By the life of the duke!' cried the ducheſs, 'I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great reſpect, becauſe I know him to be a perſon of wit and pleaſantry.'—'Pleaſant may all the days of your holineſs be, for your good opinion of my deſerts,' ſaid the ſquire; 'though God knows, they are but ſlender enough: however, my ſtory is this.

'There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, Knight of the Order of St. Jago, who was drowned in the Herradura, and occaſioned a quarrel ſome years ago in our village, in which, if I am not miſtaken, my maſter Don Quixote was concerned; but

but this I know, mad Tom, the ſon of old Balvaſtro the blackſmith, was hurt on that occaſion.—Now, Sir Maſter of mine, is not this God's truth? ſpeak upon your worſhip's honour, that theſe noble perſons may not look upon me as a chattering liar?'—'Hitherto,' ſaid the clergyman, 'I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but I know not what I ſhall take you for in the ſequel.'—'Thou haſt produced ſo many witneſſes and tokens,' replied the knight, 'that I cannot but ſay thy ſtory looks like truth: proceed, however, and ſhorten thy tale, for thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the ſpace of two whole days'—'He ſhall not ſhorten it,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'if he conſults my entertainment; but, on the contrary, tell it in his own way, though it ſhould not be finiſhed in ſix days; for ſhould it hold out ſo long, they will be ſome of the pleaſanteſt I ever paſſed.'

'Well, then, my maſters,' proceeded Sancho, 'that ſame gentleman, whom I know as well as I know theſe two hands, for it is not above a bow-ſhot from his houſe to mine, invited a farmer, who, though not rich, was a very honeſt man.—'Diſpatch, brother,' cried the prieſt, interpoſing; for at this rate, your ſtory will reach to the other world.'—'It will hardly go half ſo far, an it pleaſe God,' anſwered the ſquire; who thus proceeded: 'So, as I was ſaying, the farmer going to the houſe of the gentleman inviter, who is now dead, God reſt his ſoul! by the ſame token they ſay he died like an angel; for my own part, I was not preſent at his death, having gone a reaping to Tembleque.'—'As you hope to live, ſon,' cried the eccleſiaſtic, 'return quickly from Tembleque, and finiſh your ſtory, without ſtaying to inter the gentleman, unleſs you have a mind to bury us all?'—'Well, to come to the point,' replied Sancho; 'when the two came to be ſeated at table. Methinks I ſee them now more than ever.'

The duke and ducheſs were infinitely pleaſed with the diſguſt which the reverend eccleſiaſtic expreſſed at the tedious and circumſtantial manner in which the ſquire related

lated his ſtory, while Don Quixote was almoſt conſumed by ſhame and indignation. 'I ſay, moreover,' reſumed Sancho, 'that the two, as I have already obſerved, coming to ſit down at the table, the farmer obſtinately refuſed to take the upper-end, according to the deſire of the entertainer; while the gentleman, on the other hand, as obſtinately inſiſted upon his compliance, alledging that he ought to be maſter in his own houſe; but the farmer, who piqued himſelf upon his politeneſs and good-breeding, ſtill perſiſted in his refuſal, until the gentleman, growing angry, took him by the ſhoulders, and thruſt him into the ſeat, ſaying, "Know, Mr. Chaffthreſher, that wherefoever I ſit, I ſhall always be at the head of the table." Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpoſe.'

Don Quixote's brown face was ſpeckled with a thouſand different colours at this recital: and their graces reſtrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abaſhed at the ſarcaſtic inſinuation of his ſquire. To change the diſcourſe, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering any other ſuch dangerous contents, the ducheſs addreſſing herſelf to the knight, aſked, when he had heard from the the Lady Dulcinea; and if he had lately ſent her any preſents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he muſt have vanquiſhed. To this interrogation the knight replied, 'My misfortunes, Madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquiſhed; felons and robbers I have ſent; but where muſt they find her, enchanted and transformed as ſhe is, into the moſt homely country wench that can be imagined!'—'This I know,' ſaid Sancho Panza: 'to me ſhe ſeemed the moſt beautiful creature in the whole world; at leaſt, in point of nimbleneſs and leaping, ſhe would get the better of a profeſſed rope-dancer.—In good faith, my Lady Ducheſs, ſhe ſkipped from the ground upon her aſs like a perfect cat.'—'What! have you ſeen her enchanted, Sancho?' ſaid the duke. 'How! I ſeen her?' replied the ſquire:

'who the devil but I was the first that fell upon the plot of the enchantment: to be sure she was as much enchanted as my father.'

The ecclesiastic hearing them talk of giants, felons, and enchantments, began to imagine that this must be the Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose history the duke took such delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being so mad as to read such nonsense; and being now confirmed in his suspicion, he said to the duke, in a very choleric tone, 'Signior, your excellency is accountable to Heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote, or Don Driveller, or what's his name, would not, I imagine, be such a fool, if your excellency did not administer fuel and encouragement to his madness and folly.' Then addressing himself to the knight, 'And pray, Mr. Wiseacre,' said he, 'who has stuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants, and apprehending robbers? Return, in good hour, (for in good hour I advise you,) return to your own house, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and those who do not, know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant? Where did you ever see giants in Spain, caitiffs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, with all that tribe of absurdities that are recounted as your adventures?'

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than forgetting the respect he owed the duke and duchess, he started up, and, with ireful aspect and glowing visage, replied——But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.

CHAP. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's Reply to his Reprover; with other serious and diverting Incidents.

DON Quixote starting up, and trembling from head to foot, like quickfilver, thus accofted the ecclefiaftick, with an eager yet faultering tongue: 'The place and prefence in which I am, and the refpect which I always had and ftill have for the function you profefs, withold and tie up the hands of my juft refentment; for thefe reafons, as well as becaufe I know what all the world knows, that gownmen and women make ufe of no weapon but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice, rather than infamous reproach; as wholefome and well-meant reproof requires far other circumftances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms: at leaft, a rebuke in public, delivered with fuch afperity, has exceeded all the bounds of Chriftian reprehenfion, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than fevere; nor is it juft to call the delinquent, in plain terms, a wifeacre and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehenfible. But, pray tell me, reverend Signior, for which of the abfurdities you have noted in my behaviour, do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own houfe, to take care of my family, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What then! is there nothing required but to enter a houfe at random, in order to lead the mafter by the nofe; and fhall a narrow-minded pedant, on the ftrength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has feen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of diftrict, prefume abruptly, without permiffion, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time mifpent, which we employ in travelling about the world, not in queft of it's delights, but it's adverfities, by which good men

ascend

aſcend the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of faſhion, birth, or generoſity, I ſhould have deemed myſelf irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman by book-worms, who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing; a knight I am, and a knight I ſhall die, according to the pleaſure of the Almighty. Some chuſe the ſpacious field of proud ambition; others take that of baſe and ſervile adulation; a third ſet follow the paths of deceitful hypocriſy; and a fourth proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my ſtars, purſue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exerciſe of which, I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have aſſiſted the aggrieved, redreſſed wrongs, chaſtiſed the inſolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured, for no other reaſon but becauſe it is neceſſary that knights-errant ſhould be in love; and this being the caſe, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaſte platonic admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim, namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature. Whether or not he who thinks, acts, and ſpeaks in this manner, deſerves to be called a fool, let your graces determine?'

'Well argued, maſter!' cried Sancho: 'Fore God! your worſhip needs ſay no more in behalf of your own character; for there is no more to be ſaid, thought, or inſiſted upon; eſpecially as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant in this world; ſo that he knows nothing at all of the matter!' 'Brother,' replied the prieſt, 'belike you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they ſay your maſter has promiſed an iſland?' 'Yes, I am,' ſaid the ſquire; 'and I hope I deſerve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may ſay, 'Keep good company, and you'll learn good manners; and, I aſk not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well ſheltered ſhall he be who leans againſt a ſturdy tree. Now I have leaned againſt

a good

a good maſter, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be juſt ſuch another as himſelf; and if God pleaſes, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I iſlands to govern.' 'No, ſurely, friend Sancho,' ſaid the duke; 'for I myſelf, in the name of Signior Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd iſland, and that not inconſiderable, which is in my poſſeſſion.' 'Fall upon your knees, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'and kiſs his excellency's feet, for the honour he has done you.' Sancho did as he was deſired: and the eccleſiaſtic no ſooner ſaw the ceremony performed, than he roſe from table in a violent paſſion, ſaying, 'By the habit which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as theſe poor ſinners: what wonder that they ſhould be frantick, when people who are in their ſenſes canonize their phrenzy! Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourſelf: for while they remain in this houſe, I ſhall ſtay in my own, and excuſe myſelf from reproving what I cannot remedy.' Without farther ſpeech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in ſpite of all their graces could ſay to detain him. Indeed, the duke ſaid not much; for he was hindered by the laughter which the prieſt's impertinent indignation had produced; however, as ſoon as he could reſume his gravity, he addreſſed himſelf to Don Quixote in theſe words.

'Sir Knight of the Lions, your worſhip has made ſuch an ample reply, that nothing farther remains to be done, by way of ſatisfaction for that, which though it may ſeem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for neither the female ſex nor the clergy can give affronts, as your worſhip ſo very well knows.' 'Undoubtedly,' anſwered the knight; 'and the reaſon is, becauſe thoſe perſons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving an affront. Women, children, and eccleſiaſtics, as they cannot defend themſelves when attacked, ſo neither can they be affronted: for there is this difference between an injury and affront, as your excellency

excellency well knows; an affront comes from a perſon who is capable of giving an affront, and when it is given, maintains it; whereas, an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man, walking careleſsly in the ſtreet, is aſſaulted and cudgelled by ten armed perſons, againſt whom he draws his ſword, and behaves like a man of honour; but he is overpowered by the number of his antagoniſts, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong; this man is injured, not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example: a man comes and ſtrikes another, whoſe back is turned, and then betakes himſelf to his heels; and the other purſues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive. The man ſo ſtruck received an injury, but no affront, becauſe an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by ſtealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his ſword, and ſtood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted: injured, becauſe he was ſurprized; and affronted, becauſe he who gave the blow maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted; for women and children do not feel thoſe things; they can neither fly nor ſtand their ground: and the ſame rule holds good with thoſe who are conſecrated to the ſervice religion. Now theſe three claſſes of mankind are deſtitute of offenſive and defenſive weapons; and though nature obliges them to ſtand in their own defence, yet they can offend nobody: and albeit I juſt now ſaid I might be injured, I now affirm it cannot be in any ſhape; for he who cannot receive, much leſs can he give an affront. For which reaſons I ought not to reſent, nor do I reſent, the reproaches of that honeſt man; I only wiſh he had ſtaid a little, until I ſhould have convinced him of his error, in thinking and ſaying, there never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth; an aſſeveration which might have turned

to

to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny.' 'I'll take my corporal oath,' cried Sancho, 'that they would have given a back-ſtroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon: they were a rare ſet to endure ſuch tickling. By my holy dame! I am well aſſured, that if Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard this manikin's diſcourſe, he would have given him ſuch a flap in the mouth, that he ſhould not have ſpoke another word in three long years. No, no! let him meddle with them, and he'll ſee how well he'll eſcape out of their clutches.' The ducheſs had well-nigh died with laughing at this ſpeech of Sancho; who, in her ſentiment, was a more diverting madman than his maſter, and a great many people at that time were of the ſame way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeaſed, dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damſels, one of them with a ſilver ewer, another with a flaſk of the ſame metal, a third with a couple of very fine white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for doubtleſs they were white, a waſh-ball of Neapolitan ſoap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage, and modeſt aſſurance, thruſt it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without ſpeaking one word, wondered at this ceremony; from which he concluded, that it was the cuſtom of the country to waſh beards, inſtead of hands: he therefore ſtretched out his chin as far as he could, and immediately the flaſk began to rain; the damſel with the ſoap-ball lathered him with great expedition, raiſing flakes of ſnow, (for the ſuds were as white,) not only upon the beard, but alſo over the whole face of the obedient knight, inſomuch that he was obliged to ſhut his eyes in their defence; while the duke and ducheſs, who were not in the ſecret, ſat impatiently waiting to ſee the iſſue of this ablution. The young ſhe-barber having raiſed the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was ſpent, and bade the damſel

damsel of the flask go for a fresh supply, and Signior Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the strangest and most ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous spectators, who seeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes shut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great discretion to restrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could smother it at any rate. As for the damsels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and duchess, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know, whether they should resolve upon chastising their presumption, or rewarding them for the pleasure they received in seeing the knight in such an attitude. At length the damsel returning with more water, they finished the ablution of Don Quixote; then she who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great composure, all four at once made a most profound curtsey, and were going away. But the duke, fearing the knight would smell the joke, called to the damsel of the ewer, saying, 'Come hither, and wash me too, and be sure you have water enough.' The girl, being very handy and acute, obeyed without hesitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, they dropped their curtsies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had sworn within himself, that if they should have refused to serve him in that manner, he would have chastised them for their assurance; but they prudently escaped a scouring, by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered this ceremony of cleansing, 'God's mercy!' said he within himself, 'is it the custom in this country to wash the squire's beard as well as the knight's? For God and my own conscience knows, I have need of such purification; and if they would give me the touch of a razor, the benefit would still be the greater.' 'What is that you mutter, Sancho?'

Sancho?' said the duchess. 'I say, my lady,' answered the squire, 'I have always heard it said, that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not suds for the beard; so that the longer we live, the more we learn: yet it is also observed, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune; though to undergo such a purification as this may pass for a pleasure rather than a toil.' 'Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho,' said the duchess, 'for I will order my maids not only to wash, but also to lay you a-bucking, should it be necessary.' 'I shall be satisfied with the lathering of my beard,' replied the squire; 'at least for the present; and God will ordain what is to happen in the sequel.' The duchess, turning to the major domo, 'Remember,' said she, 'what honest Sancho desires, and gratify his inclination with the utmost punctuality.' This domestick promised that Signior Sancho should be obeyed in all things; and returning to dinner with the squire, left their graces and Don Quixote sitting at the table, discoursing on many and various subjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exercise of arms.

The duchess entreated the knight, who seemed to possess such a tenacious memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and deportment of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, she concluded, from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, must be the fairest creature, not only in the whole world, but even in La Mancha. Don Quixote sighing, at her grace's request, 'If,' said he, 'I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highness in a plate, upon this table, I should save my tongue the trouble of saying what is almost inconceivable; for in it your excellency would see her picture at full length: but why should I now attempt to delineate and describe circumstantially the particular charms of the peerless Dulcinea? A burden worthy of other shoulders than mine, and a task which ought to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chissel of Lysippus, to exhibit

exhibit her image on canvas, brafs, and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demofthenian eloquence to found her praife.' 'What does Signior Don Quixote mean by Demofthenian,' faid the duchefs, 'which is a word I never heard before in the whole courfe of my life.' 'Demofthenian eloquence,' anfwered the knight, 'has the fame fignification as the eloquence of Demofthenes, and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for thefe two were the greateft orators in the whole world.' 'Certainly,' faid the duke, 'and you expofed yourfelf by fuch an interrogation: neverthelefs, Signior Don Quixote would give us infinite pleafure, could he be prevailed upon to defcribe that beauty which, even in a fketch or rough draft, would certainly appear fuch as might excite envy in the moft beautiful women of the creation.' 'I would affuredly comply with your grace's defire,' replied the knight, 'were not her idea blotted from my remembrance, by the misfortune which hath lately befallen her; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than defcribe her; for your highnefs muft obferve, that when I went fome time ago to kifs her hands, and receive her benediction, confent, and licence, for this my third fally, I found her quite otherwife than I expected; I found her enchanted and transformed from a princefs into a country wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a dæmon, from a delicious perfume into a peftilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the moft clownifh dialect, from light into darknefs, from a fedate young lady into a ruftic romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a Sayago * drab.' 'God protect us!' cried the duke with a loud voice, 'who can have done fuch mifchief to the world, in robbing it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modefty which did it honour!' 'Who?' anfwered the knight; 'who could it be,

* Sayago is a diftrict in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor, and very meanly clothed.

be, but one of the malignant and envious tribe of enchanters by whom I am perfecuted? That accurfed race, brought into the world on purpofe to obfcure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illuftrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Perfecuted I have been by enchanters, perfecuted I am by enchanters, and enchanters will perfecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyfs of oblivion: nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is moft acute; for to deprive a knight-errant of his miftrefs, is to rob him of the eyes with which he fees, the fun by which he is enlightened, and the fupport by which he is maintained. I have many times faid, and now I repeat the obfervation, that a knight-errant without a miftrefs, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a fhadow without the fubftance by which it is produced.'

'There is no more to be faid,' replied the duchefs; 'neverthelefs, if we are to believe the hiftory of Signior Don Quixote, which has lately been ufhered into the world, with the general applaufe of the different nations that compofe it, we muft conclude (if I right remember) that your worfhip never faw the Lady Dulcinea, and that there is no fuch perfon in being; but that it is only a fantaftical miftrefs, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive.'—'Much may be faid on that fubject,' anfwered Don Quixote; 'God knows whether or not there is fuch a perfon as Dulcinea in the world, whether fhe is fantaftical or not fantaftical; for thefe things are not to be too nicely inveftigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my miftrefs, although I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in whom are concentered thofe qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, fuch as beauty without blemifh, gravity without pride, tendernefs with chaftity, affability from courtefy, courtefy from good-breeding; and, finally, dignity from birth, becaufe noblenefs of

blood

blood reflects an additional ſplendor upon beauty, and ſhews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the faireſt of thoſe who are meanly born.'—'Your obſervation is extremely juſt,' ſaid the duke: 'but Signior Don Quixote muſt give me leave to mention what the hiſtory of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare; namely, that though we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboſo, and that ſhe may be beautiful to exceſs, as your worſhip has deſcribed her, yet, in reſpect to pedigree, ſhe is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alaſtrajareas, Madaſimas, together with the reſt of that claſs, which occurs ſo often in thoſe hiſtories that are ſo familiar to your worſhip.'

'To that obſervation I can anſwer,' ſaid the knight, 'that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood; and that a virtuous perſon of low deſcent ought to be more eſteemed than a vicious man of high degree; eſpecially as Dulcinea poſſeſſes qualifications which may raiſe her to the throne of a crowned and ſceptered queen; for the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is ſufficient to work ſtill greater miracles, and virtually, though not formally, contains within itſelf ſtill greater advantages.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'every thing you ſay is ſpoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand: henceforth I ſhall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himſelf, ſhould there be occaſion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboſo; that ſhe is beautiful, high born, and in all reſpects worthy to be ſerved and admired by ſuch a knight as Signior Don Quixote; and that is the higheſt compliment that can be beſtowed. But I cannot help forming a ſcruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge againſt Sancho Panza: the ſcruple ariſes from a particular of the hiſtory, importing, that the ſaid Sancho found the Lady Dulcinea winnowing a ſack of wheat, when he carried a letter to her from your worſhip; by the ſame

token, it is said to have been red wheat; a circumstance that makes me doubt the nobleness of her pedigree.'

To this remark Don Quixote replied—' Madam, your highness must know that all or the greatest part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of those adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inscrutable will of destiny, or effected by the malice of some envious enchanter; and it is a circumstance well known of all or the greatest part of renowned knights-errant, that one possessed the virtue of being proof against enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the case of the famous Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the sole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; so that Bernardo del Carpio, who slew him at the battle of Ronscevalles, perceiving that he could make no impression upon him with steel, lifted him off the ground, and strangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules destroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant said to be the son of Earth. What I would infer from what I have said is, that I too may have some of these virtues centered in my person, though not that of being invulnerable; for I have been frequently convinced by experience, that my flesh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable; nor that of being proof against enchantment, for I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to inclose me, without the additional power of enchantment; but since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures; and, therefore, those enchanters, seeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am persuaded, that when my squire

ſquire delivered my meſſage, they had converted her into a coarſe country wench, employed in ſuch a mean exerciſe as that of winnowing wheat: but I have already ſaid, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any ſort of wheat, but oriental pearls; and as a proof of this aſſeveration, I muſt tell your highneſſes, that when I lately went to Toboſo, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my ſquire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the faireſt in the whole world, to me ſhe ſeemed a ruſtic and homely country wench, without any thing ſenſible in her converſation; whereas ſhe is in fact the very pink of diſcretion and good ſenſe. Now, ſince I myſelf neither am, nor, in all probability, can be enchanted, ſhe is the perſon enchanted, offended, changed, perverted, and transformed; and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; ſo that, for her, I ſhall live in perpetual affliction, until I ſee her reſtored to her former ſtate: all this I have obſerved, that nobody may ſcruple about what Sancho ſaid of her ſifting and winnowing; for ſince they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they ſhould change her form in his. Dulcinea is a perſon of birth and faſhion, one of the genteel families of Toboſo, which are very numerous, ancient and noble; and certainly no ſmall part of theſe qualifications falls to the ſhare of the peerleſs Dulcinea, on whoſe account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I muſt inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the moſt pleaſant ſquires that ever ſerved a knight-errant: ſometimes his ſimplicity is ſo arch, that, to conſider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleaſure; he hath roguery enough to paſs for a knave, and abſurdities ſufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to diſcharge nonſenſe, he will utter apophthegms that will raiſe him to the ſkies; in a

word, I would not exchange him for any other squire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office; so that, when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are a hundred at least, who govern like *jerfaulcons*, though they can hardly read their mother tongue; provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction, like your military governors, who, being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due: and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command.'

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dish-clout by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions, and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin; while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. 'What is the matter fellows?' cried the duchess; 'what is the matter? What designs have you upon that worthy gentleman? Hah! don't you consider he is governor elect?' To this apostrophe, the barber-scullion replied—' The gentleman won't suffer himself to be washed according to the custom and manner practised upon my Lord Duke and his own master.'—' Yes, will,' cried Sancho in a violent passion, ' but it must

be

be with whiter towels, clearer fuds, and cleaner hands: for furely there is not fuch a difference between me and my mafter, as that he fhould be wafhed with angel water, and I drenched with devils' lye. The cuftoms of different countries, and the fafhions of princely courts, are no farther good than as they are agreeable; but this here cuftom of lathering is worfe than the exercife of difciplinants *. My beard is clean enough, and needs no fuch fcrubbing; and if any man pretends to lather me, or touch a hair of my head, (my beard I mean,) faving this honourable prefence, I'll drive my fift in his fcull; for thefe ceremonies of foap-fcouring look rather like making game than making welcome.' The duchefs was ready to burft with laughing at the rage and remonftrance of Sancho: but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleafed to fee his fquire tucked up with fuch a dirty cloth, and furrounded with fo many fons of the kitchen; he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and duchefs, by way of afking their permiffion to fpeak, thus addreffed himfelf to the fcullions, in a folemn tone—' So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers! I defire your worfhips will let the young man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whitherfoever you pleafe; my fquire is as cleanly as another, and thofe trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice, therefore, and let him alone; for neither he nor I underftand fuch impertinent jokes.'

Here

* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thurfday, a proceffion of difciplinants, or people who do penance in fackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a fcourge, with which they belabour their own fhoulders, in fuch a manner, that the very ftreet is fometimes coloured with their blood: fome of thefe difciplinants, however, are mere hypocrites, who under their fackcloth wear women's ftays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin; fo that they are often detected from the found of the ftroke: and at Rome nothing is more common than to hear the people who accompany thefe devotees, call out, according to the report of the application, '*Guippone di Buffalo!—Bufti di Donna!* and *Corrazini di Latta!*'

Here Sancho, taking the word out of his maſter's mouth, proceeded, ſaying—'No, no, let them perform their clumſy joke, which I ſhall bear as ſure as it is now night; let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard; and if they catch any thing that ſhould give offence to cleanlineſs, they ſhall ſhear me againſt the hair.'

At this period, the ducheſs ſtill laughing—'Sancho Panza,' ſaid ſhe, 'is certainly in the right in all that he has ſaid, and will be in the right in all that he ſhall ſay; he is already clean enough, and as he obſerves, has no occaſion to be waſhed; and if he does not like the cuſtom of the place, he ſhall follow his own inclination *; beſides, you miniſters of cleanlineſs have been extremely remiſs and negligent, not to ſay preſumptuous, in bringing to ſuch a perſonage and ſuch a beard, trays, wooden troughs, and diſhclouts, inſtead of ewers and golden baſons, and towels of the fineſt holland: but the caſe is, you are baſe-born miſcreants, and like caitiffs as you are, cannot forbear ſhewing the grudge you bear to the ſquires of knights-errant.' The whole ſcullion miniſtry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earneſt, and ſneaked away in great ſhame and confuſion, after having untied the diſhclout from the neck of Sancho, who, ſeeing himſelf delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the ducheſs, ſaying, 'From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace, I can in no other ſhape repay, than in wiſhing I were dubbed a knight-errant, that I might ſpend all the days of my life in the ſervice of ſuch a noble and exalted lady: a peaſant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and ſerve in quality of a ſquire; and if in any of theſe reſpects I can ſerve your highneſs, I ſhall be more ſpeedy in obeying than your grace in

* *Su alma en ſu palma.* The original expreſſion literally ſignifies, 'His ſoul is in his hand,' i. e. 'He is at his own diſcretion.'

in laying your commands.'—' Sancho,' replied the duchefs, 'it plainly appears that you have learned politenefs in the fchool of courtefy itfelf; I fay, it plainly appears, that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment, and flower of ceremony, or, as you term it, Sarah-money: long-life and profperity to fuch a mafter and fuch a pupil; one the north-pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very ftar of fquirifh fidelity. Rife, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politenefs, by prevailing upon my Lord Duke to perform his promife of the government with all poffible difpatch.'

Here the converfation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's nap *; and the duchefs defired Sancho, if he was not very much difpofed to fleep, to go and pafs the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleafant apartment. Sancho told her, that although it was really his cuftom to fleep for four or five hours every afternoon in the heat of fummer, yet, for the fatisfaction of her grace's goodnefs, he would that day ftrive with all his might to keep himfelf awake, and obey her commands in all things: he accordingly attended her fteps; while the duke gave frefh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the ftyle in which the ancient knights are faid to have been entertained.

* In Spain the people always retire after dinner, and fleep till fix o'clock, whence the afternoon's nap is called *fiefta*.

END OF BOOK II. PART II.

PART II. BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Of the pleasant Conversation that passed between the Duchess, her Women, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remembered.

THE history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon; but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the duchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint-stool, though the squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused; but her grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as squire, for in both capacities he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the duchess was the first who began the discourse, saying—' Now that we are by ourselves, unheard by any body, I must entreat Mr. Governor to resolve certain doubts of mine, produced by the printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to her the letter of Signior Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign an answer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat, a circumstance altogether ridiculous and untrue, so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's reputation, and so ill becoming the station and fidelity of a trusty squire?'

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and

and looking behind the tapeſtry; and this ſcrutiny being made, returned to his ſtool, and replied—'Now, my Lady Ducheſs, that I am aſſured there is no ſkulker liſtening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, anſwer all the queſtions of your grace; and firſt and foremoſt, I will own, I look upon my maſter Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although ſometimes he ſays things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are ſo ſenſible and well-directed, that even Satan himſelf could not mend them: nevertheleſs, I am really and truly, and without any ſcruple, fully perſuaded within myſelf, that he is downright diſtracted. Now as I am poſſeſſed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any ſtory, without either head or tail, like that of the anſwer to his letter; and another trick that I played him ſix or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the hiſtory; I mean, the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon him, though it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda *.'

The ducheſs deſired he would recount that enchantment or deception; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no ſmall entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his diſcourſe, her grace, interpoſing, ſaid—'From this recital of honeſt Sancho, a ſcruple has ſtarted in my mind, and whiſpers me in the ear, ſince Don Quixote de La Mancha is ſo lunatic, crazy, and mad, and his ſquire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheleſs ſerves and follows him, and even depends upon his vain promiſes; the ſaid ſquire muſt, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his maſter: and if this be the caſe,

* This is an expreſſion proverbially applied to any ſtory that is vague, inconſiſtent, or of dubious authority; for the hills of Ubeda make an extenſive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or diſtricts through which it extends; ſo that the whole is not eaſily aſcertained.

case, as it certainly is, it would be no great ſign of wiſdom in you, my Lady Ducheſs, to beſtow an iſland on ſuch a governor; for how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himſelf?'

'Fore God, my Lady,' cried the ſquire, 'your ſcruple ſtarts in the right place; and I beg your Ladyſhip will let it ſpeak out in its own way, for I know it ſpeaks truth. Had I been wiſe, I ſhould have left my maſter long ago; but this was my fate and my miſventure: I cannot do otherwiſe, but follow him I muſt. We are of the ſame town; I have eaten of his bread; I have an affection for him; he returns me his love, and has given me his colts; but, above all, I am conſtant and faithful, and therefore nothing can poſſibly part us but the ſexton's ſhovel. If your highneſs does not chuſe to perform your promiſe of the iſland, God made me of a leſs matter, and perhaps your refuſal may turn out to the eaſe of my conſcience; for maugre all my madneſs, I underſtand the proverb that ſays, The piſmire found wings to her ſorrow: and perhaps Sancho the Squire may get ſooner to heaven than Governor Sancho: There's as good bread baked here as in France; and By night all cats are grey; and ſure, The man his lot may rue, who has not broke his faſt by two; Between man and man the maw cannot differ a ſpan; and, as the ſaying is, With hay or with ſtraw we'll fill up the craw; The little birds of the field have God for their ſteward and ſhield; Four yards of coarſe Cuerça ſtuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia ſerge; When we leave this world, and are laid in the ground, the lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer; and, The pope's body takes up no more room than the ſexton's; for though the one be higher than the other, When we go to the pit, we muſt lie ſnug, and make it fit; or, We ſhall be obliged to find room, though ſcanty is the tomb: and ſo good night. Wherefore I ſay again, if your grace will not give me the iſland, becauſe I'm a fool, I ſhall be ſo wiſe as not to break my heart at the diſappointment; and I have often heard,

heard, that the devil ſkulks behind the croſs; It is not all gold that glitters; and that, From his oxen, his yokes, and his ploughs, Bamba the huſbandman was raiſed to the throne of Spain; and that from his riches, paſtime, and embroidery, Rodorigo was taken to be devoured by ſerpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lie.'

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interpoſing, 'Wherefore ſhould they lie?' ſaid ſhe; for the ballad ſays as how they thruſt King Rodorigo all alive into a tomb full of toads, lizards, and ſnakes; and, two days after, he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, "Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I ſinned ſo heinouſly!" And therefore the gentleman is in the right to ſay he would rather be a huſbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin.'

The ducheſs could neither help laughing at the ſimplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the diſcourſe and proverbs of Sancho, to whom ſhe replied—'Honeſt Sancho very well knows whatſoever a knight promiſes muſt be fulfilled, even though it ſhould coſt him his life; now, my lord and huſband the duke, though no errant, is, nevertheleſs, a knight; and therefore will perform his promiſe of the iſland, in ſpite of all the envy and malice of the world; let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for when he leaſt thinks of the matter, he will ſee himſelf ſeated in the ſaddle of his iſland and dominion, and graſp his government, which he would not exchange for one of ſuperfine brocade; but I charge him to mind how he governs his vaſſals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honeſt parents and approved loyalty.'

'With reſpect to their being happy under my government,' ſaid the ſquire, 'you need not give me any thing in charge; for I am naturally charitable and compaſſionate towards the poor; and, From him who can knead and bake, it is not eaſy to ſteal a cake. By my ſalvation, they ſhall not paſs falſe dice upon me! I

am an old dog, not to be taken in with, "Come hither, poor Tray *." I know how to ſnuff my peepers upon proper occaſions; nor will I conſent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes; for I know where the ſhoe pinches. This I obſerve, becauſe the righteous ſhall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked ſhall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor muſt have a beginning in the art and myſtery of government; and perhaps, in a fortnight's adminiſtration, I ſhall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred.'

'Sancho,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'you are certainly in the right; for no man was ever a ſcholar at his birth; and biſhops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former diſcourſe about the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea; I take it for an abſolute certainty, and not a bare aſſeveration, that Sancho's ſcheme of deceiving his maſter, and making him believe that the country wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, becauſe ſhe was enchanted; I ſay, this ſcheme was altogether the invention of one of thoſe enchanters who perſecute Don Quixote; for I know, from very good authority, that the village maiden who ſkipped upon the aſs, was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboſo; and that Sancho, in thinking himſelf the deceiver, was, in fact, the perſon deceived: a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never ſaw; for Signior Sancho Panza muſt know, that here alſo we have friendly enchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that paſſes, truly and diſtinctly, without circumlocution or deceit; and therefore, Sancho may believe me, when I affirm, that the jumping wench was, and is, Dulcinea del Toboſo, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no ſuch thing, we ſhall ſee her in her own ſhape, and then Sancho will be undeceived.'

'There

* In the original, 'And thoroughly underſtand "*Tus, tus*;" which is an expreſſion in Spain, to wheedle a cur.'

'There is nothing more likely,' cried the squire; 'and now I am apt to believe my master's account of the cave of Montesinos, where he saw my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in the same manner that I described, when I enchanted her for my own amusement. Now, the whole affair must have been quite the reverse, as your ladyship observes; for it cannot be supposed that my ignorant pate could contrive, in an instant, such an ingenious stratagem; nor can I think my master such a fool, as, upon my weak and meagre persuasion, to believe such an improbable device; but for all that, my lady, your goodness ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead, like me, is not obliged to bore into the designs and knavery of abominable enchanters. I contrived the scheme, in order to escape the displeasure of my master Don Quixote, and not with any design to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwise, there's a Judge in heaven who knows the heart.' 'Very true,' answered the duchess; 'but tell me now, Sancho, the story of the cave of Montesinos, which I shall be extremely glad to hear.'

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole—'From this incident,' said she, 'we may infer, that since the great Don Quixote says he beheld in that place the same country wench whom Sancho saw in the neighbourhood of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the enchanters of this country are very officious, and extremely curious.' 'This I will venture to say,' replied Panza, 'that if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is really inchanted, 'tis her own loss, and that it is no business of mine to enter the lists with my master's enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, she I saw was a country wench, for such I took her, and such I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reason; yet I must be lugged in, at every bawdy-house bench, with "Sancho

ſaid this; Sancha ſaid that; Sancho went, and Sancho came!" as if Sancho were juſt ſuch as they would pleaſe to make him, and not the very ſame Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, as I have been informed by Samſon Carraſco, who is, at leaſt, a batcheleering perſon of Salamanca; and ſuch people cannot tell an untruth, except when it comes into their heads, or will turn to their account; wherefore, nobody has any right to meddle with me; and ſeeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my maſter ſay, A good name is better than tons of wealth, even ſhove me into this government, and they ſhall ſee marvellous things; for he who has been a good ſquire, will never become a bad governor.'

'All that honeſt Sancho has uttered,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'is Catonian wiſdom, or at leaſt the very eſſence of Michael Verino *, *Florentibus occidit annis.* In a word, to ſpeak in his own ſtile, A good drinker is often found under a ruſty cloak.' 'In ſober truth, my lady,' anſwered Sancho, 'I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirſt I might, for I have not the leaſt ſpice of hypocriſy in my belly; I drink when I chuſe it, and even when I would rather be excuſed, becauſe I am deſired ſo to do, that I may not ſeem ſhy or ill-bred; for ſure he muſt have an heart of marble who can refuſe to pledge a friend; for though I put on my ſhoes, I will not defile them; eſpecially, as the ſquires of knights-errant uſually drink water, as they are always ſtrolling through foreſts, woods, and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the ſmalleſt charity of wine, even though one ſhould offer to purchaſe it with an eye.' 'I believe what you ſay,' anſwered the ducheſs: 'at preſent Sancho may go to reſt; and we ſhall afterwards talk more at large upon theſe ſubjects, and take order that with all convenient diſpatch he may be, to uſe his own words, ſhoved into that ſame government.'

Sancho

* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the ſeventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.

Sancho kiſſed his hands again, and begged her grace would be ſo good as to give directions about the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When ſhe aſked, what he meant by Dapple—'My aſs,' replied the ſquire, 'whom, rather than uſe the vulgar term, I call Dapple. When I firſt came to the caſtle, I deſired Madam Duenna here to take care of him; and truly ſhe was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle, than to regulate rooms of ſtate. God's my life! what a ſpite a gentleman of our town had to theſe waiting-gentlewomen.' 'He muſt be ſome ill-bred clown,' ſaid Donna Rodriguez the duenna; 'for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon.' 'Enough for the preſent,' reſumed the ducheſs: 'hold your tongue Donna Rodriguez, and let Signior Panza make himſelf perfectly eaſy, and leave me to take ſpecial care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place him above the apple of mine eye.' 'The ſtable is a place good enough for him,' anſwered the ſquire; 'for neither he nor I are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highneſs's eye; and I will as ſoon conſent to his being diſpoſed of in that manner, as I would to drive a dagger in my breaſt; for although, as my maſter ſays, in point of courteſy, one ought to loſe the game by a card too much, rather than by a card too little; in reſpect to aſſes, and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiouſly with the compaſs in his hand, and meaſure as he goes.'

'Sancho may conduct him to his government,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'and there entertain him to his heart's content; nay, even infranchiſe him from all labour.' 'Your grace, my Lady Ducheſs, needs not think much of that,' replied the ſquire; 'for I have ſeen more than one or two aſſes go to governments; and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine.'

This remark renewed the laughter and ſatisfaction of the ducheſs, who having diſmiſſed him to his repoſe, went to communicate the converſation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleaſant joke upon Don Quixote, which ſhould turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all reſpects to the ſtile of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with ſuch propriety and diſcretion, that they are counted the beſt adventures contained in this important hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

Which gives an Account of the Information received, touching the Means for diſinchanting the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo; one of the moſt renowned Adventures of this Book.

GREAT was the ſatisfaction which the duke and ducheſs received from the converſation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their deſign of practiſing ſome jokes, which ſhould bear a faint ſhadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Monteſinos: but what moſtly excited the admiration of the ducheſs, was the amazing ſimplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the inchantment of Dulcinea, though he himſelf was the only inchanter and projector of that whole ſtratagem. Their graces having given directions to the ſervants, touching the execution of the ſcheme they had laid, at the end of ſix days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and ſpearmen as uſed to attend the king in perſon. Don Quixote was preſented with a hunting ſuit, and Sancho received another of ſuperfine green cloth; but the knight excuſed himſelf from accepting the preſent, obſerving that, in a few days, he ſhould be obliged to reſume the rugged exerciſe of arms, and therefore could not encumber himſelf with baggage and wardrobes:

wardrobes: as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the duchess came forth very gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hallooing and crying, and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The duchess alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dismounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho stayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarce had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar, baited by the dogs and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage, than bracing his shield, and unsheathing his sword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear; but the duchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavours altogether ineffectual; for having surmounted one half of the ascent,

the

the branch on which he ſtood ſtruggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another ſtump of the tree, ſo that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himſelf thus ſuſpended, that his green ſuit was torn, and ſuppoſing that if the wild boar ſhould come up, he would be able to ſeize him as he hung, he began to utter ſuch doleful cries, and roar ſo hideouſly for aſſiſtance, that all thoſe who heard his clamour, without ſeeing his ſituation, actually believed he was in the jaws of ſome ſavage beaſt. At length the tuſky boar being pierced and killed by the number of ſpears that oppoſed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in conſequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful ſquire, whom he ſaw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forſake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet obſerves, that he very ſeldom ſaw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, ſuch was the friendſhip and fidelity ſubſiſting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced, and unhooked Sancho; who finding himſelf delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting ſuit, which grieved him to the ſoul; for in that dreſs he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar acroſs a ſumpter mule, and covering him with ſprigs of myrtle and roſemary, carried him in triumph, as the ſpoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furniſhed with ſuch a grand and ſumptuous entertainment as well beſpoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho preſenting to the ducheſs the ſkirts of his torn ſuit, 'If,' ſaid he, 'this had been hare or ſparrow-hunting, my coat would have been ſecure from this unlucky accident: for my own part, I do not know what pleaſure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once faſten his tuſks on you,

you, will deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people ſing an old ballad, that ſays

"May bears upon thy carcaſe feed,
"As erſt on Fahila they did."

That was a Gothic king,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'who in going to the chace, was devoured by a bear.' 'That is the very thing I ſay,' replied the ſquire: 'I would not have kings and noblemen run themſelves into ſuch dangers, for the enjoyment of a diverſion which, in my opinion, hardly deſerves the name, as it conſiſts in murdering a poor beaſt that never committed any crime.' 'There, Sancho, you are miſtaken,' ſaid the duke; 'for the exerciſe of hunting wild beaſts is of all others the moſt neceſſary and ſuitable to kings and noblemen. The chace is a picture of war, comprehending ſchemes, feints, and ſtratagems, for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and exceſſive heat, to contemn eaſe and undervalue ſleep; our bodies acquire ſtrength, and our limbs agility; in a word, it is an exerciſe that affords pleaſure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it ſuperior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of ſport, except hawking, which is alſo peculiar to ſovereigns and perſons of rank: you muſt therefore alter your opinion, Sancho; and when you are governor, employ yourſelf in the chace, which you will find of incredible ſervice *.' 'Surely, that cannot be,' anſwered the ſquire; 'a good governor will ſtay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people, fatigued with a journey, come to viſit him upon buſineſs, he ſhould be taking his diverſion upon the hills; in that caſe the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, ſuch paſtime is more proper for idle folks than for governors. I intend, God willing, to amuſe myſelf with a game at

* Literally, 'And you ſhall ſee it will be worth a loaf that will ſerve a hundred.'

at cards at Eafter, and with nine pins on Sundays and holidays; for as to thefe chaces or cafes, they neither fuit my condition, nor agree with my confcience.' 'God grant Sancho may behave as he fays he will,' replied the duke; 'but there is a wide difference between faying and doing.' 'Let it be as wide as it pleafes,' cried Sancho. 'A good paymafter needs no pawn; God's bleffing is better than early rifing; and, The belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly; I mean, that with God's affiftance, and a righteous intention, I fhall certainly be able to govern like any gofhawk: aye, aye, let them thruft their fingers in my mouth, and they fhall fee whether or no I can bite.

'The curfe of God, and all his faints, light on thee, accurfed babbler!' cried Don Quixote: 'will that day never come, as I have often faid, when I fhall hear thee fpeak fenfibly and diftinctly, without lugging in old faws? My Lord and Lady Duchefs, I entreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwife he will grind your fouls, not between two, but two thoufand, proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpofe, and as feafonably, as I wifh God may give him health, or me protection, if I defire to hear them.' 'The proverbs of Sancho Panza,' faid the duchefs, 'though more in number than thofe of the Greek commentator, are not the lefs to be efteemed for the concifenefs of the apophthegms. I can fafely fay for myfelf, that they give me much more pleafure than I fhould receive from others, though better culled, and more fuitable to the occafion.'

In the midft of this and other fuch favoury converfation, they quitted the tent, to examine fome fnares they had laid; in which amufement the day was foon elapfed, and was fucceeded by the night, which did not appear fo ferene and compofed as it might have been expected at the feafon of the year, which was midfummer, but along with it came a certain *darknefs vifible*, which greatly affifted the defign of the duke and duchefs.

duchefs. When the night, therefore, began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a fudden the four quarters of the wood feemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of corners and other warlike inftruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood; fo that the light of the flames, and the found of thofe warlike inftruments, dazzled and aftonifhed the eyes and ears of the bye-ftanders, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noife was fucceeded by innumerable *lelilles*, or cries ufed by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fires refounded all together, in fuch a continued and alarming concert, that the man muft have been utterly devoid of all fenfe who did not lofe it in confequence of fuch confufion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the duchefs amazed, Don Quixote aftonifhed, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even thofe who were let into the fecret feemed to be feized with confternation, which produced among them a moft dreary filence.

During this paufe, came a poftillion, dreffed like a devil, and, inftead of a cornet, blew an unmeafurable horn, which yielded an hoarfe and dreadful found. 'Holla! brother courier,' cried the duke, 'who are you? where are you going? and what troops are thofe that feem to march acrofs the wood?' To thefe interrogations the courier replied, in a difmal, hollow tone, 'I am the devil, going in queft of Don Quixote de La Mancha: thofe who follow are fix troops of inchanters, who bring upon a triumphant car the peerlefs Dulcinea del Tobofo inchanted, accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montefinos, to inftruct Don Quixote in a certain method for difinchanting the faid Lady Dulcinea.' 'If you were the devil,' anfwered the duke, 'as you fay you are, and your figure feems to declare, you would have diftinguifhed that fame knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, who now ftands before you.' 'Fore God! and upon my confcience,' cried the devil, 'I did

'I did not ſee him; for my thoughts are ſo much diſtracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming.' 'Without doubt,' ſaid Sancho, 'that devil muſt be an honeſt man, and a good Chriſtian, otherwiſe he would not ſwear, 'Fore God, and on my conſcience! Now I am fully convinced that there muſt be ſome worthy people even in hell.'

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced, 'To thee, the Knight of the Lions, (and would I might ſee thee in their clutches,) am I ſent by the unfortunate though valiant knight Monteſinos, who commanded me to deſire, in his name, that thou wouldſt wait on the very ſpot where I ſhould find thee, becauſe he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboſo, in order to communicate what will be neceſſary towards her diſinchantment; and as this meſſage was the ſole cauſe of my coming, there is no cauſe that requires my longer ſtay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair!' So ſaying, he ſounded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the leaſt reply.

This addreſs renewed the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, eſpecially of Sancho and Don Quixote; of Sancho, becauſe, in deſpite of truth, he ſaw they were reſolved that Dulcinea ſhould be inchanted; and of Don Quixote, becauſe he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Monteſinos. While he was wrapped in theſe meditations, the duke accoſted him, ſaying, 'Signior Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?' 'Wherefore not?' replied the knight: 'here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, though all hell ſhould come to aſſault me.' 'Then, for my part,' cried Sancho, 'if I ſee another devil, and hear another horn like that which paſſed, I ſhould as ſoon wait here as in Flanders.'

About this time the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are miſtaken by ignorant people for ſhooting

 ſtars;

ſtars: their fears were likewiſe invaded by a frightful ſound, like that occaſioned by the maſſy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harſh and grating noiſe, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are ſaid to fly with terror. This uproar was ſucceeded by another more terrible than all the reſt; for all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really ſeemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vaſt number of muſkets were fired; here reſounded the cries of the combatants; there the Mooriſh *lelilles* were repeated with vaſt vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and muſketry, but, above all, the diſmal noiſe of the cars, formed all together ſuch a confuſed and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion; but Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a ſwoon upon the train of the ducheſs, who received him as he fell, and with marks of great concern, ordered her ſervants to throw water in his face: in conſequence of this application, he recovered, juſt as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they ſtood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn; and in the waggon was raiſed a lofty ſeat, in which ſat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as ſnow itſelf, that flowed down below his middle, and a large looſe garment of black buckram; for the waggon being ſtuck full of lights, it was eaſy to obſerve and diſtinguiſh every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils, clad alſo in buckram, with ſuch hideous features, that Sancho no ſooner ſaw them than he ſhut his eyes, that they might not encounter ſuch frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable ſenior roſe from his lofty ſeat, and pronounced aloud, 'I am the ſage Lirgandeo.' He ſaid no more; and the waggon proceeded. Another carriage

riage followed in the ſame manner, with another old man inthroned, who ordering the waggon to ſtop, ſaid with a voice as ſolemn as the firſt, ' I am the ſage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown.' And ſo the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the ſame ſtile: but he who poſſeſſed this throne, inſtead of being old like the others, was a robuſt man of a very diſagreeable aſpect, who riſing from his ſeat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarſe and diabolical tone, ' I am the inchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and his whole race.' And ſo the carriage paſſed on; but when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted, then ceaſed the diſmal creaking of the wheels, and no other ſound was heard but that of an agreeable muſical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that perſuaſion ſaid to the ducheſs, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, ' My Lady Ducheſs, where there is muſick there can be no harm.' ' As little ſhould we expect any harm where there is light and illumination,' anſwered the ducheſs. ' And yet,' replied the ſquire, ' we may be eaſily burnt by ſuch torches and bonfires as theſe, notwithſtanding all the light and illuminations they produced; but muſic is always a ſign of joy and feaſting.' ' Time will ſhew,' ſaid Don Quixote, who overheard the converſation; and he ſaid well, as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

Being a Continuation of what was imparted to Don Quixote, touching the menas for diſenchanting Dulcinea; with an Account of other ſurprizing Incidents.

MOVING to the ſound of this agreeable muſic, came one of thoſe carriages, called triumphal cars, drawn by ſix grey mules, covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a penitent of light *, clad alſo in

* *Diſciplinante de luz*, is a cant phraſe, applied to thoſe who are expoſed to public ſhame.

in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice, as large as the carriages which had paſſed, and the tops and ſides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as ſnow, with their lighted tapers: a ſight that excited equal terror and ſurpriſe. Seated on a lofty throne appeared a nymph, habited in robes of ſilver tiſſue, beſpangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; ſo that her dreſs, if not rich, was extremely gaudy; her face was covered with a delicate and tranſparent veil of fine tiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady; and the number of lights enabled the ſpectators to diſtinguiſh her charms and her age, which ſeemed to be turned of ſeventeen, but under twenty. Cloſe by her appeared a figure clad in what is called a robe of ſtate, that reached to his feet; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The car had no ſooner come oppoſite to the duke and ducheſs and Don Quixote, than the muſic of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceaſed all at once; then this figure riſing, threw aſide his robe, and taking off the veil, diſcloſed to view the horrible and incarnate form of death; at ſight of which Don Quixote was ſtartled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and ducheſs exhibited ſome affected marks of conſternation.

This living death ſtanding upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following addreſs—

'I Merlin am, by hiſtories bely'd,
'That repreſent the devil as my ſire:
'A falſhood ſanction'd by the lapſe of time.
'I am the prince of magic, in whoſe breaſt
'The Zoroaſtric ſcience lies intomb'd:
'The rival of invidious Time, whoſe wings
'Still ſeek to ſhade and darken all exploits
'Atchiev'd by the illuſtrious errant knights,
'For whom my friendſhip glows, and ever glow'd.

'Tho' all my fellows of th' enchanting tribe,
'The magi and magicians, ever nurs'd

'A disposition barbarous and harsh,
'Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane,
'A friend to all the various race of man.
'In the profoundest cave of gloomy Dis,
'Where my industrious spirit was employ'd
'In forming mystic characters and spells,
'Mine ears were wounded with the wailing cries
'Of fam'd Dulcinea, that matchless fair.

'I learn'd her strange enchantment, and condol'd
'Her transformation from a gentle nymph
'To the vile figure of a rustic wench.
'An hundred thousand volumes I perus'd,
'Fraught with the dark and diabolic art;
'Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk
'Of this dry skeleton my soul enclos'd:
'And now I come on purpose to impart
'An easy remedy for her mishap.

'O thou! the glory of all knights who wear
'Impervious coats of mail and adamant;
'Thou light and lanthorn, path, and north, and guide
'Of all who quit the drowsy joys of sloth,
'And, starting from the lazy down, embrace
'Th' intolerable use and exercise
'Of rude, unwieldy, sanguinary arms:
'To thee I speak, great chief, whose valiant deeds
'So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.

'Quixote, for courage and discretion fam'd,
'La Mancha's mirrour, and the star of Spain,
'In order to recover and restore
'Thy peerless mistress to her former state,
'Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo
'Three thousand and three hundred stripes, apply'd
'To his posteriors, passively expos'd;
'And he himself must wield the pliant scourge,
'And start, and smart, and tingle with the pain.
'Thus stands th' irrevocable doom pronounc'd
'By the fell authors of her dire mischance;
'And on this errand, gentles, am I come.'

'I vow to God!' cried Sancho at this period, 'not to mention three thousand, I will as soon give myself

three ſtabs with a dagger as three ſingle ſtripes with a ſcourge. Now, devil take ſuch ways of diſinchanting! I cannot conceive what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before God! if Signior Merlin can find no other method for diſinchanting my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſhe may e'en go enchanted to her grave.'—Hark ye, Don Garlick-eating ruſtic,' ' ſaid Don Quixote, ' I ſhall take and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and not to mention three thouſand three hundred, give you ſix thouſand ſix hundred laſhes, ſo well laid on, that three thouſand three hundred twitches ſhall not pull them off; and anſwer me not a ſyllable, or I will tear thy ſoul from thy body.'

Merlin hearing this declaration—' Not ſo, neither,' ſaid he ;' the laſhes to be received by honeſt Sancho muſt be voluntary, not upon compulſion, and at his own leiſure, for there is no time fixed for the final execution; nevertheleſs, he is ſo far indulged, that he may be quit for one half of the ſtripes, provided he will allow the other half to be inflićted by another hand, though it may chance to be a little weighty.'—' No man's hand ſhall touch my fleſh! neither another's, nor my own, nor weighty, nor unweighed. What a plague! did I, forſooth, bring my Lady Dulcinea into the world, that my backſide muſt ſuffer for the tranſgreſſion of her eyes? My maſter, indeed, who is a part of her, and is continually calling her his life, his ſoul, his ſuſtenance and ſupport, may and ought to laſh himſelf for her ſake, and take with all diſpatch the neceſſary ſteps for her diſenchantment; but for me to ſcourge my own body, I denounce it!'

Scarce had Sancho uttered this remonſtrance, when the embroidered nymph, who ſat by Merlin's ſpirit, riſing up, took off her tranſparent veil, and diſcloſing a face, which to all the ſpećtators ſeemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addreſſed herſelf in theſe words directly to Sancho Panza, with a maſculine aſſurance, and a voice that was not extremely melodious—O ill-conditioned ſquire! thou ſoul of a pitcher, heart of

 cork,

cork, and bowels of flinty pebbles! hadſt thou been commanded, thou noſe-flaying caitiff, to throw thyſelf down from a lofty tower; hadſt thou been deſired, thou enemy of human ſpecies, to ſwallow a dozen of toads, twice the number of lizards, and three dozen of ſnakes; hadſt thou been urged to murder thy wife and children with ſome ſharp and ruthleſs ſcymetar, it would not have been ſtrange to ſee thee ſhy and fearful; but to make ſuch objections to three thouſand three hundred ſtripes, which there is ſcarce a naughty boy that does not receive every month, aſtounds, aſtoniſhes, and affrights the compaſſionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all thoſe who ſhall hear it in the future courſe of time. Turn, O miſerable, hard-hearted animal! turn, I ſay, thy muliſh goggle eyes upon theſe balls of mine that emulate the glittering ſtars, and ſee how they weep, thread by thread, and ſkein by ſkein, creating trenches, paths, and furrows, through the delightful meadows of my cheeks! Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monſter, at ſeeing me, in the flower of my age, (for I am ſtill in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year ſhort of twenty,) conſume and pine within the bark of a homely ruſtic wench? in which form if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of Signior Merlin, who has indulged me ſo far, that my beauty might melt thy ſavage heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty ſoften rocks to cotton, and transform tygers into gentle lambs. Chaſtiſe, chaſtiſe, obdurate beaſt, that brawny beef of thine; arouze that ſlothul ſpirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge an regorge thy voracious maw, and ſet at liberty the beauty of my face; and if, for my ſake, thou wilt not mollify thyſelf, and liſten to any reaſonable terms, at leaſt relent in favour of that poor knight who ſtands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean, thy maſter, whoſe ſoul I now can ſee traverſed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply, in

consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth, or retire to his stomach.'

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, 'By Heaven! my lord,' said he, 'Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here do I feel my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow.' When the duchess asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, 'I say,' replied the squire, 'what I have said already, that the whipping I denounce.'—'You must call it renounce,' said the duke, 'and not denounce.'—'I would your grace would let me alone,' answered Sancho; 'this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or less; for I am so confounded at those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying or doing: yet I should be glad to know where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desire me to tear open my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls me soul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villainous names, which the devil may suffer for me! What a plague, is my flesh made of brass; or is it any thing to me, whether she is disenchanted or no? What baskets of white linen, shirts, caps, and socks, (though I wear none) does she bring to soften me? Nothing but abuse upon abuse; without remembering the proverb, that says, An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray, and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but, Here, take it is better. Then, my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton, declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider it is not only a squire, but a governor, whom they desire to flog himself, as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, with a vengeance,

geance, how to entreat and beg with good-breeding; for all ſeaſons are not the ſame; and a man is not always in good-humour: here am I ready to burſt with vexation to ſee the rent in my green coat, and they muſt needs come and deſire me to whip myſelf with good will, when, God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning Turk *.'

'Nevertheleſs, friend Sancho,' ſaid the duke, 'if your heart does not become ſofter than a ripe fig, you ſhall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine ſcheme, indeed, if I ſhould ſend to my iſlanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damſels in affliction; nor at the entreaties of wiſe, imperious, ancient ſages and enchanters! In a word, Sancho, you muſt either conſent to whip yourſelf, or be whipped, or lay aſide all thoughts of being a governor.'—'My good lord, replied the ſquire, 'will not they give me two days to conſider and determine what will be for the beſt?.—'By no means,' cried Merlin: 'on this very ſpot, and this very inſtant, the buſineſs muſt be diſcuſſed; otherwiſe Dulcinea will return to the cave of Monteſinos, and the appearance of a country-wench; whereas, if you comply, ſhe will, in her preſent form be tranſported to the Elyſian fields, where ſhe muſt reſide until the number of the ſtripes be accompliſhed.'

'Go to, honeſt Sancho,' ſaid the ducheſs; 'pluck up your ſpirits, and behave like a grateful ſquire that has eaten the bread of Signior Don Quixote, who is entitled to the ſervice and acknowledgments of us all, by his amiable diſpoſition and ſublime chivalry. Say Aye, my ſon, to this ſame flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil; leave fear to the coward; for a ſtout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know.'

To theſe exhortations Sancho made no reply; but addreſſing himſelf to Merlin, with his uſual extravagance, 'Good, your worſhip, pray tell me, Signior Merlin,

* Literally, *cacique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

Merlin, the meaning of one thing: a certain courier devil came here with a meſſage to my maſter, from Signior Monteſinos, deſiring him to ſtay in this place until he ſhould come up; for he would teach him a way to diſenchant my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; and hitherto we have ſeen no ſuch perſon?' To this interrogation Merlin replied, 'That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I ſent him hither in queſt of your maſter; not with a meſſage from Monteſinos, but from myſelf; for Monteſinos is ſtill in his cave, planning, or rather expecting, his diſenchantment, the worſt of which is ſtill to come; but if he owes you any thing, or you have any buſineſs to tranſact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you ſhall appoint. In the mean time, diſpatch, and give your conſent to this diſcipline; which, I aſſure you, will greatly redound to the advantage both of your ſoul and body: to your ſoul, from the charity of the undertaking; and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for loſing a little blood.'

'What a number of leeches have we got in this world!' ſaid Sancho; 'the very enchanters are phyſicians; but ſince every body ſays ſo, although I cannot perceive it myſelf, I am content to give myſelf three thouſand three hundred laſhes, on condition that I may give them when and where I ſhall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance; and I will endeavour to diſcharge the debt as ſoon as poſſible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſince, contrary to my former belief, ſhe appears to be really beautiful. I likewiſe covenant that I ſhall not be obliged to fetch blood with the ſcourge, and that in caſe I ſhould chance to be whipped by the officers of juſtice *, every laſh ſo received

* The other tranſlators have interpreted *moſqueo* into a fly-flap, which is undoubtedly one of his meanings; but as it likewiſe ſignifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this laſt acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the paſſage.

received ſhall enter into the tale: Item, leſt I ſhould commit a miſtake in the number, Signior Merlin, who knows every thing, ſhall take care to reckon them, and give me to underſtand how far I have fallen ſhort, or exceeded the appointed ſcore.' 'There will be no occaſion to appriſe you of the overplus,' ſaid Merlin; 'for as ſoon as the number ſhall be completed, the Lady Dulcinea will be diſenchanted, and come, out of pure gratitude, to return thanks, and even a recompence to the charitable Sancho for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any ſcruple about the ſuperplus or the deficiency; nor will Heaven allow me to defraud any perſon, even of a ſingle hair.' 'A' God's name, then,' cried Sancho, 'I conſent in my tribulation; I ſay, I accept of the penance on the conditions aforeſaid.'

Scarce had Sancho pronounced theſe laſt words, when the muſic of the waits began to play again, and an infinite number of muſkets were diſcharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kiſſes on his cheeks and forehead: the duke and ducheſs, and all the by-ſtanders, expreſſed the utmoſt pleaſure; the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in paſſing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtſy to Sancho.

About this time the cheerful ſmiling morn advanced; the flowerets of the field, with heads erect, diffuſed their fragrance; and the liquid chryſtal of the rills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went ſliding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their cuſtomary dues: the joyous earth, the ſplendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each ſingly, and all together joined, prognoſticated plainly, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's ſkirts, would be ſerene and fair. The duke and ducheſs, extremely well ſatisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their deſign, returned to the caſtle, with full intention to perform the ſequel of their jeſt, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Which gives an Account of the perilous and inconceivable Adventure of the afflicted Duenna, alias the Countess Trifaldi; together with a Letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his Wife Teresa Panza.

THE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea: finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the duchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance which he was to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes: but when she enquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand. 'That is rather clapping than lashing,' replied her grace; 'and I take it for granted, the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy; it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briars, or use a switch that will make him feel it; for learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle.' To this remonstrance Sancho replied, 'I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain; for I would have your grace to know, that, although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the mat weed in it; and there is no reason that I should destroy myself for another's advantage.' In good time be it,' answered the duchess; 'to morrow morning I will give you a scourge that will fit you to an hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was its own brother.' This affair being adjusted, 'My lady,' said Sancho

Panza, 'your highneſs muſt know I have writ a letter to my wife Tereſa Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me ſince we parted: here it is in my boſom, and wants nothing but a ſuperſcription. I wiſh your grace, in your great underſtanding, would read it; for, in my mind, it ſmacks of the governor; I mean, of the manner in which governors ought to write.' 'And who was the inditer?' ſaid the ducheſs. 'Who ſhould indite it, ſinner that I am, but myſelf!' anſwered the ſquire. 'Did you likewiſe write it yourſelf?' replied her grace. 'I did not ſo much as think of any ſuch matter,' ſaid Sancho; 'for the truth is, I can neither read nor write, though I know very well how to ſet my mark.' 'Let us ſee this epiſtle,' quoth the ducheſs, 'in which, I dare ſay, you have diſplayed the quality and extent of your underſtanding.'

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his boſom, the ducheſs took and read it to this effect.

Sancho's Letter to his Wife Tereſa Panza.

'If I have been finely laſhed, I have been well mounted; if I have obtained a good government, it has coſt me a good whipping. This, Tereſa, thou wilt not now underſtand, but ſhalt learn ſome other opportunity. Know, Tereſa, I am determined thou ſhalt ride in a coach, which is a reſolution pat to the purpoſe; for any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor's lady you ſhall be, and I would fain ſee the beſt of them tread upon thy heels. I have ſent thee a green hunting ſuit, which was a preſent from my Lady Ducheſs. Make it up into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My maſter Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a ſenſible madman, and a diverting fool; and I myſelf am nothing ſhort of him in theſe reſpects. We have been in the cave of Monteſinos; and the ſage Merlin has pitched upon me to diſenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, who in your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo; with three thouſand three hundred ſtripes, lacking five, which I am to give

give myſelf, ſhe will be as much diſenchanted as the mother that bore her. Thou ſhalt not mention a ſyllable of this to any perſon whatſoever; for if you go to ſeek advice about your own concerns, one will ſay it is white, and another ſwear 'tis black.

'A few days hence I ſhall ſet out for my government, whither I go with a moſt outrageous deſire of getting money; and I am told, this is the caſe with all new governors. I will feel the pulſe of it, and give thee notice whether or no thou ſhalt come and live with me.

'Dapple is in good health, and ſends his moſt hearty commendations: I believe I ſhall not forſake him even if they ſhould make me the Grand Turk. My Lady Ducheſs kiſſes thy hand a thouſand times: return the compliment with two thouſand; for, as my maſter ſays, Nothing is ſo reaſonable and cheap as good manners. It has not pleaſed God that I ſhould ſtumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns, as heretofore; but let that give thee no uneaſineſs, my dear Tereſa, for he is ſafe who has good cards to play; and what is amiſs will come out in the waſhing of this ſame government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told that if once I taſte it, I ſhall be apt to eat my fingers; and ſhould that be the caſe, it will be no cheap bargain; though the lame and the paralytic enjoy a ſort of canonry in the alms they receive. Wherefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The Lord make thee ſo, as he very well may, and preſerve for thy ſervice thy huſband the governor.

'*Sancho Panza.*

'From the Duke's
Caſtle, July 20, 1614.'

The Ducheſs having read the letter to an end, 'In two circumſtances,' ſaid ſhe, 'the honeſt governor is a little out of the way. Firſt, in ſaying or inſinuating, that the government was beſtowed upon him, in return for the ſtripes he muſt undergo; whereas he knows,

and cannot deny, that when my Lord Duke promifed him the ifland, nobody thought of any fuch thing as ftripes in the world: Secondly, he difcovers an avaricious difpofition, and I fhould not like to fee him a fkin flint; for greedinefs burfts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned juftice.' 'I did not write with that intention,' anfwered the fquire: 'and if your ladyfhip thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be ftill worfe, if it be left to my own numfkull.' 'No, no,' cried the duchefs; 'this will do very well, and muft be fhewn to the duke.'

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they were to dine that day, fhe communicated Sancho's epiftle to the duke, who perufed it with infinite pleafure. Here they went to dinner, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themfelves a good while with the favoury converfation of Sancho, their ears were fuddenly invaded with the difmal found of a fife and a hoarfe unbraced drum: all the company were ftartled at this confufed, martial, and melancholy mufic, efpecially Don Quixote, whofe emotion would not allow him to fit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be faid is, that he was driven by fear to his ufual fhelter, the fide or fkirts of the duchefs: for the found they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midft of this confufion and furprife, which took hold on all prefent, they faw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks, fo large and long that they trailed upon the ground. Thefe figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewife covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and difmal as themfelves, and followed by a perfonage of gigantic ftature, rolled, rather than cloathed, in a caffock of the blackeft hue, furnifhed with a train of unmeafurable length: over this caffock, his body was girded and croffed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immenfe fcymitar, with hilt and fheath of the fame fable colour. His face was covered with

with a black, tranſparent veil, through which appeared a huge and buſhy beard, as white as ſnow; and in walking he kept time to the ſound of the drums, with great gravity and compoſure. In a word, his tallneſs, his demeanour, his melancholy dreſs, and his attendants, were ſufficient to ſurpriſe, and did ſurpriſe, all thoſe who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the ſcheme. With the ſaid ſolemnity of perſonification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the reſt of the company, received him ſtanding; but his grace would by no means hear his addreſs until he roſe. The prodigious ſpectre complied with his deſire, and ſtood upright; then unveiling his face, and diſplaying the largeſt, whiteſt, thickeſt, and moſt ſtupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, ſonorous voice, extracted and diſcharged from his ample and dilated cheſt, pronounced, 'Moſt high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, ſquire to the Counteſs Trifaldi, otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the afflicted duenna: from her I bring a meſſage to your grace, requeſting that your magnificence would be pleaſed to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in perſon her miſhap, which is the ſtrangeſt and the neweſt that ever the moſt hapleſs imagination could conceive: and firſt of all, ſhe wants to know if the valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de La Mancha now reſides within your caſtle; for in queſt of him ſhe is come a foot and faſting from the kingdom of Candaya to theſe your territories: a circumſtance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at leaſt effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortreſs or pleaſure-houſe, and only waits for your permiſſion to come in.'

So ſaying, he hemmed; and, with both hands ſtroaking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great compoſure for the duke's reply, which was this: 'Worthy Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, many days are paſſed ſince we have been apprized of the miſ-

fortune of my Lady Countefs Trifaldi, on whom the enchanters have entailed the epithet of the afflicted duenna: well may you, ftupendous fquire, defire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, from whofe generous difpofition fhe may fecurely promife herfelf all manner of aid and protection; and you may likewife give her to underftand, in my name, that if my affiftance be neceffary, it fhall not be wanting; for I think myfelf obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed, and belongs, that maxim of affifting the fair-fex with all our might, efpecially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas, like her ladyfhip.' Trifaldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a fignal to the fifer and drums to repeat the fame note, and refume the fame pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company aftonifhed at his prefence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, 'In a word, renowned knight,' faid he, 'it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obfcure the light of valour and of virtue. This obfervation I make, becaufe your excellency has been fcarce fix days in this caftle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in queft of you from the moft diftant and fequeftered countries, not in coaches or on dromedaries, but a-foot and fafting, confident of finding in that moft valiant arm the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes: thanks to your illuftrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe.'

'My Lord Duke,' replied the knight, 'I wifh that fome pious ecclefiaftic was here at prefent; he, who at your grace's table, the other day, expreffed fo much ill-will and fuch an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might fee with his own eyes whether or not fuch knights are of any fervice in this world; or, at leaft, be fully convinced that the diftreffed and difconfolate, overwhelmed with extraordinary woes, and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redrefs to the houfes of

learned

learned men, to the manſions of pariſh prieſts, nor to the knight who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own eſtate; nor to the idle courtier, who would rather enquire about news, that he might have the pleaſure of repeating and retailing them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record: the redreſs of grievances, the ſupport of the neceſſitous, the protection of damſels, and the conſolation of widows, are found in no ſet of people more than in knights-errant: that I am one of theſe, I return infinite thanks to Heaven, and ſhall cheerfully undergo whatever danger and diſgrace may befal me in the courſe of ſuch an honourable exerciſe. Let this duenna approach, and beg what boon ſhe ſhall deſire, I will commit her cauſe to the ſtrength of my arm, and the intrepid reſolution of my aſpiring ſoul.'

CHAP. V.

In which is continued the famous Adventure of the afflicted Duenna.

THE duke and ducheſs were exceedingly rejoiced to ſee Don Quixote's behaviour correſpond ſo well with their deſign. Sancho interpoſing, 'I wiſh,' ſaid he, 'this Madam Duenna may not throw ſome ſtumbling-block in the way of my government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, obſerve, that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a ſpite that ſame apothecary had to the whole tribe! from whence I conclude, that ſeeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatſoever are offenſive and impertinent, what muſt thoſe be who are afflicted, which they ſay is the caſe with this Trifaldis *, or three-tailed counteſs? for, in my country, ſkirts and tails, and tails and ſkirts, are the ſame thing.' 'Hold your tongue, friend Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote: 'this lady, who is come in queſt of me from remote countries, cannot be one of thoſe

* *Faldis*, in Spain, ſignifies ſkirts.

thoſe to whom the apothecary alluded, eſpecially as ſhe is a counteſs; and when ladies of that rank ſerve as duennas, it muſt be under queens and empreſſes; for in their own houſes they are honoured with the title of Ladyſhip, and have other duennas in their ſervice.'

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was preſent, replied, 'My lady ducheſs has duennas in her ſervice, who might have been counteſſes, had it pleaſed fortune; but the law's meaſure is the king's pleaſure: and let no body ſpeak diſreſpectfully of duennas, eſpecially of thoſe who are ancient and maidens; for although I am not of that claſs, I can eaſily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to ſhear us, will have no eaſy taſk to perform.' 'And yet, for all that,' replied Sancho, 'if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require ſo much to be ſhorn, that, 'You had better not ſtir the porridge though it ſtick to the pot.' 'The ſquires are always our enemies,' anſwered Donna Rodriguez: 'they are imps of the antichamber, who are every minute making a jeſt of us; and except when they are at prayers, which is not often the caſe, their whole time is ſpent in back-biting, diſinterring our bones, and interring our reputation. But let me tell thoſe moving blocks, that, in ſpite of all they can do, we will live in the world, aye, in noble families, though we ſhould die of hunger, and clothe our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black ſhroud, as they cover or ſhade a dunghill with tapeſtry on a day of proceſſion. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonſtrate not only to thoſe who are now preſent, but likewiſe to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not center in a duenna.' 'I believe there is reaſon, and a great deal of reaſon, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez obſerves,' ſaid the ducheſs; 'but ſhe muſt wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herſelf and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate thoſe ſentiments from the breaſt of the

the mighty Sancho Panza.' To this remark the ſquire replied: 'Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a ſquire, I value not all the duennas upon earth a fig's end.'

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the ſound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The ducheſs aſked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as ſhe was a counteſs and perſon of quality. 'With regard to her being a counteſs,' ſaid Sancho, before the duke could reply, 'it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but in reſpect to her being a duenna, I think you ſhould not move a ſtep.' 'Who taught thee to interfere in ſuch matters?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Who, Signior?' replied Sancho. 'I interfere, becauſe I am qualified to interfere, as a ſquire who has learned all the punctilios of courteſy in the ſchool of your worſhip, who is the moſt courteous and beſt-bred knight that ever the province of courteſy produced; and in theſe matters, as I have heard your worſhip obſerve, the game is as often loſt by a card too many as one too few; but a word to the wiſe is ſufficient.' 'It is even ſo as Sancho has remarked,' ſaid the duke; 'let us firſt ſee a ſpecimen of the counteſs, and from that ſample conſider what courteſy ſhe deſerves.'

At that inſtant the fifer and drummers entered as before: and here the author concludes this ſhort chapter, in order to begin another with the ſequel of the ſame adventure, which is among the moſt remarkable of the whole hiſtory.

CHAP. VI.

In which is recounted the Misfortune of the afflicted Duenna.

IN the rear of thoſe melancholy muſicians, about a dozen duennas, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in looſe mourning-gowns, ſeemingly of milled ſtuff, with white veils of fine muſlin, ſo long that

that nothing but the borders of the gowns were feen. After thefe came the Countefs Trifaldi, led by her Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, and cloathed in a robe of the fineft black ferge, which, had it been napped, would have difplayed grains as large as the beft Martos garavances *. The tail or fkirt, or whatfoever it is called, was divided into three parts, fupported by three pages, who were likewife in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three divifions, a circumftance from which all who faw this divided train concluded that from hence fhe was called the Countefs of Trifaldi, as if we fhould fay, the Countefs of Three Skirts: and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth: obferving, that her proper appellation was, the Countefs de Wolf, becaufe her country produced a great number of thofe animals; and if it had been famous for foxes, fhe would have been called, my Lady Fox; for it is the cuftom in thofe countries for people of fafhion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their eftates chiefly abound; but this Countefs, in order to favour the fafhion of her train, laid afide the name of Wolf, and affumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a proceffion-pace, their faces covered with white veils, though not tranfparent like that of the Squire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were fo clofe that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian fquadron appeared, the duke and duchefs, Don Quixote, and all thofe who beheld the proceffion, ftood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane through which the afflicted lady advanced, without quitting the hand of Trifaldin, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen fteps to receive her: then fhe kneeled upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarfe and rough, rather than fmooth and

* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andalufia.

and delicate, pronounced this addrefs: 'I beg your graces will be pleafed to wave all this courtefy to your humble varlet—I mean your handmaid*—Indeed, I am fo overwhelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational anfwer: for my ftrange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my underftanding, I know not whither; though it muft be at a great diftance, becaufe the more I feek the farther I am from finding it.' 'He muft be deprived of it all together, my Lady Countefs,' anfwered the duke, 'who could not difcover your worth from the appearance of your perfon, which, without farther enquiry, is deferving of the whole cream of courtefy, and the very effence of polite ceremony.'

So faying, he prefented his hand, and raifing her up, feated her in a chair clofe by the duchefs, who likewife received her with great refpect. Don Quixote was filent, and Sancho ready to burft with curiofity to fee the faces of the Countefs Trifaldi and fome of her duennas; but he could not poffibly gratify his defire, until they unveiled themfelves of their own free will and motion. Every body was hufhed, expecting who would put an end to the general filence, which the afflicted Countefs broke in thefe words: 'Confident I am, O powerful lord, moft beautiful lady, and moft fagacious by-ftanders, that my moft wretchednefs will find a reception equally placid, generous, and dolorous, within your valorous bofoms; for fuch it is, as were enough to foften marble, melt the diamond, and molify the fteel of the moft obdurate heart; but before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to fay your ears, I would I were certified whether or not the per-

fectionatiffimo

* This blunder is much more natural in the Spanifh *criado* for *criada;* but as in the Englifh language, the gender is not diftinguifhed by the termination, I have been obliged to fubftitute the words varlet and handmaid. Varlets were the fervants of yeomen, though formerly fquires were known by that appellation.

fectionatissimo Knight Don Quixote de La Manchissims, and his Squirissimo Panza, are in this groupe, circle, or assembly?' Before any other person could reply, 'Panza,' cried Sancho, 'is here, and likewise Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, most dolorous duennissima, you may say what you think properissimo; for we are all ready and promptissimos to be your servantissimos.' Then Don Quixote rising and addressing himself to the afflicted duenna, 'If your misfortunes, distressed lady,' said he, 'can derive any remedy or redress from the valour or strength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, though feeble and defective, shall be wholly exerted in your behalf. I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose office it is to assist the necessitous of all degrees: and this being the case, as it really is, you have no occasion, Madam, to bespeak benevolence, and seek after preambles: but only to rehearse your misfortunes plainly and without circumlocution, and they shall be heard by those who, though perhaps unable to redress, will at least condole them.'

The afflicted duenna, hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herself at the feet of Don Quixote; nay, even executed the attempt, and struggling to embrace them, exclaimed, 'O invincible knight, I prostrate myself before these feet and legs, which are the bases and supporters of knight-errantry; suffer me to kiss these feet, on whose footsteps the cure of my misfortune solely depends. O valiant errant! whose real exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous feats of all the Amadises, Belianises, and Esplandians——'

Then turning from the knight, and seizing Sancho by the hand, 'And O!' said she, 'thou loyalest squire that ever served knight-errant, in the past or present age, whose virtue exceeds in length the beard of this my domestic Trifaldin, well mayest thou boast that, in attending the great Don Quixote, thou dost attend in epitome, the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms on this terrestrial ball: I conjure thee, by thy own most faithful benevolence, to be my intercessor

ceſſor with thy maſter, that he may inſtantly favour me, the moſt humble and unfortunate counteſs that ever was born.'

To this addreſs Sancho replied, 'Whether my virtue, my lady, be as long and broad as your ſquire's beard, is of very little ſignification; ſo that my ſoul be bearded and whiſkered when it leaves this life, which is the main point, I care little or nothing for beards here below. But, without all this coaxing and begging, I will deſire my maſter, who, I believe, has a reſpect for me, eſpecially now that I am become neceſſary in a certain affair, to favour and aſſiſt your ladyſhip to the utmoſt of his power: your ladyſhip may therefore unpack, and recount your griefs, that all of us may underſtand the nature of your misfortune.'

The duke and ducheſs were ready to burſt with laughing at this dialogue; for they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleaſed with the acuteneſs and diſſimulation of the Counteſs Trifaldi, who ſeating herſelf again, began her ſtory in theſe words:

'Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, ſituated between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Maguncia was queen, as widow of queen Archipiela, her lord and huſband, in which marriage they begat and procreated the Infanta Antonomaſia, heireſs of the crown, which ſaid Infanta Antonomaſia was bred and brought up under my care and inſtruction; for I was her mother's moſt ancient and principal duenna. And it came to paſs, in proceſs of time, that the young Antonomaſia attained the age of fourteen, with ſuch perfection and beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even ſay that diſcretion itſelf was but a girl, compared to her, who was equally diſcreet and beautiful, and ſurely ſhe was the moſt beautiful creature upon earth, and is ſo ſtill, if the invidious fates and hard-hearted ſiſters have not cut ſhort the yarn of her life; but ſurely they have not, for Heaven would not permit ſuch miſchief

mischief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluster from the most beautiful vine that ever soil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarse tongue can never extol, an infinite number of noblemen, natives as well as strangers, became enamoured. Among these, a private knight belonging to the court had the presumption to raise his thoughts to the heaven of such perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents and accomplishments, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for, I must tell your graces, if you are not offended at the subject, that he touched the guittar so nicely as to make it speak; besides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make bird cages so curiously, that he might have earned his bread by that employment, had he been reduced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden; but all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would have availed little or nothing against the fortress of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practised means to reduce me first. The base robber and lewd vagabond began by cultivating my goodwill, and corrupting my taste, that, like a disloyal governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my understanding, and obtained my consent, by presenting me with some jewels and trinkets; but what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were some couplets which I heard him sing one night while I stood at a rail that looked into an alley where he was, and which, to the best of my remembrance, were to this effect—

"A thousand shafts from my sweet foe
"Are launch'd unerring to my heart;
"Yet must I not reveal the smart,
"And silence aggravates my woe!"

'I thought the turn of the rhime was as smooth as pearls, and his voice as sweet as sugar-candy; and,

since

ſince that time, ſeeing the miſchief that hath befallen me, through theſe and other ſuch verſes, I have often thought, that wiſe and well-regulated commonwealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at leaſt your laſcivious writers who compoſe couplets, not like thoſe of the Marquis of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children; but your pointed conceits, which, like agreeable thorns, prick, as it were, the very ſoul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and untouched. Another time he ſung the following ſtanza—

"Come, gentle death, ſo ſoft and ſly,
"That thy approach I may not ſee;
"Leſt I rejoice to ſuch degree,
"That I ſhall not have pow'r to die."

And other tags and couplets of the ſame kidney; which, when written, confound, and when chanted, enchant; for when they condeſcend to compoſe a ſort of verſes in faſhion at that time in Candaya, called roundelays, they produce a kind of palpitation in the ſoul, a titillation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quickſilver, in all the ſenſes. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that ſuch dangerous rhymers ought to be baniſhed to the iſle of lizards: yet they are not ſo much to blame, as the ſimple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them. If I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I ſhould not have been moved by his ſerenading concerts, nor believed the truth of theſe expreſſions—" In death I live; in froſt I burn; in fire I ſhiver; in deſpair I hope; though I depart I ſtill remain;" and other impoſſibilities of the ſame ſtrain, with which their works abound. When they promiſe the phœnix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the balſams of Pancaya, they give the greateſt latitude to their pens; for it coſts them

them but a ſmall matter to promiſe what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform. But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I ſtraying? What madneſs or deſpair thus hurries and prompts me to rehearſe the faults of other people! me, who have ſo much to ſay of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verſes, but my own ſimplicity, was I vanquiſhed: it was not his muſic that ſoftened me; but my own levity, inadvertency, and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path, for the paſſage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the ſaid knight; and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once and often admitted into the chamber of the (by me, and not by him) miſled Antonomaſia, under the title of her lawful ſpouſe; for, ſinner as I am, without being her huſband, he ſhould not have come near enough to touch the ſole of her ſlipper. No, no; marriage muſt go before in every buſineſs of that kind, where I am concerned! the only misfortune in this affair, was the inequality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the Infanta Antonomaſia, who, as I have already ſaid, was heireſs of the kingdom. For ſome time, the plot was covered and concealed in the ſagacity of my circumſpection, until I perceived a ſmall protuberance daily increaſing in the belly of my Antonomaſia, whoſe fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the reſult of our conſultation was, that, before the misfortune ſhould come to light, Clavijo ſhould demand Antonomaſia in marriage, before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract ſigned by the Infanta, which was indited, by my ingenuity, in ſuch ſtrength of terms as Samſon himſelf could not break. The ſcheme was accordingly executed; the vicar peruſed the contract, and confeſſed the princeſs, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court.'

Here Sancho interpoſing, 'So then,' ſaid he, 'there are alguazils of the court, poets and roundelays in Candaya, as well as in Spain? I ſwear, I think the world is

every where the ſame! but I beg your ladyſhip, Madam Trifaldi, would diſpatch; for it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded ſtory.' 'I will comply with your requeſt,' anſwered the counteſs.

CHAP. VII.

In which the Lady Trifaldi proceeds with her memorable and ſtupendous Story.

EVERY word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleaſure to the ducheſs as pain to Don Quixote; who having impoſed ſilence on the ſquire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: 'At length, after innumerable queſtions and replies, as the infanta continued ſtill in her ſtory without variation, the vicar pronounced ſentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful huſband; a circumſtance that ſo deeply affected Queen Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomaſia, that we buried her in three days.' 'Not before ſhe was dead, I hope,' ſaid Sancho. 'No, certainly,' replied Trifaldin; 'for, in Candaya, people do not bury the living, but the dead.' 'And yet, Signior Squire,' ſaid Sancho, 'we have ſeen a perſon in a ſwoon buried for dead: and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have ſwooned rather than died; for while there is life there is hope, and the infanta's ſlip was not ſo great as to oblige her to take on ſo much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or any other ſervant in the family, as I have heard many others have done, the miſchief would not have been eaſily repaired; but to marry ſuch a genteel, accompliſhed knight, as the counteſs hath deſcribed——verily, verily, although it was indiſcreet, the indiſcretion was not ſo great as people may imagine; for, according to the maxims of my maſter, who is here preſent, and will not ſuffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created biſhops, ſo may knights, eſpecially knights-errant, be created kings and emperors.' 'Thou art in the right, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for a knight-errant, with two fingers-breadth of

of good fortune, is the very next in promotion to the greateſt lord in the univerſe. But, pray, afflicted lady, proceed; for I gueſs the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable ſtory is ſtill to come.' 'How! the bitter part to come?' replied the counteſs; 'aye, and ſo bitter, that in compariſon with it, gall and wormwood are ſweet and ſavoury.

'Well, then, the queen being really dead, and not in a ſwoon, was buried; but ſcarce was ſhe covered with the mould, and ſcarce had we pronounced the long and laſt farewel, when, *Quis talia fando, temperet a lacrymis?* all of a ſudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden horſe the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's firſt couſin, who, excluſive of his cruel diſpoſition, was an inchanter, and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation's death, and chaſtiſe the preſumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonomaſia, fixed them both enchanted on Maguncia's tomb, after having converted her into a monkey of braſs, and him into a frightful crocodile of ſome unknown ſubſtance: between them is a plate of metal, diſplaying an inſcription in the Syrian language, which being tranſlated into the Candayan, and afterwards into the Caſtilian tongue, contains this ſentence: "Theſe two preſumptuous lovers will not recover their priſtine form, until the valorous Manchegan ſhall engage with me in ſingle combat; for his ſtupendous valour alone, the fates have reſerved this unſeen adventure." This metamorphoſis being effected, he unſheathed a vaſt unmeaſurable ſcymitar, and twiſting his left hand in my hair, threatened to ſlit my windpipe, and ſlice off my head. I was confounded, my voice ſtuck in my throat, and I remained in an agony of fear: nevertheleſs, I made one effort, and, in a faultering accent and plaintive tone, uttered ſuch a pathetic remonſtrance as induced him to ſuſpend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennas of the palace (there they are) to be brought into his preſence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, reviled the diſpoſition of duennas, their wicked ſchemes and contrivances, and

accuſed

accuſed them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he ſaid he would not puniſh us with inſtant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which we ſhould ſuffer a civil and continued death. He had no ſooner done ſpeaking, than that very moment and inſtant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole ſurface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles; then clapping our hands on the part, every one found her viſage in the condition which you ſhall now behold.'

So ſaying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, diſcloſed ſo many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white, and party-coloured; at ſight of which, the duke and ducheſs were amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all preſent overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment; as for the counteſs, ſhe purſed her ſtory in theſe words.

'In this manner were we puniſhed by the felonious and ill-deſigning Malambruno, who covered the ſmoothneſs and delicacy of our faces with the roughneſs of theſe briſtles; and would to Heaven he had rather ſtruck off our heads with his unmeaſurable ſcymitar, than obſcured the light of our countenances with this frightful buſh; for if this honourable company will but conſider, and in ſpeaking what I am now going to ſay, I wiſh I could turn my eyes into fountains; but the conſideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and, therefore, I muſt ſpeak without tears: I ſay then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? What father and mother will condole her diſgrace? or, who will give her the leaſt aſſiſtance? for if, wheh her face is ſmoothed and martyred by a thouſand coſmetic ſlops and waſhes, ſhe can ſcarce find one who will favour her with affection, what muſt ſhe do when her face becomes a perfect coppice of bruſhwood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we ſee the light, and in an hapleſs hour were we engendered by our fathers.'

So ſaying, ſhe pretended to faint away.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Circumſtances appertaining and relating to this Adventure and memorable Story.

VERILY, and in good truth! all thoſe who take pleaſure in reading ſuch hiſtories, ought to manifeſt their gratitude to its firſt author, Cid Hamet, for his curioſity in recounting the moſt trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the leaſt circumſtance, how minute ſoever it may be. He deſcribes the thought, diſcloſes the fancy, anſwers the ſilent, explains doubts, diſcuſſes arguments, and finally diſplays the very atoms of the moſt curious diſpoſition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flouriſh conjunctly and ſeverally to the end of time, for the entertainment and paſtime of mankind in general!

The hiſtory relates, that Sancho ſeeing the Afflicted faint away, 'Now, by the faith of man!' cried he, 'and by the pedigree of all the Panzas my forefathers! never did I hear or ſee, nor did my maſter recount, or indeed conceive, ſuch an adventure as this! A legion of devils confound thee for a giant and enchanter, accurſed Malambruno! could thou find no other method to puniſh theſe ſinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would it not have been better, at leaſt it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half their noſes, even though they ſhould ſnuffle in their ſpeech, than to encumber them with beards? I'd lay a wager, too, that they have not wherewithal to pay a barber!' 'What you ſay is very true,' replied one of the dozen; 'we have not wherewithal to be trimmed, and therefore ſome of us, by way of œconomy, make uſe of ſticking plaiſter, which being applied to our faces, and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as ſleek and ſmooth as the bottom of a marble mortar; for, although there are women in Candaya who go from houſe to houſe, taking off the hair, arching the eye-brows, and compoſing ſlipſlops for the uſe of the fair-ſex, we who be-

longed

longed to her ladyſhip would never admit them into the family, becauſe, for the moſt part, they are perſons who having ceaſed to be principals, exerciſe the occupation of procureſſes; and therefore, if we are not redreſſed by Signior Don Quixote, we muſt e'en carry our beards to the grave.' 'If I do not redreſs your whiſkers,' cried the knight, 'I will leave mine among the Moors!'

Here the Counteſs Trifaldi recovering, 'Valiant knight,' ſaid ſhe, 'the tingling of that promiſe reached mine ears awhile I lay in a ſwoon, and hath been the cauſe of my recovering and retrieving the uſe of all my ſenſes; therefore, renowned errant, and invincible knight, I again entreat you to put your gracious promiſe in execution.' 'In me there ſhall be no delay,' replied Don Quixote: 'Conſider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do; my mind is perfectly diſpoſed for your ſervice.'

'The caſe is this,' anſwered the afflicted duenna: 'from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you muſt travel five thouſand leagues; it may be one or two more or leſs; but if you go through the air, in a right line, you meaſure no more than three thouſand two hundred and twenty-ſeven. You muſt likewiſe know, Malambruno told me, that whenever fortune ſhould furniſh me with our deliverer, he would ſend him a ſteed that ſhould be much better and leſs vicious than any of your return poſt-horſes, as being the very individual wooden-horſe upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead, that ſerves inſtead of a bridle; and he flies ſo ſwiftly through the air, that one would think he was tranſported by all the devils in hell. This ſteed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the Sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who, by means of ſuch conveyance, performed incredible journies, and ſtole, as I have obſerved, the fair Magalona, who ſat behind him, and was tranſported through the air, to the aſtoniſhment of all thoſe who

gaped

gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or ſuch as would pay him a handſome price; as we do not know that he was ever mounted from the days of the great Peter to the preſent time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got, and keeps him in his poſſeſſion, making uſe of him in his journies, which he performs in an inſtant, from one part of the world to another; now here, to-morrow in France, and next day at Peru: and there is one great advantage in this, horſe, he neither eats nor ſleeps, nor coſts any thing in ſhoeing, and ambles through the air without wings in ſuch a manner, that the rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand without ſpilling a ſingle drop, his motion is ſo ſmooth and eaſy; for which reaſon, the fair Magalona delighted much in taking the air upon his back. 'As for his going ſmooth and eaſy,' ſaid Sancho, 'there is my Dapple, whom (though he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match againſt all the amblers that ever the earth produced.' All the company laughed at this obſervation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded; 'Now, this horſe, if Malambruno is actually diſpoſed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in leſs than half an hour after it is dark: for he told me the ſignal by which I ſhould be certain of having found the knight I was in queſt of, would be his ſending the horſe thither with all convenient diſpatch.' 'And pray', ſaid Sancho, 'how many perſons will this horſe carry? 'Two,' replied the Afflicted; 'one upon the ſaddle, and the other upon the crupper; and theſe are commonly the knight and the ſquire, when there is no damſel to be ſtolen.' 'I ſhould be glad to know, afflicted Madam,' reſumed the ſquire, 'what is the name of that ſame horſe?' 'His name,' anſwered the Afflicted, 'is not like that of Bellerophon's horſe, which was called Pegaſus; nor does it reſemble that which diſtinguiſhed the ſteed of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus; nor that of Orlando Furioſo, whoſe appellation was Brilladoro; nor Bayete, which belonged to Rey-

raldo de Montalban; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugiero; nor Bootes, nor Peritoa, the horſes of the ſun; nor is he called Orelia, like that ſteed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, laſt king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he loſt his crown and life.' 'I will lay a wager,' cried Sancho, 'that as he is not diſtinguiſhed by any of thoſe famous names of horſes ſo well known, ſo neither have they given him the name of my maſter's horſe Rozinante; a name which, in propriety, exceeds all thoſe that have been named.' 'Very true,' replied the bearded counteſs; 'nevertheleſs, it fits him very well; for he is called Clavileno Aligero*, an appellation that ſuits exactly with his wooden ſubſtance, the peg in his forehead, and the ſwiftneſs with which he travels; ſo that, for his name, he may be brought in competition even with the famous Rozinante.' 'The name pleaſes me well enough,' ſaid Sancho; 'but what ſort of bridle or halter muſt be uſed in managing him?' 'I have already told you,' anſwered Trifaldi, 'that by turning the peg, the knight who rides can make him travel juſt as he pleaſes, either mounting through the air; or elſe ſweeping, and, as it were, bruſhing the ſurface of the earth; or, laſtly, ſailing through the middle region, which is the courſe to be ſought after and purſued, in all well-concerted enterprizes.'

'I ſhould be glad to ſee this ſame beaſt,' replied the ſquire; 'but to think that I will mount him, either in the ſaddle or in the crupper, is all the ſame thing as to look for pears on an elm. A fine joke, i'faith! I can ſcarce keep the back of my own Dapple, though ſitting upon a pannel as ſoft as ſattin, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board, without any pillow or cuſhion. By the Lord! I have no intention to bruiſe myſelf, in order to take off the beard of any perſon whatſoever; let every beard be ſhaved according to the owner's fancy: for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my maſter in ſuch a long and tedious journey;

* Or, in Engliſh, 'Wooden Peg the Winged.'

journey; for furely I have no concern in the fhaving of beards, whatever I may have in the difinchantment of Dulcinea.' 'Indeed, you have, my friend,' anfwered Trifaldi; 'aye, and fo much, that without your prefence I believe we fhall do no good.' 'In the king's name,' cried Sancho, 'what have fquires to do with the adventures of their mafters? What! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble? Body o'me! would your hiftorians but mention, that fuch a knight atchieved fuch and fuch an adventure, with the affiftance of his Squire What-d'ye-call-um, without whom he could not poffibly have finifhed the exploit; but, they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, finifhed the adventure of the fix goblins, without even naming the fquire, who was prefent all the time, no more than if there was not fuch a perfon in the world: I therefore fay again to this honourable company, that my mafter may go by himfelf, and good luck attend him; but, for my own part, I will ftay where I am, and keep my Lady Duchefs company; and peradventure, at his return, he may find my Lady Dulcinea's bufinefs well forwarded; for I intend, at my idle and leifure hours, to whip myfelf to fuch a tune, that not a fingle hair fhall ftand before me.'

'But, for all that,' faid the duchefs, 'honeft Sancho, you muft attend him, fhould there be occafion; for you will be folicited by the righteous; and furely it would be a great pity, that the faces of thefe gentlewomen fhould continue overfhadowed with hair, merely for your needlefs apprehenfion.' 'I fay again, in the king's name!' cried Sancho, 'if this charity fhould be of any benefit to releafe maidens or parifh-children, a man might venture to undergo fome trouble; but to take fuch pains in order to rid duennas of their beards! a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather fee them all bearded from the higheft to the loweft, tag, rag, and bobtail.' 'Friend Sancho,' faid the duchefs, 'you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much infected

infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good footh, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my houfe, who might ferve as patterns of virtue; and here ftands Donna Rodriguez, who would not fuffer me to fay otherwife. 'Your excellency may fay what you pleafe,' anfwered Rodriguez; 'but God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or fmooth, we duennas were born of our mothers, as well as other women: fince, therefore, God fent us into the world, he knows for what; and in his mercy do I put my truft, and not in the beard of any perfon whatfoever.'

''Tis very well, Signora Rodriguez, Madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company,' faid Don Quixote; 'Heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will chearfully obey my orders: let Clavileno come, fo that I may once fee myfelf engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can fhave your ladyfhips with more facility than my fword fhould find in fhaving the giant's head from his fhoulders; for though God permits the wicked to profper, it is but for a time.' The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, 'Now, may all the ftars of the celeftial regions fhed their benign influence upon your worfhip, moft valiant knight, infufing courage into your foul, and crowning your atchievements with profperity, that you may be the fhield and fupport of this our flighted and depreffed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by fquires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for, though we may be defcended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw 'Thou' in our teeth, even if they thought they fhould be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno! who, though an inchanter, art always punctual in thy promifes, fend hither the peerlefs Clavileno, that our difafter may be done away; for, if our beards continue until the dog-days begin, woe be unto us!'

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetic strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the by-standers, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, provided his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances.

CHAP. IX.

Of Clavileno's Arrival; and the Conclusion of this protracted Adventure,

MEANWHILE, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous steed Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for he looked upon the detention of the horse, as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But, lo! all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a green wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, 'Let him who has courage mount this machine.' 'For my own part,' said Sancho, 'I do not mount: for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight.' But the savage proceeded, saying, 'Let the squire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the sword of that giant, no other steel or malice shall offend him; and the knight has no more to do, but to turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival; but lest the height and sublimity of the road should turn their heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse should neigh, for that will be the signal of their having performed the journey.' This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came with great solemnity.

The

The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the steed, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, 'Valiant knight,' said she, 'Malambruno's promise is made good: here stands the horse, our beards are still growing, and each of us, nay, every hair upon our chins, supplicate thee to shave and shear them, since there is nothing else required but to mount with thy squire, and happily begin your journey.' 'That will I do, my Lady Countess Trifaldi,' replied Don Quixote, 'with good will, and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by spending time in furnishing myself with a cushion, or even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and those duennas quite smooth and shaven.' 'That will I not do,' cried Sancho, 'neither with hearty nor heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my master must look for another squire to attend him, and these ladies must find another method for smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard, to take delight in flying through the air: and pray, what would my islanders say, should they know their governor was riding upon the wind? Moreover, it being three thousand and so many more leagues from hence to Candaya, should the horse be tired, or the giant out of humour, we may spend half a dozen years in returning; and by that time, the devil an island or islander in the whole world will know my face. It is a common saying, that Delay breeds danger; and, When the heifer you receive, have a halter in your sleeve. The beards of these ladies must therefore excuse me: I know St. Peter is well at Rome; my meaning is, I find myself very well in this mansion, where I am treated with such respect, and from the master of which I expect so great a favour as that of being made a governor.' To this remonstrance the duke replied, 'Friend Sancho, the island I have promised is neither floating or fugitive, but its roots are so deeply fixed in the bowels of the earth, that three good pulls will not remove or tear it

away; and, as you are ſenſible, I know there is no kind of office of any importance that is not obtained by ſome ſort of bribe, more or leſs, the preſent I expect for the government is, that you will attend your maſter, Don Quixote, in crowning and accompliſhing this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileno with that diſpatch which his ſpeed ſeems to promiſe; or, by the cruelty of adverſe fortune, you come back in the habit of a pilgrim, begging on foot, from houſe to houſe, and from one inn to another; you ſhall, nevertheleſs, at your return, find your iſland where you left it, and your iſlanders actuated by the ſame deſire of receiving you as their governor, which they have always indulged; and as for my inclination, it can never change; for, to entertain the leaſt doubt of my ſincerity, Signior Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the attachment I feel for your ſervice.' Enough, my lord,' cried Sancho: 'I am a poor ſquire, and cannot bear ſuch a load of courteſy; let my maſter mount, and my eyes be covered; recommend me to God; and let me know whether, while we travel through thoſe altitudes, I may call upon the name of the Lord, or implore the protection of his angels.' To this interrogation, the Counteſs replied, 'You may recommend yourſelf to God, or to whom you will; for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is nevertheleſs a Chriſtian, and performs his enchantments with great ſagacity and caution, nor does he intermeddle in any perſon's affairs.' 'Well, then,' cried Sancho, 'God, and the moſt Holy Trinity of Gaeta, be my guide and protection!' Since the memorable adventure of the fulling mills,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I have never ſeen Sancho ſo infected with fear, as upon this occaſion; and, if I were as much addicted to ſuperſtition as ſome people are, his puſillanimity would produce ſome compunction in my ſoul: but, come hither, Sancho: for, with the permiſſion of that noble pair, I would ſpeak two words with you in private."

Then

Then taking his ſquire aſide into a tuft of trees, and graſping both his hands, 'You ſee, brother Sancho,' ſaid he, 'the long journey that awaits us; and God knows when we ſhall return, and what leiſure or convenience our buſineſs may allow: I therefore beg thou wilt now retire to thy apartment, on pretence of fetching ſome neceſſaries for the road, and, in the twinkling of a ſtraw, inflict upon thyſelf ſome five hundred of thoſe three thouſand three hundred laſhes for which thou are engaged, and they ſhall ſtand good in the account; for, when à thing is once began, it is almoſt as good as half finiſhed.' 'Before God!' cried Sancho, 'your worſhip muſt be out of your ſenſes: this is juſt as they ſay, You ſee me in a hurry, and aſk me to marry. Now, when I am going to ride upon a wooden crupper, would your worſhip have me afflict my poſteriors? Verily, verily, your worſhip was never more out of the way: at preſent, let us proceed and ſhave thoſe duennas, and at our return, I promiſe to your worſhip, on the faith of my character, to quit my ſcore with ſuch diſpatch, that your worſhip ſhall be ſatisfied; and I'll ſay no more.' 'Well, then,' anſwered the knight, 'I will conſole myſelf, honeſt Sancho, with that promiſe, which I really believe thou wilt perform; for, ſurely, though thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue.' 'Green,' ſaid Sancho; 'my head is not green, but black; but even though it were pyebald, I would perform my promiſe.'

After this ſhort dialogue they returned, in order to take horſe; then, the knight addreſſing himſelf to the ſquire, 'Sancho,' ſaid he, 'ſuffer yourſelf to be hoodwinked, and get up: he who ſends for us from ſuch diſtant regions, can have no intention to deceive us, becauſe he could reap no glory from having deceived thoſe who depended on his ſincerity; and, although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken ſuch an exploit no malice whatſoever can impair.' Come, then, Signior,' cried the ſquire, 'for the beards and tears of thoſe ladies are ſo imprinted

in my heart, that I ſhall not ſwallow a mouthful to do me good, until I ſee them reſtored to their original ſmoothneſs. Get up, Signior, and hoodwink yourſelf firſt: for if the crupper is to be my ſeat, it is plain that you muſt mount firſt into the ſaddle.' 'You are in the right,' replied Don Quixote; who, pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, deſired the afflicted duenna to faſten it round his eyes, which, however, were no ſooner covered, than he took off the bandage, ſaying, 'If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horſe offered to the goddeſs Pallas, the bowels of which horſe were filled with armed men, who afterwards occaſioned the total deſtruction of Troy; and, therefore, it will not be amiſs, firſt of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno.' 'There is no occaſion,' ſaid the afflicted duenna; 'for I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart: your worſhip, Signior Don Quixote, may therefore mount, without the leaſt apprehenſion; and if any miſchief befal you, lay it at my door.' The knight reflecting that any heſitation about his perſonal ſafety would be a diſparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno, without farther altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with eaſe; and his legs hanging down at full length, for want of ſtirrups, he looked like a figure in ſome Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemiſh tapeſtry.

Then Sancho, very ſlowly, and much againſt his will, crept up behind, and ſeating himſelf as well as he could upon the crupper, found it ſo hard and uneaſy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with ſome cuſhion or pillow, though it ſhould be taken from my Lady Ducheſs's ſopha, or ſome page's bed; for the crupper of that horſe ſeemed to be made of marble rather than wood.

Here Trifaldi interpoſing, aſſured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but ſaid he might ſit ſideways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be ſenſible of the hardneſs. Sancho took

her

her advice, and saying adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he, with tears in his eyes, besought them to assist him in that extremity with a brace of Paternosters, and as many Ave Marias, as God should provide somebody to do as much for them in like time of need.

Don Quixote hearing this apostrophe, 'How now, miscreant!' said he, 'are you brought to the gallows, or in the last agonies of death, that you make use of such intreaties? Dispirited and cowardly creature! Art not thou seated in the very same place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which she descended, not to her grave, but to the crown of France, if history speaks truth? And I, who sit by thy side, surely may vie with valiant Peter, who pressed the selfsame back now pressed by me. Shroud, shroud thine eyes, thou animal without a soul, and let not those symptoms of fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence.' 'Hoodwink me then,' answered Sancho; 'and since I must neither recommend myself, nor be recommended, to the protection of God, what wonder is it, if I am afraid we shall meet with some legion of devils, who will treat us according to the Peralvillo law?'*

Their eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his seat, turned the peg; and scarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were present, raised their voices, crying, 'Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! God be thy protection, intrepid squire!—Now, now, you rise and cut the liquid sky more swiftly than an ar-

* Equivalent to Abington law; in consequence of which, a criminal is first executed, and then tried. Peralvillo is a village near Cividad Real, in Castile, where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken *in flagrante*, who require no trial. Hence the phrase, '*La justicia de Peralvillo, que aborcado el hombre, le baze la pesquisa.*' i. e. 'Peralvillo law, which begins the process after the man is hanged.'

row; now, you begin to aſtoniſh and confound all thoſe who gaze upon you from this earthly ſpot!—Hold faſt, valiant Sancho, for we ſee thee totter; beware of falling: to fall from ſuch an height would be more fatal than the fall of that aſpiring youth whoſe ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the ſun his father.'

Sancho, hearing this exclamation, crept cloſer to his maſter, and hugging him in his arms, 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'how can we be ſo high as thoſe people ſay we are, ſeeing we can hear them ſpeak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?'—'You muſt not mind that circumſtance,' anſwered the knight; 'for theſe incidents and flights being out of the ordinary courſe of things, you may hear and ſee what you pleaſe, at the diſtance of a thouſand leagues: but do not ſqueeze me ſo hard, leſt I tumble from my ſeat. I really cannot imagine what it is that diſturbs and affrights thee; for I ſwear, in all the days of my life, I never beſtrode a horſe of a more eaſy pace: indeed, he goes ſo ſmoothly, that I can hardly feel him move. Diſpel thy fear, my friend, for truly the buſineſs goes on ſwimmingly, and we ſail right afore the wind.'—'You are certainly in the right,' anſwered Sancho: 'for on this ſide, there blows as freſh a gale as if I was fanned with a thouſand pair of bellows.'

Nor was he much miſtaken in his conjecture; for the wind that blew was actually produced by one of thoſe machines: ſo well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and ducheſs, and their ſteward, that nought was wanting to render it complete. Then the knight feeling the ſame breeze, 'Without doubt,' ſaid he, 'we muſt be arrived at the ſecond region of the air, in which hail and ſnow are produced; meteors, thunder and lightning, are engendered in the third region: if we continue to mount at this rate, we ſhall in a very little time reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, ſo as to put a ſtop to our riſing, and prevent our being ſcorched to a cinder.'

In

In the midst of this conversation their faces were warmed with some tow that was kindled for the purpose, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho feeling the heat, 'Let me perish!' cried he, 'if we are not now come to that same habitation of fire; for a great part of my beard is already singed; and I am resolved to uncover my eyes, that I may see whereabouts we are.'—'By no means,' answered the knight: 'remember the true story of the licentiate Toralva, who being mounted on a cane, was conveyed through the air, with his eyes shut, by the devils: in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is in one of the streets of that city, whence he beheld the whole tumult, assault, and death, of the constable of Bourbon; and before morning he had returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of that transaction. He likewise affirmed, that while he travelled through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes, and he saw himself so near the body of the moon, that he could have touched it with his hand: but he durst not look towards the earth, lest his head should have turned giddy. Let us not, therefore, uncover our eyes, Sancho; he in whose charge we are will give a good account of us; and, perhaps, we are now at the very point of our elevation, from whence we shall come souse upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a faker or jerfaulcon darts down upon an heron with a force proportioned to his rise: and, although it seems to us no more than half an hour since we set out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immense way.'—'As to that matter, I am quite ignorant,' said Sancho: 'this only I know, that if Madam Magallanes or Magalona took pleasure in sitting upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been very tender.'

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well-concerted adventure, they set fire to Clavileno's

tail with fome lighted flax; his belly being filled with fquibs and crackers, he inftantly blew up with a dreadful explofion, and Don Quixote, with his fquire, came to the ground more than half finged. By this time the whole bearded fquadron, with my Lady Trifaldi, had vanifhed from the garden, and all the reft of the company were ftretched upon the ground as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all around, were aftonifhed to find themfelves in the fame garden from which they took their flight, and to fee fuch a number of people extended along the grafs: but their admiration was ftill more encreafed, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huge lance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance, by two cords of green filk, a fmooth, white fkin of parchment, on which was the following infcription in large golden letters:

'The renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha has finifhed and atchieved the adventure of the Countefs Trifaldi, alias the afflicted Duenna, and her companions, folely by his having undertaken the enterprize.

'Malambruno is wholly fatisfied and appeafed; the chins of the duennas are fmooth and clean; their Majefties Don Clavijo and Antonomafia are reftored to their original form: and when the fquirely flagellation fhall be accomplifhed, the white dove will be delivered from the peftilential talons of her perfecutors, and find herfelf within the arms of her beloved turtle; for fuch is the decree of the fage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all enchanters.'

Don Quixote having read this fcroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the difenchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thoufand thanks to Heaven for his fuccefs in having finifhed fuch a mighty exploit with fo little danger, and reduced to their priftine form the faces of thofe venerable duennas who had difappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and duchefs lay entranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, 'Courage! courage, my noble lord!' faid he; 'all

'all is over now! the adventure is finiſhed, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inſcription of yonder ſcroll.'

The duke ſeemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound ſleep; his example was followed by the ducheſs, and all the reſt who lay along the garden; and they exhibited ſuch marks of fear and aſtoniſhment, that, even almoſt to themſelves, that ſeemed to have happened in earneſt which they had ſo well acted in jeſt. The duke, having read the inſcription with his eyes half ſhut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the moſt worthy knight that any age had ever produced; while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to ſee if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment ſeemed to promiſe. But he was told, that as Clavileno deſcended in a flame from the ſky, the whole ſquadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vaniſhed, and their faces ſmack-ſmooth as if they had been clean ſhaven.

Then the ducheſs aſking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey; the ſquire replied, 'As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my maſter told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a ſtrong inclination to have a peep; but my maſter would not conſent, when I begged his permiſſion to uncover my eyes; nevertheleſs, I, who have a ſort of a chip of curioſity, and an eager deſire to know what I am forbid to enquire about, fair and ſoftly, without being perceived by any living ſoul, pulled down upon my noſe the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by theſe means had a glimpſe of the earth, which ſeemed no bigger than a grain of muſtard, and the men that walked upon it almoſt as little as hazle nuts; ſo you may gueſs how high we muſt have ſoared by that time.'

To this aſſeveration the ducheſs anſwered, 'Have a care, friend Sancho; from what you ſay, it appears that it could not be the earth, but the men walking upon it, whom you ſaw; for if the earth appeared like a grain

of

of muſtard, and every man as big as a nut, it clearly follows, that one man muſt have covered the whole earth.' 'Very true,' ſaid Sancho; 'but, for all that, I had a ſide view, by which I diſcovered the whole globe.' 'Take notice, Sancho,' reſumed the ducheſs, 'that it is impoſſible to ſee the whole of any thing by a ſide view.' 'I know nothing of views,' replied the ſquire; 'this only I know, your ladyſhip ought to conſider, that as we flew by inchantment, ſo might I, by inchantment, ſee the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in any ſort of view whatſover; and if your ladyſhip will not believe me in that, no more will you believe me when I tell you, that puſhing up the handkerchief towards my eye-brows, I found myſelf within a hand's breadth and a half of heaven, which I'll aſſure your ladyſhip upon oath is very huge; and it came to paſs, that our road lay cloſe to the ſeven nanny-goats*: now, I having been a goat-herd in my youth, before God and my conſcience! I no ſooner ſet eyes on them, than I was ſeized with the inclination to divert myſelf a little with the pretty creatures, and if I had not done it, I believe I ſhould have burſt for vexation. Come on then, what does me I? but, without ſaying a word to any living ſoul, not even to my maſter, fairly and ſoftly ſlide down from Clavileno, and ſport with the nannies, which are like violets and lilies, for the ſpace of three quarters of an hour, and all that time the horſe did not budge a ſtep from the place.'

'And while honeſt Sancho diverted himſelf with the goats,' ſaid the duke, 'how was Signior Don Quixote entertained?' To this interrogation the knight replied, 'As all theſe adventures and incidents are out of the ordinary courſe of nature, we are not to wonder at what Sancho has told: for my own part, I can ſafely affirm, that I neither ſhoved up or nor pulled down the bandage, nor did ſee either heaven, or earth, or ſea, or land. True it is, I perceived we paſſed through the region of the

* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *cabrillas*, i. e. nanny-goats.

the air, and even bordered upon the region of fire, but that we travelled beyond it I cannot believe; for the fiery region being between the ſphere of the moon and the utmoſt region of the air, we could not reach that firmament in which are placed the ſeven nannies, as Sancho calls them, without being ſcorched to death; and ſeeing we are not ſcorched, either Sancho lyes, or Sancho dreams.' 'I neither lye nor dream,' cried the ſquire: 'let them aſk the marks of the nanny-goats, and by my anſwers you will perceive whether or not I ſpeak truth.' 'Deſcribe them, then, Sancho,' ſaid the ducheſs. 'Two of them,' replied Sancho, 'are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley.' 'This is a new breed,' ſaid the duke; 'in our region of earth there are no ſuch colours; I mean among the nanny-goats.' 'That is very plain,' replied the ſquire; 'there muſt be ſome difference between the goats of heaven and thoſe upon earth.' 'Pray, tell me, Sancho,' ſaid his grace, 'didſt thou ſee never a he-goat among thoſe females†?' 'No, my lord,' anſwered the ſquire: 'I have been told that none of thoſe paſs beyond the horns of the moon.'

They did not chuſe to interrogate him farther about his journey; for they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each, though he had never ſtirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and ducheſs, not only at that time, but during the whole courſe of their lives; as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the ſquire, whiſpered in his ear, 'Hark ye, Sancho; ſince you would have us believe what you ſay, touching the things which you ſaw in heaven, I deſire the like credit from you with regard to thoſe things I ſaw in the cave of Monteſinos: that's all.'

CHAP.

† There is a kind of pleaſantry in this queſtion of the duke, which cannot be tranſlated; for the Spaniſh word, *cabron*, ſignifies a cuckold, as well as a he-goat.

CHAP. X.

Containing Don Quixote's Instructions to Sancho Panza, before he set out for his Government; with other well-weighed Incidents.

THE duke and duchess were so well pleased with the diverting and happy success of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they resolved to proceed with the jest, seeing what a proper subject they had to make it pass for earnest. Having therefore communicated their scheme and instructions to their servants and vassals, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island, on the day succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke desired him to prepare and make himself ready to set out for his government, as the islanders already longed for him as much as for May showers.

Sancho, having made his obeisance, 'Since my descent from heaven,' said he, 'and since from its lofty summit I have viewed the earth, and found it of such small extent, my desire of being a governor is much moderated; for what grandeur can there be in reigning over a grain of mustard-seed? or what dignity and empire in governing half a dozen of mortals no bigger than filberts? for the whole earth seemed to contain nothing more. If your lordship would be pleased to bestow upon me a small trifling space in heaven, though it should not be above half a league, I would more gladly receive it than the best island in the world.' 'You must consider, friend Sancho,' replied the duke, 'that I have it not in my power to give away any part of heaven; no, not a nail's breadth; these favours and benefits are in the gift of God alone. What is in my power I freely give you; namely, a good island, right and tight, round and well proportioned, above measure fertile, and so abounding with all good things, that, if you mind your hits, you may with the riches of earth purchase the opulence of heaven.' 'Well then,' cried Sancho, 'let this island be forthcoming, and I will struggle

hard, but I ſhall be ſuch a governor, that, in ſpite of knaves, I may go to heaven; and take notice, it is not from avarice that I deſire to quit my cottage, and raiſe myſelf to a footing with my betters, but ſolely to taſte and try what it is to be a governor.' Nay, if once you taſte it,' ſaid the duke, 'you will be ready to eat your fingers after the government; for nothing is ſo delicious as to command and be obeyed: certain I am, that when your maſter ſhall come to be an emperor, as will doubtleſs be the caſe, conſidering the current of his affairs, it will not be in the power of any perſon upon earth to tear it from him; and he will ſorely grieve, and heartily rue the time he has loſt before his advancement to ſuch an imperial ſtation.' 'Indeed, my lord,' replied Sancho, 'I imagine it muſt be a very pleaſant thing to govern, even though it ſhould be but a flock of ſheep.' 'May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know every thing!' anſwered the duke. 'I hope you will turn out ſuch a governor as your judgment and ſagacity ſeem to promiſe: but here let that matter reſt; and take notice, that to-morrow morning you muſt ſet out for the government of the iſland; and this evening you ſhall be accommodated with a convenient dreſs, and all other neceſſaries for your departure.' 'They may dreſs me as they will,' ſaid the ſquire; 'but, be that as it may, I ſhall ſtill be Sancho Panza.' 'True,' replied the duke; 'but the garb ought always to be ſuited to the dignity and function of the profeſſion; for it would be a great impropriety in a lawyer to appear in the dreſs of a ſoldier, or in a ſoldier to wear canonicals: you, Sancho, muſt wear an habit that ſhall partly beſpeak the gown, and partly the ſword; for in the iſland which I have beſtowed upon you, letters and arms are both neceſſary.' 'As for letters,' anſwered Sancho, 'I am but indifferently ſtored, as I am even ignorant of the a, b, c; but, provided I remember my Chriſt-croſs, I ſhall be ſufficiently qualified for a good governor. With regard to arms, I ſhall uſe thoſe that may be put into my hand, until I can ſtand no longer, and God be my ſhield!'

ſhield!' 'With ſuch an excellent memory,' ſaid the duke, 'Sancho can never fall into the leaſt miſtake.'

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who underſtanding the ſubject of their converſation, and the ſhort ſpace allotted to Sancho to prepare for his departure, took the ſquire by the hand, with the duke's permiſſion, and led him to his apartment, in order to inſtruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to ſit down by him, ſpoke to this effect, in a grave and ſolemn tone.

'I return infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that, before I myſelf have met with the leaſt ſucceſs, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had balanced the remuneration of thy ſervice in my own proſperity, find myſelf in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reaſonable progreſſion, findeſt thy deſire accompliſhed. Other people bribe, ſolicit, importune, attend levees, entreat, and perſevere, without obtaining their ſuit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himſelf in poſſeſſion of that office to which ſo many people laid claim; and here the old ſaying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a ton of merit. Thou, who, in compariſon to me, art doubtleſs an ignorant dunce, without riſing early, or ſitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the leaſt induſtry; without any pretenſion, more or leſs, than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, ſeeſt thyſelf created governor of an iſland, as if it was a matter of moonſhine. All this I obſerve, O Sancho, that thou mayeſt not attribute thy ſucceſs to thy own deſerts; but give thanks to Heaven for having diſpoſed matters ſo beneficially in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which centers in the profeſſion of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus pre-diſpoſed to believe what I have ſaid, be attentive, O my ſon, to me, who am thy Cato, thy counſellor, thy north pole, and guide,

to

to conduct thee into a secure harbour, from the tempestuous sea into which thou art going to be engulphed; for great posts, and offices of state, are no other than a profound gulph of confusion.

'In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God: the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and if you are wise, you cannot err.

' 'Secondly, you must always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourself; a study of all others the most difficult. This self-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like a frog, in order to rival the size of an ox; if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swine-herd, will, like the peacock's ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride.' 'I own, I once kept hogs, when I was a boy,' said Sancho; 'but after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geese; but I apprehend that matter is not of great consequence, for all governors are not descended from the kingly race.' 'No, sure,' answered the knight; 'and, for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction, ought to sweeten the gravity of their function with mildness and affability; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs that no station can escape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowness of your pedigree, and make no scruple of owning yourself descended from peasants; for nobody will endeavour to make you blush for that of which they see you are not ashamed; and value yourself more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud sinner of noble birth. Innumerable are those, who, from an humble stock, have risen to the pontifical and imperatorial dignity; a truth which I could prove by so many examples, that you would not have patience to hear them.

'Take notice, Sancho, if you chuse virtue for your medium, and pique yourself upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cause to envy noblemen and princes; for blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired; consequently,

consequently, this last has an intrinsic value which the other does not possess.

'This being the case, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations should come to visit you in your island, you must not discountenance and affront him; but, on the contrary, let him be kindly received and entertained; and, in so doing, you will act conformably to the will of Heaven, which is displeased at seeing it's own handy-work despised; and perform your duty to the well-concerted rights of nature.

'If you send for your wife, (and, indeed, those who are concerned in governing ought not to be long without their helpmates,) take pains in teaching, improving, and civilizing her; for all that a sagacious governor can acquire, is very often lost and squandered by a foolish rustic wife.

If, perchance, you should become a widower, (a circumstance that may possibly happen) and have it in your power to make a more advantageous match, you must not chuse such a yoke-fellow as will serve for an angling-hook, fishing-rod, or equivocating hood*; for verily I say unto thee, all that a judge's wife receives must be accounted for at the general clearance by the husband, who will repay fourfold after death what he made no reckoning of during life.

'Never conduct yourself by the law of your own arbitrary opinion, which is generally the case with those ignorant people who presume upon their own self-sufficiency.

'Let the tears of the poor find more compassion in thy breast, though not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

'Endeavour to investigate the truth from among the promises and presents of the opulent, as well as from the sighs and importunities of the needy.

'When

* The phrase, *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

'When equity can and ought to take place, inflict not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for feverity is not more refpected than compaffion in the character of a judge.

'If ever you fuffer the rod of juftice to be bent a little, let it not be warped by the weight of corruption, but the bowels of mercy.

'If ever you fhould have an opportunity to judge the procefs of your enemy, recal the attention from the injury you have received, and fix it wholly upon the truth of the cafe.

'In another man's caufe, be not blinded by private affection; for the errors thus committed are generally incurable; or, if they admit of a remedy, it will be greatly at the expence of your fortune and credit.

'If a beautiful woman fhould come to demand juftice, withdraw your eyes from her tears, and your hearing from her fighs, and deliberate at a diftance upon the fubftance of her demand, unlefs you have a mind that your reafon fhould be overwhelmed by her complaint, and your virtue buried in her fighs.

'Abufe not him in word whom you are refolved to chaftife in deed; for to fuch a wretch, the pain of the punifhment will be fufficient, without the addition of reproach.

'In judging the delinquents who fhall fall under your jurifdiction, confider the miferable object man, fubject to the infirmities of our depraved nature; and, as much as lies in your power, without injury to the contrary party, difplay your clemency and compaffion; for although all the attributes of God are equally excellent, that of mercy has a better effect in our eye, and ftrikes with greater luftre than juftice.

'If you obferve and conduct yourfelf by thefe rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth; your fame will be eternal, your reward complete, and your felicity unutterable: your children will be married according to your wifh; they and their defcendants will enjoy titles; you fhall live in peace

peace and friendſhip with all mankind: when your courſe of life is run, death will overtake you in an happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be ſhut by the tender and delicate hands of your poſterity, in the third or fourth generation.

'The remarks I have hitherto made, are documents touching the decoration of your ſoul; and now you will liſten to thoſe that regard the ornaments of the body.'

CHAP. XI.

Of the ſecond Series of Inſtructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.

WHO that had heard this diſcourſe of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a perſon of ſound judgment, and excellent diſpoſition? but, as we have oftentimes obſerved, in the progreſs of this ſublime hiſtory, his madneſs never appeared except when the ſtring of chivalry was touched; and on all other ſubjects of converſation, he diſplayed a clear and ready underſtanding; ſo that every minute his works diſcredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this ſecond ſet of inſtructions, communicated to Sancho, he diſcovered great ingenuity, and raiſed his madneſs and diſcretion to a moſt elevated pitch.

Sancho liſtened with the utmoſt attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who deſired to preſerve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was ſo far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in theſe terms.

'With reſpect to the government of your perſon and family, Sancho: in the firſt place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pare your nails; and do not let them grow, like ſome people, whoſe ignorance teaches them that long nails beautify the hand, as if that additional excrement which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail; whereas, it more nearly reſembles the talons of a lizard-hunting wind-whiffer, and is a moſt beaſtly and extraordinary abuſe.

'You

'You muſt never appear looſe and unbuttoned; for a ſlovenly dreſs denotes a diſorderly mind; unleſs that looſeneſs and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we ſuppoſe to have been the caſe with Julius Cæſar.

'Examine ſagaciouſly the profits of your place, and if they will afford livery to your ſervants, let it be rather decent and ſubſtantial, than gay and tawdry; and be ſure to divide it between your ſervants and the poor. For example, if you can clothe ſix pages, put three in livery, and clothe as many poor boys; and then you will have pages for Heaven as well as earth: now, this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

'Abſtain from eating garlick and onions, leſt your breath ſhould diſcover your ruſticity.

'Walk leiſurely, ſpeak diſtinctly, but not ſo as to ſeem delighted with your own diſcourſe; for all affectation is diſagreeable.

'Dine ſparingly, and eat very little at ſupper; for the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the ſtomach.

'Be temperate in drinking; and conſider, that exceſs of wine will neither keep a ſecret nor perform a promiſe.

'Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both ſides of your mouth, as well as eructing before company.'—'I do not underſtand what you mean by eructing,' ſaid the ſquire. 'By eructing,' anſwered the knight, 'I mean belching; which, though one of the moſt expreſſive, is at the ſame time one of the moſt vulgar terms in our language; therefore, people of taſte have had recourſe to the Latin tongue, ſaying "To eruct," inſtead of "To belch," and ſubſtituting eructations in the room of belchings: and though ſome people may not underſtand theſe terms, it is of ſmall importance; for time and uſe will introduce and render them intelligible; and this is what we call enriching the language, over which the practice of the vulgar has great influence.—'Truly, Signior,' ſaid Sancho, 'one of the advices

and

and good counfels which I intend to remember, muft be that of not belching; for it is a fault of which I am very often guilty.'—' Eructing, Sancho, and not belching,' replied Don Quixote. ' Eructing it fhall be henceforward,' anfwered the fquire; and I will take care that it fhall not be forgotten.'

' Moreover, Sancho, you muft not intermingle fo many proverbs with your difcourfe; for, although proverbs are fhort fentences, you very often bring them in by the head and fhoulders, fo prepofteroufly, that they look more like the ravings of diftraction than well-chofen apothegms.'

' That defect God himfelf muft remedy,' faid Sancho; for I have more proverbs by heart, than would be fufficient to fill a large book; and, when I fpeak, they croud together in fuch a manner, as to quarrel for utterance; fo that my tongue difcharges them juft as they happen to be in the way, whether they are or not to the purpofe: but I will take care henceforward, to throw out thofe that may be fuitable to the gravity of my office; for, Where there's plenty of meat, the fupper will foon be compleat. He that fhuffles does not cut. A good hand makes a fhort game; and, It requires a good brain, to know when to give and retain.'

' Courage, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, ' fqueeze, tack, and ftring your proverbs together, here are none to oppofe you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting thee to fupprefs thy proverbs, and in an inftant thou haft fpewed forth a whole litany of them, which are as foreign from the fubject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not fay that a proverb, properly applied, is amifs; but to throw in, and ftring together, old faws, helter-fkelter, renders converfation altogether mean and defpicable.

' When you appear on horfeback, do not lean backwards over the faddle, nor ftretch out your legs ftiffly from the horfe's belly, nor let them hang dangling in a flovenly manner, as if you was upon the back of Dapple; for fome ride like jockies, and fome like gentlemen.

' Be

'Be very moderate in sleeping; for he who does not rise with the sun, cannot enjoy the day; and observe, O Sancho! Industry is the mother of prosperity; and Laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

'The last advice which I shall now give thee, although it does not relate to the ornament of the body, I desire thou wilt carefully remember; for, in my opinion, it will be of as much service to thee, as any I have hitherto mentioned; and this it is: Never engage in a dispute upon pedigree; at least, never compare one with another; for in all comparisons, one must of consequence be preferred to the other; and he whom you have abased will abhor you; nor will you ever reap the least return from him whom you have extolled.

'Your garb shall consist of breeches and stockings; a full waistcoat, with skirts and hanging sleeves, and a loose coat; but never think of wearing trunk hose, which neither become gentlemen nor governors.

'This is all that occurs to me at present, in the way of advice; but, in process of time, my instructions shall be proportioned to thy occasions, provided thou wilt take care to communicate, from time to time, the nature of thy situation.'

'Signior,' said Sancho, 'I plainly perceive that all the advices you have given me, are sound and good, and profitable; but of what signification will they be, if I forget them all? Indeed, as for the matter of not letting my nails grow, or marrying another wife, in case I should have an opportunity, it will not easily slip out of my brain; but as to those other gallimawfries, quirks, and quiddities, I neither do retain them, nor shall I ever retain more of them than of last year's rain; and therefore, it will be necessary to let me have them in writing; for, though I myself can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may report and beat them into my noddle, as there shall be occasion.

'Ah, sinner that I am!' exclaimed Don Quixote, 'what a scandal it is for governors to be so ignorant, that

that they can neither read nor write! Thou muſt know, Sancho, that for a man to be totally devoid of letters, or left-handed, argues, either that he was deſcended from the very loweſt and meaneſt of people, or that he was ſo wicked and ſtubborn, that good example and judicious precept have had no effect upon his mind or underſtanding. This is a great defect in thy character, and I wiſh thou wouldſt learn, if poſſible, to write thy name.' 'I can ſign my name very well,' anſwered Sancho; 'for, during my ſtewardſhip of the brotherhood, I learned to make ſuch letters as are ruddled into packs, and thoſe they tell me ſtood for my name; beſides, I can feign myſelf lame of my right-hand, and keep a ſecretary to ſign in my room; ſo that there is a remedy for every thing but death. And I having the cudgel in my hand, will make them do as I command; for he whoſe father is mayor—you know—and I ſhall be a governor, which is ſtill better——Let them come and ſee, but not throw their ſquibs or ſlanders at me: otherwiſe they may come for wool and go home ſhorn. The houſe itſelf will tell, if God loves it's maſter well. A rich man's folly is wiſdom in the world's eye: now, I being rich as being governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, nobody will ſpy my defects. Make yourſelf honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, ſaid my grannam; and, Might overcomes right.'

'O! God's curſe light on thee,' cried Don Quixote: threeſcore thouſand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! A full hour haſt thou been ſtringing them together, and every one of them has been like a dagger to my ſoul. Take my word for it, theſe proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows! for theſe, thy vaſſals will deprive thee of thy government, or at leaſt enter into aſſociations againſt thee. Tell me, numſcull, where didſt thou find this heap of old ſaws? or how didſt thou learn to apply them, wiſeacre? It makes me ſweat like a day-labourer, to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied.' ''Fore God, Sir maſter of

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mine,' replied Sancho, 'your worſhip complains of mere trifles. Why the devil ſhould you be in dudgeon with me for making uſe of my own? I have no other fortune or ſtock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and now there are no leſs than four at my tongue's end, that come as pat to the purpoſe as pears in a baſket; but, for all that, they ſhall not come forth; for, ſagacious ſilence is Sancho.*' 'That thou art not, Sancho,' ſaid the knight; 'far from being ſagaciouſly ſilent, thou art an obſtinate and eternal babbler. Nevertheleſs, I would fain hear thoſe four proverbs that are ſo pat to the purpoſe; for I have been rummaging my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection.' 'What can be better than theſe?' replied the ſquire; 'Never thruſt your thumb between another man's grinders; and to, Get out of my houſe! what would you with my wife? there is no reply. Whether the ſtone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the ſtone, 'ware pitcher. Now all theſe fit to a hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his ſubſtitute; otherwiſe he will ſuffer, as if he had thruſt his finger between two grinders; and even if they ſhould not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor ſays, there is no reply to be made, no more than to, Get out of my houſe! what would you with my wife? and as to the ſtone and the pitcher, a blind man may ſee the meaning of it: Wherefore, let him who ſpies a mote in his neighbour's eye, look firſt to the beam in his own, that people may not ſay of him, The dead mare was frighted at the flay'd mule; and your worſhip is very ſenſible that a fool knows more in his own houſe than a wiſe man in that of his neighbour.' 'There, Sancho, you are miſtaken,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour's houſe; becauſe no edifice of underſtanding can be raiſed upon the foundation of folly. But here let the ſubject reſt: if thou ſhouldeſt miſbehave in thy government, thine will be the

* Inſtead of *ſaintly*.

the fault and mine the ſhame. I conſole myſelf, however, in reflecting that I have done my duty in giving thee advice, with all the earneſtneſs and diſcretion in my power; ſo that I have acquitted myſelf in point of promiſe and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehenſion I have, that thou wilt turn the iſland topſy turvy; a misfortune which I might prevent, by diſcovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence.'

'Signior,' replied Sancho, 'if your worſhip really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward for ever. Amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my ſoul, than my whole body; and I can ſubſiſt as bare Sancho, upon a cruſt of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, While we ſleep, great and ſmall, rich and poor, are equal all. If your worſhip will conſider, your worſhip will find, that you yourſelf put this ſcheme of government into my head: as for my own part, I know no more of the matter than a buſtard; and if you think the governorſhip will be the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as ſimple Sancho to Heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire.'

'Before God!' cried the knight, 'from theſe laſt reflections thou haſt uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thouſand iſlands. Thou haſt an excellent natural diſpoſition, without which all ſcience is naught; recommend thyſelf to God, and endeavour to avoid errors in the firſt intention; I mean, let thy intention and unſhaken purpoſe be, to deal righteouſly in all thy tranſactions; for Heaven always favours the upright deſign. And now let us go in to dinner; for I believe their graces wait for us.'

CHAP. XII.

Giving an Account of the Manner in which Sancho was conducted to the Government, and a strange Adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the Castle.

THE original of the hiſtory, it is ſaid, relates that the interpreter did not tranſlate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken ſuch a dry and confined hiſtory as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his ſquire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining epiſodes and digreſſions. He complained, that to be thus reſtricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one ſubject only, ſo as to be obliged to ſpeak through the mouths of a few perſons, was an inſupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the firſt part uſed the artifice of ſome novels, ſuch as the Impertinent Curioſity, and the Captive, which were detached from the hiſtory, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be ſuppreſſed. It was likewiſe his opinion, as he obſerves, that many readers being wholly ingroſſed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not beſtow attention upon novels, but paſs them over either with negligence or diſguſt, without adverting to the ſpirit and artifice they contain: a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be publiſhed by themſelves, independent of the madneſs of Don Quixote, and the ſimplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore inſert in the ſecond part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few epiſodes, that ſeem to ſpring from thoſe very incidents which truth repreſents; and even theſe, as brief and conciſe as they could poſſibly be related: and ſince he includes and confines himſelf within the narrow limits of narration, though his abilities and underſtanding are ſufficient to treat of the whole univerſe, he hopes that his

work will not be depreciated, and begs that he may receive due praiſe, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwrit. Then the hiſtory proceeds in this manner.

In the evening that ſucceeded the afternoon on which the knight admoniſhed his ſquire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find ſome perſon to read them occaſionally; but, ſcarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the paper to the ducheſs, and both admired anew the madneſs and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Reſolving to proſecute the jeſt, they, that very evening, diſmiſſed Sancho with a large retinue to the place which he ſuppoſed to be an iſland; the execution of the whole ſcheme being left to the ſagacity of the duke's ſteward, who was a perſon of great humour and diſcretion; for without diſcretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the Counteſs Trifaldi, with that pleaſantry above related. Thus qualified, and in conſequence of the inſtructions he received from their graces touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration. It happened, then, that Sancho no ſooner beheld the ſaid ſteward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi; and turning to his maſter, 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'the devil may fly away with me from this ſpot where I ſtand, as an honeſt man, and a believer, if your worſhip will not confeſs that the face of the duke's ſteward here preſent, is the very ſame with that of the afflicted duenna!' Don Quixote, having attentively conſidered the ſteward's countenance, replied, 'There is no occaſion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honeſt man or a believer: indeed, I cannot gueſs thy meaning; for, ſure enough, this ſteward's face is the very ſame with that of the afflicted duenna; but, nevertheleſs, the ſteward and the duenna cannot poſſibly be the ſame perſon: that would imply a downright contradiction; and this is no time to ſet on foot ſuch enquiries, which would entangle

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us in the maze of inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, we ought to befeech the Lord very earneftly to deliver us from thofe two evils of wicked wizzards, and vile enchanters.' 'But this is no joke,' anfwered Sancho; 'for I heard him fpeak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi founded in mine ears. At prefent, however, I will hold my tongue; but, neverthelefs, I will keep a ftrict eye over him from henceforward, in order to difcover fome other mark either to deftroy or confirm my fufpicion.'—'Do fo, Sancho,' faid Don Quixote; 'and be fure to fend me notice of the difcoveries thou fhalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that fhall happen to thee in the courfe of thine adminiftration.'

At length Sancho departed with a numerous attendance; he was dreffed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the fame ftuff: he rode upon a mule, with fhort ftirrups; and was followed by Dapple, who, by the duke's exprefs order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming filk; fo that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his afs, with whofe company he was fo well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kiffed the hands of the duke and duchefs; and afked the benediction of his mafter; which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, fuffer honeft Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bufhels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himfelf in office; and in the mean time, attend to what befel his mafter this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will, at leaft, induce thee to grin like a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote muft be celebrated, either with mirth or admiration.

It is related, then, that Sancho was no fooner gone than his mafter became folitary; and had it been poffi-

ble would have revoked the commiſſion, and deprived him of his government; but the ducheſs being apprized of his melancholy, deſired to know the cauſe, obſerving, that if it proceeded from Sancho's abſence, there was plenty of ſquires, duennas, and damſels, in the family, who ſhould ſerve him to the ſatisfaction of his utmoſt wiſh. 'True it is, my Lady Ducheſs,' replied Don Quixote, 'I feel the abſence of Sancho; but that is not the principal cauſe of my ſeeming ſadneſs; and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I chuſe to accept nothing but the good-will with which they are made; for the reſt, I humbly beg your excellency will conſent, and permit me to wait upon myſelf in my own apartment.'—'Truly,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'that muſt not be; Signior Don Quixote ſhall be ſerved by four of my damſels, as beautiful as roſes.' 'With regard to me,' anſwered the knight, 'they will not be roſes, but thorns to prick my very ſoul; and, therefore, I will as ſoon fly as permit them, or any thing like them, to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to beſtow your favours, which, I own, I do not deſerve; ſuffer me to be private, and make uſe of my own doors, that I may raiſe a wall between my paſſions and my chaſtity; a cuſtom which I would not forego for all the liberality which your highneſs is pleaſed to diſplay in my behalf; and, in a word, I will rather ſleep in my cloaths than conſent to be undreſſed by any perſon whatſoever.' 'Enough, enough, Signior Don Quixote,' anſwered her grace; 'you may depend upon it, I ſhall give ſuch orders, that not even a fly, much leſs a damſel, ſhall enter your apartment; I am not a perſon to diſcompoſe the decency of Signior Don Quixote, among whoſe virtues, I perceive, that of decorum ſhines with ſuperior luſtre. Your worſhip may dreſs and undreſs yourſelf alone, after your own faſhion, when and how you pleaſe, without lett or impediment; for in your chamber you will find every utenſil ſuited to thoſe who ſleep under lock and key, without being obliged to open upon any neceſſary occaſion. Long live the great Dulcinea

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del Toboſo, and may her fame be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, ſeeing ſhe is worthy to be beloved by a knight of ſuch valour and chaſtity; and may propitious Heaven infuſe into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finiſh his flagellation, that the world may ſoon re-enjoy the beauty of ſuch an excellent lady!' To this compliment the knight replied, 'Your highneſs hath ſpoken like yourſelf; for from the mouths of ſuch benevolent ladies nothing evil can proceed; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and more renowned through the world, by your grace's approbation, than by all the applauſe of the greateſt orators upon earth.'

'Well then, Signior Don Quixote,' anſwered the ducheſs, 'it is now ſupper-time, and the duke probably ſtays for us; let us go and ſup, therefore, that you may be a-bed betimes; for your journey to Candaya was not ſo ſhort, but that it muſt have fatigued your worſhip in ſome meaſure.' 'Madam,' replied Don Quixote, 'I feel no ſort of wearineſs; and I ſwear to your excellency, that in my life I never croſſed a better or eaſier going ſteed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what ſhould induce Malambruno to deprive himſelf of ſuch a light and gentle carriage, by burning it without ſcruple or heſitation.'—'As to that particular,' ſaid the ducheſs, "we may ſuppoſe, that repenting of the injury he had done to the counteſs and her company, as well as to other people, and being ſorry for the miſchief he muſt certainly have produced as a wizzard and inchanter, he reſolved to deſtroy all the inſtruments of his art; as the principal of theſe, which gave him the greateſt uneaſineſs, becauſe it has tranſported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavileno, that by means of his aſhes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized.

The knight made freſh acknowledgements of her grace's politeneſs, and after ſupper retired to his apartment, without ſuffering any perſon to accompany or miniſter unto his occaſions; ſo much was he afraid of

meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to forego the chastity and decorum which he had hitherto preserved for his mistress Dulcinea, ever schooling his imagination with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirrour of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers; and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a personage!) forth broke—not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to discredit the purity of his politeness, but about two dozen of stitches in one stocking; which, being thus torn, resembled a lattice; a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy Signior; who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk, for his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, 'O poverty, poverty! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee an holy unfrequented gift. I, though a Moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm, that he must be holy indeed, who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, "Possess all things as not possessing them;" and this is called spiritual poverty. But thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other class of people? Why dost thou compel them to cobble their shoes, and wear upon their coats one button of silk, another of hair, and a third of glass? Why must their ruffs be generally yellow and ill starched?' (By the bye, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch.*) But, thus he proceeds: 'O wretched

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular: How could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the first

wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honour, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with a toothpick, which he affects to use in the street, though he has eat nothing to require that act of cleanliness; wretched he! I say, whose honour is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that every body, at a league's distance, observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, and threadbare cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly!"

All these reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his stockings; but he consoled himself for the misfortune, when he perceived that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he resolved to wear next day: finally, he crept into bed, where he lay pensive and melancholy, as well for the absence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with silk of a different colour; one of the greatest marks of misery which a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious poverty. After having extinguished the lights, he found the weather so hot that he could not sleep: he therefore arose again, and opened the casement of a great window that looked into a fine garden; then it was, that perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to listen attentively, while those below spoke so loud that he heard the following dialogue.

'Do not, O, Emerencia, press me to sing; for well thou knowest, that from the moment this stranger entered the castle, and mine eyes beheld his merit, instead of singing, I can do nothing but weep; besides, my lady's sleep is rather slight than profound; and I would not for all the wealth in the world, that her grace should find us here. Moreover, suppose she should still sleep on, without waking, vain would be my song, unless it should

first part of Don Quixote was published? But, perhaps, this is no other than an ironical animadversion upon the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.

ſhould awake, and attract the attention of this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories, in order to leave me forlorn.'—'Let not theſe ſuppoſitions have any weight with you, my dear Altiſidora,' replied another voice; 'the ducheſs is doubtleſs aſleep, and every body in the houſe, except the lord of your heart, and watchman of your ſoul, who muſt certainly be awake, for I juſt now heard him open the caſement in his apartment: ſing, therefore, my diſaſtrous friend, in a low, ſweet, and plaintive tone, to the ſound of thy harp; and ſhould the ducheſs overhear us, we will lay the blame upon the heat of the weather.'—'That is not the cauſe of my heſitation, O, Emerencia,' replied Altiſidora; 'but I am afraid that my ſong will diſcloſe the ſituation of my heart, and I myſelf be cenſured by thoſe who never felt the almighty power of Love, as a light and liquoriſh damſel; but, come what will, better have an hot face than an heavy heart.' At that inſtant an harp was raviſhingly touched, and Don Quixote hearing the ſound, was ſtruck with amazement; for his imagination was inſtantly filled with an infinity of ſimilar adventures of rails and gardens, ſenerades, courtſhips and ſwoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry; and he concluded that ſome damſel of the ducheſs was enamoured of him, but that modeſty compelled her to keep her inclinations ſecret. Poſſeſſed of this notion, he began to be afraid of his virtue: but he reſolved, in his own mind, to hold out to the laſt; and, recommending himſelf, with all his ſoul and ſpirit, to his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, determined to liſten to the ſong. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was there, he pretended to ſneeze, a circumſtance which not a little pleaſed the damſels, who deſired nothing ſo much as that Don Quixote ſhould hear them. Then the harp being tuned, Altiſidora, after a flouriſh, began the following ditty.

SONG.

'O THOU! who now a-bed,
'In holland ſheets are laid,
'And ſleep'ſt from night till morn,
'Untouch'd by care and ſcorn;
'The knight of greateſt worth
'La Mancha e'er brought forth;
'More chaſte an hundred fold,
'Than pure Arabian gold;
'O hear an hapleſs maid
'By cruel love betray'd!
'The flame of thy two ſuns
'Hath ſcorch'd her to the bones!
'Thou ſeeking thy own foe,
'Haſt found another's woe:
'Thou gav'ſt the wound, and ſure
'Wilt not refuſe the cure.
'O tell me, valiant youth,
'(So God ſhall proſper truth,)
'Waſt thou in deſarts bred,
'Or among mountains fed?
'Did ſerpents give thee ſuck,
'On ſome bleak barren rock,
'Deep in the wild receſs
'Of foreſt or moraſs?
'Dulcinea, fat and fair,
'May boaſt her ſhape and air,
'That in ſubjection hold
'A tyger fierce and bold:
'Her fame ſhall live in ſtanza,
'From Ebro to Arlanza,
'From Tagus to Henarez,
'From Selne to Manganarez.
'Would I her place could fill,
'I'd give her for good will,
'My gayeſt petticoat
'With golden fringes wrought.
'How happy then ſhould I
'In thine embraces lie!
'Or on ſome cuſhion loll,
'And ſcratch thy valiant poll.

'Such

'Such joys are far above
'The merits of my love:
'Let me, then, bending low,
'With rapture kiſs thy toe.
'What preſents would be made,
'Of ſattin and brocade!
'I'd give thee ſhoes and ſocks,
'Silk hoſe with ſilver clocks;
'Of caſh uncounted ſums,
'And pearls as big as plums;
'So precious, each would ſell
'As perfect nonpareil.
'Manchegan Nero, ſay,
'Doſt thou, aloof, ſurvey
'The flames that rage and ſmart
'Within my love-ſick heart?
'A maid I vow and ſwear,
'Young, tender, and ſincere:
'As yet I have not ſeen
'The borders of fifteen.
'My ſides are not awry,
'Nor lame, nor blind, am I:
'My locks, with ribbands bound,
'Like lilies, ſweep the ground:
'My noſe is flat, 'tis true,
'And eke my mouth aſkew;
'But teeth as topaz fine,
'Compleat my charms divine;
'My voice, as you may hear,
'Is tuneful, ſweet, and clear;
'My temper ſoft and good,
'If rightly underſtood.
'Theſe beauties all ſo clever,
'Are yielded to thy quiver;
'And I, who tell my ſtory,
'Am call'd Altiſidory.'

Here ended the ſong of the hapleſs Altiſidora; and here began the horror of the courted Don Quixote; who, fetching a heavy-ſigh, ſaid within himſelf—'What an unfortunate errant am I, whom no damſel can behold without being enamoured of my perſon! and how hapleſs

leſs is the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, who cannot enjoy my incomparable conſtancy without a rival! Queens, what would you have? Empreſſes, why do you perſecute her beauty? Damſels of fifteen, why do you moleſt ſuch virtue? Leave, leave, I ſay, that wretched lady, to taſte, enjoy, and triumph, in the lot which love hath decreed her, by ſubduing my heart, and captivating my ſoul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, that to Dulcinea alone I am ſugar paſte, but flint to all the reſt of her ſex: to her I am honey; but gall and bitterneſs to ſuch as you. In my eye, Dulcinea alone is beauteous, wiſe, gay, chaſte, and well-born; but all others are homely, fooliſh, idle, and of humble birth. To be her ſlave, and her's alone, nature has thrown me into the world: Altiſidora may weep or ſing; and that lady may deſpair, on whoſe account I was pummelled in the caſtle of the inchanted Moor: Dulcinea's I am reſolved to be, boiled or roaſted, neat, chaſte, and well-bread, in ſpite of all the witchcraft upon earth.' So ſaying, he ſhut the caſement with a flap, and retired to bed, in as much anxiety and concern as if ſome great misfortune had befallen him. There, then, we will leave him for the preſent, as we are ſummoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous adminiſtration.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.